



January

The American Mercury

1311

LABOR VS. THE AMERICAN LEGION

by Walter Wilson

MORGENTHAU'S RISE TO GLORY

by Eugene A. Kelly

How to Round up Cannon-Fodder

Bruce Winton Knight

The A. F. of L.: Enemy of Labor

Ernest Sutherland Bates

Illegal Periodicals in Germany

Walter Schoenstedt

Crisis in European Agriculture

Jonathan F. Scott

Biography of My Daughter

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Woes of a Southern Liberal

James M. Shields

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You Just Don't Understand Him

Jan Spiess

Chaos in Criminal Justice

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Luis A. Hustana

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

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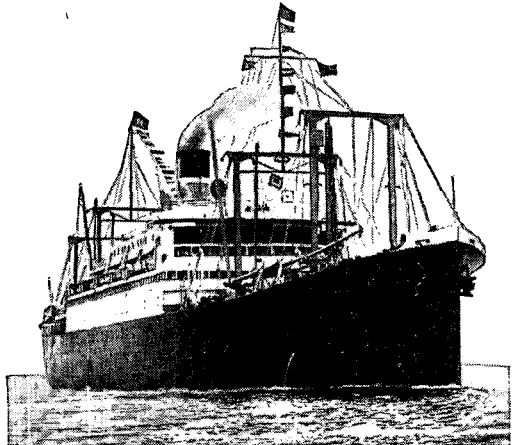
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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

WAR MEMOIRS, 1916-1917.

By *David Lloyd George*. Little, Brown & Company.
\$4 6¼ x 9½; 597 pp. Boston

This is the third volume of Mr. David Lloyd George's interesting memoirs. It covers the interval of time between his rise to power as Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Russian Revolution of 1917. The closing chapters deal with America's entrance into the World War, and prove, to what will be the satisfaction of most Americans, the author's extraordinary ignorance of foreign relations. His capacity for misinterpreting this nation's attitude and behavior during the years of the war is nothing short of amazing, and his criticism of Wilson is obviously founded on sheer ignorance of the true facts. Nevertheless, the volume contains some very pert comment on Great Britain's internal difficulties during the same period, and also some excellent word-portraits of the more prominent political and military leaders of the day. There is an index.

I AM A COSSACK.

By *Boris Kamyshansky*. Longmans, Green & Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¼; 309 pp. New York

Another autobiography by a Russian refugee. As biography it is a lifeless and dull narration of episodes in the author's life, and as a document describing the Russian revolution, through which the author lived, it is entirely worthless. For one thing, Mr. Kamyshansky seems to have had absolutely no comprehension of what it was all about. Furthermore, certain data presented indicate not too strict an adherence to facts. The author, it seems, had the amazing experience, in making his escape from Russia, of repeatedly meeting Jews and radicals whom he had saved from pogroms and arrests during his days as a stalwart Cossack, and who in turn helped him on his way to the United States where publishers never tire of putting out books by ex-Russians.

JOHN BROWN, Terrible "Saint".

By *David Karsner*. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$3 6 x 8¾; 340 pp. New York

This is the first biography of John Brown in a quarter of a century, and its value is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Karsner has made use of several

important letters which have only recently come to light. In these pages the heretofore blurred portrait of a prominent American character is brought into proper focus, and the fiery Abolitionist is revealed for the first time as he actually existed: a man with the heart of a lion, a fearless fanatic who, had he studied more of military tactics and less of the Bible, might have made a far more creditable showing for the cause of colored emancipation. The author gives a glowing account of the gathering of the storm which was ultimately to sweep over the little town of Harpers Ferry and leave a Civil War looming in its wake. But more particularly his book is an honest appraisal of one of this country's most pitifully misunderstood martyrs. There is an index.

JAMES G. BLAINE. *A Political Idol of Other Days.*

By *David Saville Muzzey*. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$4.00 6¼ x 9½; 514 pp. New York

Blaine was a Speaker of the House, Senator from Maine, Secretary of State under Garfield and Harrison, Republican nominee for President in 1884 and for twenty-five years leader of the Republican Party. Today he is all but forgotten. As one of his biographers, Charles Edward Russell, has said: "No man in our history has filled so large a place and left it so empty." The charge that he sold out to the railroads was never proved, but there is little doubt today that he was more than merely sympathetic with their activities. In the Crédit Mobilier scandal he practically did prostitute the Speakership, as was charged, by "giving his private sympathy and public approval" to his bribe-taking fellow Congressmen. He pretended to be a follower of Lincoln, but his Reconstruction record places him with the rest of the vindictive Northern politicians. Professor Muzzey conceals no facts in his very readable biography of Blaine, and says that he seeks "neither to establish nor demolish any preconceived thesis of his merit or demerit." There are several illustrations and an index.

POET IN EXILE. *The Life of Heinrich Heine.*

By *Antonina Vallentin*. The Viking Press
\$3 5½ x 8½; 320 pp. New York

Mme. Vallentin's moving story of Heine's life has in it none of the rhapsodic nonsense to which his colorful and tragic career has often lent itself. By merely presenting the facts of his life together with

Continued on page vi

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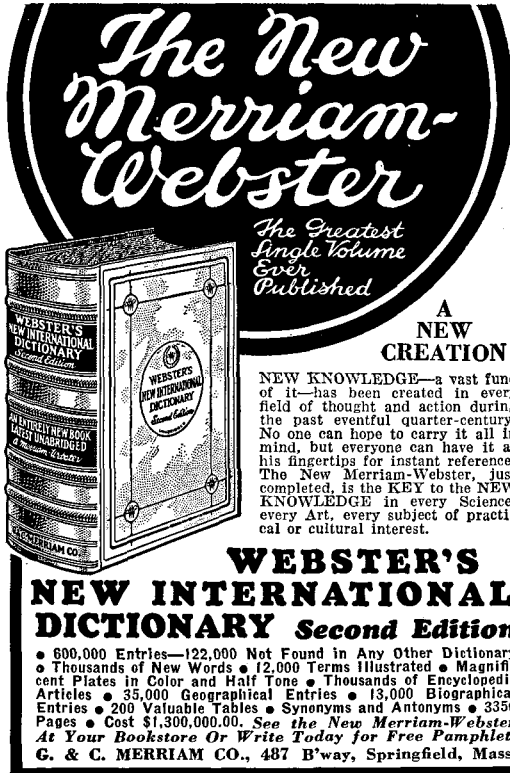
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

the necessary historical details of the Germany and Europe he lived in, she has achieved, not so much a literary biography of the poet, but rather a portrait of Heine the man, which for simplicity and effectiveness is probably the best we have. Thus, we see here not only the artist, but also the very interesting and often absurd Heine of terrific family battles, the Heine whom physical desire only enslaved for years to the ignorant and selfish peasant girl Mathilde (later his wife), and, probably most important, we see Heine the not very effective or always courageous fighter for social justice. This latter aspect of Heine's life was an important one, as Mme. Vallentin has been careful to show. The original manuscript of the present volume was written in both French and German, and the translation is by Harrison Brown. There is no index.

DIMITROV.

By Stella D. Blagoyeva. *International Publishers*
\$1.25 5¼ x 7¾; 124 pp. New York

A shabbily written biography of a distinguished Bolshevik. Dimitrov is a talented son of the working class of Bulgaria, and at the same time a prominent leader of the international proletariat who rose to world renown by virtue of his dramatic stand against German fascism at the Leipzig trial of 1933. The book traces his career from its humble inception to the present day when, according to Stella Blagoyeva, the name of Georgi Dimitrov lives in the hearts of millions of people who are fighting for Communism. But her book is wretchedly put together, and as biography it is not even good journalism. Moreover, the author weakens her case for Dimitrov by ridiculous generalities and over-statements. Let us hope that some day a sane and disinterested biographer will apply himself to the task of writing Dimitrov's life. It is too vast an undertaking for a political agitator and pamphleteer.

HISTORY

AMERICA'S TRAGEDY.

By James Truslow Adams. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$3 6¼ x 9; 415 pp. New York

This is not a book about the Negro or slavery, nor is it just another account of the Civil War. Rather is it an attempt to trace from the very beginning the rise and development of sectionalism in America. Mr. Adams describes and analyzes the two great civilizations which have grown up in the land: the business civilization of the North, and the agricultural civilization of the South. It has been America's tragedy, writes Mr. Adams, that the twain have never been able to meet on any but hostile

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grounds. Today the fire has died down to ashes and embers which can still be stirred to flame. The author, though professing an unbiased attitude, seems definitely to side with the South, which has had the harder rôle to play, yet through all has preserved the tradition that what a man is counts for more than what he has, and that life is more than labor. The North, with its Puritanism and go-getter spirit, has never been able to approach the standard of culture set by the South. There is an index.

THE PAGEANT OF CUBA.

By Hudson Strode. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
\$3 6¼ x 9; 357 pp. New York

This is an "emotional and spiritual history of Cuba as well as factual," covering the period from 1492 to the present day. Thus, although no attempt is made to fictionize history, the colorful rather than the important is often intentionally emphasized. Nevertheless, Mr. Strode gives us a more or less complete and readable account of Cuba's spectacular history, and he makes it clear throughout that he is "infatuated" with the island and its natives, who "are easy-going, ease-doting, easily-contented," and to whom revolutions are "mere episodes in the pageant." Unfortunately, Mr. Strode mars his pleasant story by some unnecessary and foolish interpretations. For example, he says that former President Machado, in spite of his terrorism, deserves the highest credit for wisely aiming to make the island more self-sufficient." There are sixteen excellent photographs and an index of names.

DEISM IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AMERICA.

By Herbert M. Morais.

The Columbia University Press
\$3.50 6 x 9; 203 pp. New York

The deistic philosophy which flourished in Eighteenth Century America had permanent effects. Its popularity and influence were finally checked, but the seeds of skepticism which it planted in this country remain. In this volume Dr. Morais, an instructor in history at Brooklyn College, traces the progress of the movement in the United States from 1713-1805. He says that he "has set himself the task of defining the deistic movement in the light of its Eighteenth Century environment, of giving a general picture of its rise, progress and decline, and of interpreting its tenor in terms of its class support." His readable and carefully-done study is a useful contribution to the study of religious thought in Colonial America. It is fully documented and contains an excellent bibliography and an index.

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page xii

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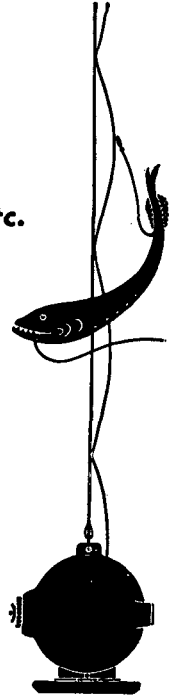
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The American MERCURY

January 1935

LABOR FIGHTS THE AMERICAN LEGION

BY WALTER WILSON

THE following are but typical statements among many which one could quote about the tremendous power and potential influence of the American Legion in national affairs:

"The American Legion . . . has become the most powerful bloc in the United States today. . . . The problem no longer is what will the nation do with its returned soldiers, but what will the returned soldiers do with the nation."—Marcus Duffield, author of a book and several magazine articles dealing with veterans.

Major General James G. Harboard predicts that in twelve years the "Legion will control the executive and legislative arms of the State and national governments." It is a fact requiring no proof that the Legion is a powerful force.

Liberal and laborite commentators have conceded the strength of the Legion and have adopted, generally, a pessimistic attitude toward it. They regard it as a malignant cancer on the body politic. To them it is an incurable disease and though they lament, they do not see any hope. Many see the Legion as the potential Fascist organization of the United States. Others see in it a perpetual prop, ever growing

in strength, for reactionary forces in this country.

Statements of Legion officials, who have been filled with visions of grandeur, have further dampened the hopes of the opponents of the organization's policies and practices. The first National Commander, Franklin D'Olier, stated that the Legion was the "best insurance policy a country ever had." To him, a multi-millionaire, the country needed protection against social change. The outgoing Commander, Edward A. Hayes, recently stated that the Legion stands ready to step in and intervene in case of revolution. In between these statements, one made in 1919 and the other in 1934, we find many others from Legion officials that are exactly in line. While still National Commander, Alvin Owsley said: "If ever needed, the American Legion stands ready to protect the country's institutions and ideals as the Fascisti dealt with the obstructionists who menaced Italy." Early this year Harry Woodring, the Assistant Secretary of War and a former State commander of the Legion, stated in *Liberty* that the army and the American Legion stand ready to act in case of domestic insurrections.

But in spite of the arrogant prophecies of the Legion's would-be Mussolinis and Hitlers and in spite of the dire predictions of many labor and liberal writers, there is still hope that the Legion may be curbed. For in American life there is another force, made doubly strong by the fact that it commands first loyalty from a large section of the Legion's own membership, which is superior to the Legion. I refer to labor. The future of the American Legion—whether it becomes Fascist or whether it becomes more progressive or whether it splits into left and right wings—depends largely upon the way in which that force operates upon the Legion. Once before in a great trial of strength with labor the Legion came off a bad second, but this is a long story which will be told later.

For reasons which will presently be shown, the Legion cannot become an avowed Fascist organization, unless the labor movement itself goes Fascist, and this is inconceivable to me. The Legion has to make a pretense of neutrality in labor disputes. No matter what the private views of its officials, the organization publicly must steer a middle course. This is not to say that there are no anti-labor and semi-Fascist tendencies in it. There are. But just as there are semi-Fascist trends, so there are also other trends in a leftward direction.

In view of the Legion's long record of strike-breaking and anti-labor activities generally, any contention that the organization is apt to become friendly, or even more tolerant, to labor seems to be inconsistent. Undoubtedly, the Legion's founders and officials throughout its history, without exception, have been anti-workingclass. But, as has been said, they have been forced to disclaim partisanship in the struggle between capital and labor.

Why has the Legion thought it necessary to take these precautions? In order to avoid trouble from two sources. If the Legion were to take an out-and-out hostile stand toward groups working for changes in the relationship between capital and labor, it would alienate many of the rank and file of its own membership and it would bring down on its head the heavy hand of labor.

In spite of all precautions taken by the Legion's Royal Family and by conservative labor leaders, there is some evidence that a rank and file revolt is developing within the organization against its officialdom, and there is some evidence that labor is becoming critical of some of the Legion's more shady maneuvers. This conflict, if it continues to grow, may conceivably split up the Legion into two wings, one conservative and the other sympathetic to the groups broadly classed as labor. Such splits have occurred in several European veteran movements. Just a few weeks ago the French veterans divided up along these lines.

II

Why was there an American Legion in the first place? Why did it take the form it did? Why was it so eager soon after the war to champion Wall Street and enter the lists openly against labor? Here begins our story of the great trial of strength which was made between the Legion and labor and which has been forgotten by most Legionnaires and most laborites.

Even before the Armistice, many of the American soldiers had become discontented with the autocratic features of the American military system. There were the officer-controlled and arbitrary military courts; the long sentences for minor offenses; the brutal "chain gangs" of the

A.E.F. in charge of such officers as "Hard-boiled" Smith; the goose-stepping discipline and enforced submergence of personality; restrictions on personal life when off duty; the favoritism to the officer caste, which placed the enlisted man in an inferior social position; the denials of leave; the Jim Crowing of Negro soldiers—this is only a partial list of the grievances which grew worse after the war was won and democracy saved on November 11, 1918.

The American soldiers, unavoidably, came in contact with some Allied and German soldiers—even with some Russians—and with many civilians who were critical of the war. Many of these Allied veterans and civilians were Socialists and Communists. The seriousness of the situation among European soldiers and sailors at the time can partly be judged by the great number of workingclass revolts supported by them. Naturally, our military and civil authorities and the Better People generally were much agitated. Where would it all end? How much democracy would the American soldier demand when he got back home? Would he try to meddle with the social set-up? Evidently there were some indications that he might.

One of the chief reasons for the Legion—and this has been admitted by Legion historians, army and civil officials—was the desire to steer this discontent into safe waters.

Though the enlisted men suspected the Legion from the first and called it a company union, a silk stocking, officer-controlled, war-department-fathered organization, it was destined to become the dominant veteran organization. Undoubtedly the chief reason for this was that it had such powerful allies. The government and the General Staff were back of it. Newton D. Baker once spilled the beans

when he admitted that he was consulted about its being organized. There is much additional proof. The new veteran organization was also the "great white hope" of Wall Street as a protection against militant labor. Because of these allies the Legion organizers were given a free hand to agitate among the soldiers and veterans and it had the funds with which to agitate. Organizers for rival veteran organizations were discouraged from so agitating. Army officers, while on active duty, with permission of the higher-ups, went throughout Europe, wherever an American soldier could be found, to propagandize about the Legion. And after the seeds were sown in Europe, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and others who were active in organizing the Legion were sent to America to carry on the plowing and sowing in the camps and among the demobilized. Literature of departments of the United States government was circulated in camps and on transports, warning the veterans of radicalism. Official speakers harped on the same theme. Red herrings blocked the trail completely. Radicalism clearly meant militant labor, liberalism and pacifism.

Independent rank and file veteran organizations, and there were many efforts to form them, could not compete with such an elaborate set-up. Who would give them money for parades, for literature, for big rallies, for a shiny weekly newspaper, for conventions? Yet the Legion had all the money it needed. Early in 1920 the *Stars and Stripes*, official paper of the American Expeditionary Forces, said editorially: "It [the Legion] started out by borrowing \$257,000 from sources unknown to the membership; it sunk its money in its publishing venture, and then had its publication saved by other sources equally unknown to the membership. In other

words, the Legion is subsidized and its members do not know by whom or for what purpose it is subsidized." Fortunately, the Legion membership and other interested parties no longer have to wonder about who subsidized the Legion and for what purpose.

In December, 1919, the following letter which is often quoted, and rightly, by writers on the Legion, under the letterhead of Swift & Company (made marvelously rich by its war profiteering), was sent to all Chicago packing companies:

At a meeting, held on December 24, 1919, presided over by Mr. Thomas E. Wilson, there were present representatives of the different stock yard interests, and it was voted that they contribute \$10,000 toward a campaign for funds for the American Legion.

A national drive is being made for the Legion and the amount asked from Illinois is \$100,000, Mr. James B. Forgan, chairman of the First National Bank, being treasurer for the fund from Illinois.

The Illinois enrollment of the Legion, in comparison with other States, is very much less than it should be. We are all interested in the Legion, the results it will obtain, and the ultimate effect in helping to offset radicalism.

(Signed) NATHAN B. HIGBIE.

It may fairly be said that Wall Street took over the job of wet nurse to the Legion and that it has not neglected the growing child. Only a short time ago the strong McShane Post of the Legion in Chicago was kicked out of the organization, allegedly because it unearthed an Insull contribution of \$10,000 for a Legion national convention. In the *American Legion Monthly* for October, 1933, we see a picture of a fine, expensive new clubhouse. The caption reads: "This clubhouse of Frank A. Johnson Post at Johnson City, New York, is one of three presented to posts by George F. Johnson,

shoe manufacturer. The others are at Binghamton and Endicott." William H. McCurdy, chairman of the Legislative Committee of Victory Post No. 4, Department of District of Columbia, recently said: "Most of the Chicago posts are owned by Big Business. . . . A visitor to Chicago during the convention saw such insignia on the caps of Cook County Legionnaires as—Commonwealth Edison Company Post; Northwestern Railroad Company Post; Marshall Field Company Post; Board of Trade Post; Chicago and Alton Post; Gas Company Post."

Even a sparrow is taken for a black-bird if he frequents the company of black-birds too often. And the Legion opens itself to criticism by its friendly association with labor-hating employers. It is a tacit admission that it feels an affinity for the enemies of labor when the Legion has intercourse with the National Civic Federation, the League for Industrial Rights, the Chamber of Commerce, and other employers' organizations. It also lets down its fences when it puts none at its head as officers except rich ex-colonels. Practically every national officer has been independently wealthy.

III

With such a history the Legion was fool-hardy when it openly joined the offensive waged by Big Business against labor soon after the World War. During the first years of its existence the Legion was active in dozens of big strikes, national and local. During the national coal strike in 1919 it openly furnished strike-breakers. In New Jersey a bunch of strike-breakers in the Switchmen's strike was chartered as a Legion post. The Legion was also active in the Great Steel Strike and in other strikes. In 1920 local posts organized the

Citizen's Transportation Committee, with the aid of employers of New York City, to fight the dock-workers' strike. It was announced in the press that the Legion was furnishing men to operate a trucking system in opposition to the A. F. of L. Union.

More hostile still was the work of the Legion's New York County Americanization Committee, under which wealthy Lorillard Spencer drew up elaborate classification of Legion members. This was a part of the work which caused the Central Trades and Labor Council of the city to turn thumbs down on the Legion. This labor body charged that the purpose of the classification was to find out which Legionnaires would act as strike-breakers or guards.

If its attitude toward the more respectable sections of the labor movement was so hostile, one can imagine the Legion's love for the "radicals." Every form of lawlessness, from pelting Ida Crouch Hazlett, a Socialist speaker, with doughnuts to lynching Wesley Everest, an I. W. W., has been used.

In short, the Legion was arrogant in the early days. It didn't even bother to cultivate the conservative officials of the American Federation of Labor; it didn't bother much about claiming neutrality in industrial wars. It merely went about openly as an ally of Big Business. The Legion did not do these things because it took a delight in such activities, of course. It was performing a duty in maintaining "law and order" and the "right" of labor to have the "open shop." Striking and picketing was against law and order. The employers said so.

At first labor recoiled from the attack; then it took courage and struck back with a deadly weapon. Both radical and conservative labor bodies boycotted the Le-

gion. It wasn't long until several powerful and conservative unions—not to mention the more progressive ones and the radical political organizations—adopted by-laws barring Legionnaires from union membership. For several years after the war the terms "Legionnaire" and "scab" were synonymous to laborites.

In December, 1919, a fine of \$100 was slapped on any member of Detroit Local No. 127 of the Automobile, Aircraft and Vehicle Workers Union who was found belonging to the Legion. This union charged the Legion with strike-breaking and with attacks on civil liberties generally. The Chicago Painters' Union, Local No. 275, also excluded Legionnaires. But this was small fry. When the large city and State federations of labor and the great international unions of the American Federation of Labor began "cracking down," the complacency of Legion leaders received severe jolts. The Detroit Federation of Labor, the United Mine Workers Union of America, the Montana State Federation of Labor and many similar bodies ordered their members to scuttle the Legion. The action of the New York Central Trades and Labor Council, the largest city labor organization in the world, calling upon its members to get out of the Legion was too much. The Legion was ready to sign an armistice. It had had enough.

The results of the labor campaign were soon noticeable in the decrease of Legion membership and the failure of new membership drives. Arthur Warner, writing in the *Nation*, in 1921, said: "When one considers that at least nine out of ten of the men mobilized by this country for the European war belonged to what is generally called the 'working class,' there must be something wrong with an organization among them that is regarded

either with veiled distrust or downright hostility by the rank and file of organized labor. The drift against the Legion is apparent not only from the columns of the labor press, but from definite official action taken by various bodies of workers."

Marquis James, the more or less official historian of the Legion, in his "History of the American Legion," points out what labor's displeasure meant. "This action," says he, referring to the attack upon the Legion as a strike-breaking agency by the New York Central Trades and Labor Council, "if carried out, would have taken thousands of union men from the Legion in New York City and would have had a national effect."

The National Office of the Legion, in a statement of purposes and accomplishments which was issued in 1931, admitted that the Legion was largely a paper organization in the early years. Undoubtedly the suspicion with which it was regarded by workingmen had a lot to do with holding it back.

Labor's threat was not entirely negative either. At one time it looked as if it might decide to back one of the rival veteran organizations in the field. By 1922 delegates to the Legion's national and State conventions were complaining of great loss of membership and failure to gain new members and the danger of rival veteran organizations of winning the ex-soldiers. A delegate from Minnesota to a national convention revealed that it was impossible for a union member to retain his card in his State if he were at the same time a Legionnaire. Delegate Edward F. Bassett of Montana threw consternation into another convention when he revealed that the Montana State Federation of Labor had not only blackballed the Legion but that it had endorsed a rival veteran association made up of enlisted men.

It was the World War Veterans, the most serious rival of the Legion. It claimed a membership of several hundred thousand in 1921 and 1922. It was friendly to labor and openly hostile to special privilege. A part of its platform reads: "The open shop, so-called, is anarchic in principle, hypocritical in pretense, cowardly in action. . . . Any member of the World War Veterans who knowingly assists in strike-breaking automatically thereby ceases to be a member and disqualifies himself for reinstatement." There were several organizations of ex-service-men which took similar stands. Nearly all of them, including the Soldiers and Sailors Council and the Private Soldiers and Sailors Legion, excluded officers.

During this controversy between the Legion and labor in the fall of 1922, the New York *Evening Post* expressed a fear which was common to many Legion officials and backers: "Another danger of grave import is the possibility of dividing the Legion into two factions over the labor question." Naturally, that was a possibility, even a probability, if things had continued as they were. But great occasions call into being great men. Legion officials called a halt. But to Samuel Gompers, more than to any other one man, the American Legion owes a debt; he saved the Legion from its death stroke.

IV

Gompers and his liaison man, George Berry, president of the Printing Pressmen's Union of America and an organizer and vice-president of the Legion, went into several conferences with members of the Legion's Royal Family. A truce was patched up. Then Messrs. Gompers and Berry, along with other conservative labor leaders and prominent Legion officials, set

about their work of enlightening the rank and file of a large section of the labor movement about the "unfortunate misunderstanding" with the Legion.

Largely as a result of the failure of these labor leaders to demand safeguards before signing the armistice with the Legion, the latter organization continued much of its anti-labor work, merely disclaiming "official" responsibility when criticism was made. It continued to sponsor oppressive legislation; it continued to work for militarism; it even allowed its members to participate, directly or indirectly, in strike-breaking. The only change noticeable was that it never openly, as an organization, attacked labor. Evidently this was enough to satisfy Gompers and Berry and other influential conservative labor leaders, and these were able to control rank and file protest for several years.

One doesn't have to be long-whiskered and to be armed with bombs and daggers to be a "subversive element"—and the Legion is hell to all such. All militant laborites are "reds" to the Legion's officialdom. It has always made somewhat the same distinction between a "good" unionist and a "red" that a professional Southerner makes between a "good" and a "bad nigger." Progressives, liberals, pacifists, Socialists and Communists are all "subversive."

Lest someone accuse me of unfairness in this generalization, a citation is in order. Edward A. Hayes, retiring National Commander of the Legion, a few months ago attacked former United States Senator Smith W. Brookhart and Rexford G. Tugwell for having "Communitistic leanings." And even more recently the Americanization Committee of the California Department of the Legion raised some questions about the Moscow sympathies of Madame Secretary Perkins, who was not pushing

deportation proceedings fast enough to suit the committee. To Major General Amos Fries, former commander of the District of Columbia Department of the Legion and author of the famous "Spider Web Chart," which tied up pacifist and radical organizations, anyone who says we have a child labor problem in this country is a red. That was months before the New Deal announced its drive on child labor!

Since the signing of the Legion-Labor armistice of 1922, the Legion's "unofficial" record of lawless activities against labor has been pretty bad. The Legion broke up meetings of the Nonpartisan League which Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., helped to organize in an attempt to break the strangle-hold which the banks and speculators had on the throats of Western farmers; it has worked against Tom Mooney's release; it was against Sacco and Vanzetti; it has interfered with meetings of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and other pacifist organizations; it has worked for the registration of aliens; it has raided children's camps; it has broken up meetings of the unemployed; it has been active in helping to break strikes; it has opposed recognition of the Soviet Union; it has worked for universal conscription laws—all of this was a part of the policy, called for by Luke Lea (former United States Senator and one of the organizers of the Legion, who is now serving a sentence in the North Carolina penitentiary for fraudulent banking practices), of making "America the trustee of civilization."

The best summary of the Legion's record since the 1922 truce is to be found in the annual reports of the American Civil Liberties Union. Its correspondents in nearly every State send in reports each year of what elements in their communities have been most active in fighting civil

liberties. Obviously, the oppressed classes, generally termed labor, are the only ones which have any difficulty maintaining their civil rights. The American Legion, according to these correspondents, has never encountered serious difficulty in walking off with the first prize each year as the chief agent of oppression in the United States.

One has to be an optimist to search for rays of light in these black clouds. But they are there. The class cleavage which has always been present in the Legion between its rank and file and its Royal Family has been clearly revealed in recent months. There is also evidence that the rank and file of the labor movement is becoming conscious of some of the Legion's labor-hating activities. It is a time for mass revolts against authority. There is such a revolt in the Legion.

Up until 1932 Big Business, the government and the militarists had complete faith in the Legion. Then something happened. Slightly less than 1,000,000 World War veterans were among the 15,000,000 unemployed. Delegations representing these unemployed veterans, many of them Legionnaires, formed the so-called Bonus Army and marched to Washington. What happened there before the be-medaled General MacArthur won immortality by taking out his tanks and gas and machine guns and driving the beggared veterans out of Anacostia Flats is an old story. The extreme brutality of the authorities in evicting the veterans, killing and wounding a few, including a baby or two, and burning the veterans' shacks brought on a reaction. The embers of the rank and file revolt which had been smoldering for years broke into flame. The lowly rank and file members of the Legion were heard from. Revolting against their leaders the veterans, through sheer force of numbers,

forced thousands of local posts throughout the country to go on record condemning the government's eviction of the Bonus Army and demanding the immediate payment of the adjusted compensation certificates. The wave of revolt mounted until at the Portland, Oregon, convention in 1932 the organization was put officially on record in favor of immediate payment of the "bonus." It was proposed there that the \$16,000,000,000 of war-profit loot garnered by Big Business during the war be taxed to raise the funds to pay this obligation, which had already been recognized by Congress.

Those whose wartime profits were thus threatened—the munitions makers, the financiers, the manufacturers, the big merchants—went up in the air. The Legion had bitten its wet nurse's breast. The erstwhile hero became a racketeer and treasury raider. A family quarrel had been started. In a huff Big Business men and ex- and active army officers began to scuttle the Legion. A new and simon-pure veteran association, the National Economy League, made up of ex-army officers, reserve army officers and business and professional men, came into being to fight the Legion on its demands for payment of the bonus.

One after another important members of the Royal Family—"grand dukes" and "princes" among them—deserted the Legion. General Pershing got out in the fall of 1932. One shouldn't take pay for his patriotism, he said. Pershing was getting a bonus of \$21,000 a year from the government. Then Newton D. Baker and Admiral William S. Sims followed. Harris Wittemore, Jr., warden of Naugatuck, Connecticut, prison and "a member of a family prominent in industrial and banking and social activities," resigned in September, 1932. Several past commanders of the Legion, and many lesser officials, also

came out in support of the National Economy League. The climax came earlier when Archibald Roosevelt, steamship line owner, and brother of Theodore, Jr., who takes credit for fathering the American Legion, became one of the active founders of the National Economy League.

This does not mean, of course, that the Legion has been handed over to the rank and file. The Royal Family still has many who are satisfied with the reign. The politicians, many army officers and many business men will stick until revolution overturns the throne and crushes them underneath it. It is probably true, however, that the rank and file was strengthened by the withdrawal of so many prominent men from the Legion. Many veterans have refrained from joining the Legion because they have regarded it as a silk-stocking organization. Even many of those who did join—particularly at first—criticized it on these grounds. Naturally, these elements were glad to see the high hats get out. They probably regret that they were not booted out instead of being allowed to resign. Yes, it is extremely likely that this scuttling operation was a short-sighted policy.

The rank and file of the veterans has also begun to make overtures to labor. And it has forced its demagogic leaders to attack Big Business with such violence that it would have brought the early Legion down on it as a subversive element.

The three or four Bonus Army newspapers that sprang up in 1932 were all sympathetic to struggles of labor, farmers and the unemployed. Fully a fourth of their news concerned these struggles, many of which took place under radical leadership. For instance, the October 1, 1932, issue of the Bonus Expeditionary Force's *News* had as its leading headline:

"WORKERS IN ALL LINES, FACING DRASTIC CUT, PREPARE TO RESIST CAMPAIGN AGAINST A LIVING WAGE." On September 24, 1932, a front page headline read "GENERAL STRIKE OF MIDWESTERN FARMERS CALLED." Editorials appeared giving approval to these struggles. The veterans in the Bonus Army also listened to labor speakers, including some Socialists and Communists. Several powerful A. F. of L. unions, including United Mine Workers of America, endorsed the veterans' demand of the immediate payment of adjusted compensation. Labor generally condemned the government's eviction of the veterans.

V

There have always been exhibitions of sympathy for labor among rank and file Legionnaires. As early as 1919 many protests came in to national headquarters from individuals and posts protesting the policy of molesting civil liberties. One post, late in the same year, petitioned the national organization to notify all branches "that it is not the function of American Legion posts; and it is counter to American ideals, to interfere with orderly meetings and discussions of changes in our political system." Soon after the Centralia, Washington, affair in 1919, Edward F. Bassett, commander of Silver Box Post No. 1, said: "The I. W. W. in Centralia, who fired upon the men that were attempting to raid the I. W. W. headquarters were fully justified in their act . . ."

The Willard Straight Post in New York City protested the breaking up of Nonpartisan League meetings in 1921. Other evidence is the fact that several short-lived veteran organizations soon

after the war declared their sympathy with the oppressed and their opposition to "special privilege."

But the 1932 Bonus Army march seems to mark a definite turn within the Legion on its labor policy. Many recent examples of friendship of Legionnaires for labor could be cited. An organizer in the recent textile strike who operated in the vicinity of Burlington, North Carolina, tells this story. Veteran leaders there called a meeting of ex-soldiers to ask them to volunteer for duty as special policemen in the strike. The organizer, himself a veteran but not a member of the Legion, was given the floor at this meeting. He made a speech pointing out the grievances of the strikers and why the Legionnaires should back the workers. He warned them that they would be expected to act to help break the strike. In conclusion he asked the assembled veterans to refuse to volunteer for service, or if they volunteered to see that no strike-breakers entered the mills. He got a rousing round of applause and only one man volunteered and even he was afraid to do so until after the veterans had dispersed. Similar action was taken by Legion posts in Portland and other Pacific coast cities during the recent general strike there. In Portland they opposed the organization of the Citizens' Emergency League by prominent Chamber of Commerce men to assist in "maintaining order" during the strike. Several Legionnaires were heard to express hope that the strikers would win. In San Francisco the membership of an entire post disobeyed the wishes of their leader and marched in a body in the funeral procession of a slain striker who had been a veteran.

Early in September of this year the story was told in the New York daily press of how thirty-one members of Legion Post No. 114 had been arrested for picketing

movie houses which refused to employ union labor. The Legionnaire pickets were supporting members of Local 306, Motion Picture Operators Union of America (A. F. of L.). Said the *Herald Tribune* story: "The veterans, wearing overseas caps, trench helmets and various insignia, demonstrated in front of motion picture theaters on Forty-second Street and along Broadway." On October 18 we learn that 22 out of 150 veterans who demonstrated for the same union were arrested in the Bronx and in Longacre Square. These carried banners which read: "We are veterans. We fought for democracy. Give us a living wage. Employ American Federation of Labor help."

Participation of World War veterans in labor disputes is not new. In fact, in nearly every strike in recent years where workers have been killed or wounded, one or more World War veterans have been among the casualties. In the *New York Times* for August 4, 1933, we learn that Louis M. Podorsky, a striking miner who was killed by guards near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, was a veteran of the Rainbow Division. Says the news story: "Legionnaires will pay military honors and strikers from all over this region plan to attend." Great numbers of veterans have also participated in unemployed, anti-war and May Day demonstrations.

While these hopeful signs of a more friendly attitude of Legionnaires are being exhibited, others come from the ranks of labor which are no less cheerful. Labor supports the demand for payment of the "bonus" (especially the Communists and several big A. F. of L. unions) and other veteran-relief projects, but it is critical of some persisting anti-labor maneuvers of the Legion. In 1930 Mussolini was invited by the national office to address the Legion's Boston convention. The invitation

was hastily withdrawn when labor protests began pouring in. Secretary Frank Weber of the Milwaukee Federated Trades Council (A. F. of L.) declared: "If Mussolini has been invited to speak at the Legion convention then there will be no longer any doubt that the Legion is assisting the high priests of the gold dollar God to destroy the Republic and pave the way for a dictatorship over the American people just as in Italy."

The American Federation of Labor and other groups have thus far opposed the Legion's plan for a universal draft on the grounds that it is a plan to draft labor to do the dirty work in the next war. Labor has also been extremely critical of the recent action of Congress in turning over 75,000 rifles and cartridge belts to Legion posts as gifts. The most recent criticism was from the United Textile Workers Union in connection with strike-breaking in the late textile strike.

The Legion is a powerful and dangerous organization. Its history shows that, with exceptions manifested by rank and file members independently of the national organization, it has been a prop for selfish and harmful forces. Marcus Duffield has well said: "In nearly every case its powerful influence is thrown on the side of ultra-conservatism in shaping the policies that rule America." There is ample justification for the dark prophecies for the future.

But as we have shown, there is at

least a ray of hope. There is evidence that the rank and file is in revolt against the conservative leadership in the organization. Recent events show that this rank and file is sympathetic to oppressed groups which are fighting for social justice. We have seen that many of the most powerful figures in the Legion have deserted the organization, thereby weakening their prestige in Legion affairs. This will lend impetus to the rank and file revolt against the Legion's Royal Family. There is also evidence that in the ranks of labor there is developing a more critical attitude toward the Legion's work.

There is no doubt but that organized labor, with its farmer and liberal and radical allies, has the power to force the Legion to make concessions to its demands. The Legion tacitly admits its inferior strength when it has to make pretenses of impartiality, which it really does not feel, in industrial conflicts. It is afraid to accept full responsibility for its acts. It learned its lesson in the immediate post-war years when labor was about to annihilate the Legion. It isn't likely that the organization will ever again be foolhardy enough to openly show its bias against labor.

This being true, it is impossible, of course, for it to become an avowed Fascist organization. Any attempt to steer the good ship *American Legion* into such dangerous and turbulent waters would cause it to crash on the rocks of the labor movement.

MORGENTHAU'S RISE TO GLORY

BY EUGENE A. KELLY

THE amazing metamorphosis of Henry Morgenthau from a small-time apple vendor into Secretary of the Treasury is one of the outstanding miracles of the Twentieth Century. Substantial evidence of divine intervention in Henry's elevation is seen in the celerity with which the whole performance took place. It was like having the gangling New Yorker, unknown and unskilled in the ways of the world, retire one night and awaken the next morning as chief hocuspocus man for the New Dealers.

His appointment was a distinct shock to the country. Many of the better informed elements are still nursing headaches caused by the announcement of the incredible situation. Were it not that young Morgenthau is possessed of some ethereal properties, he, too, would have been stunned by the exaltation. But to him it was merely a call to duty. He saw in a flash the starving masses, the flags, the cheering crowds and the blatant bands. It was too much to resist. Like Paul on his way to Damascus, Henry had a vision and answered its call forthwith.

He fitted into the New Deal scheme with the same aptitude and ease with which he adjusted himself to selling apples, publishing a magazine and keeping time on a construction job. Rotarians and psychologists have been telling Americans for years to have a definite objective in life, if they wished to achieve success. This is, perhaps, sound advice for ordinary

people, but not for a man of Henry's intellectual size. He has never had a definite objective. He has vacillated constantly, bucking left and right, like a walled-in goat. Certainly he never dreamed of becoming head of the biggest financial company in the world, for there is no indication that he laid any plans for this goal.

The probability is that he does not need an objective. His innate versatility is so extensive, as we shall see, that he need not bother with the generally accepted methods for obtaining success on this earth. Henry was a real estate man, time-keeper, architect, farmer and publisher successively, jumping from each venture to the other with equal grace and facility. It is safe to presume that, at the drop of a hat, if he wished, he could become president of an insurance company, a high diver in a circus or a motorman on a one-man trolley car.

Cursed with mediocrity throughout his life, the Dutchess County farmer rose to the pinnacles of religious fanaticism when his god, President Roosevelt, threw him the Treasury plum. His zeal broke all bounds and, enraptured as he was, he did not mind the rotten tomatoes thrown in his path.

His Treasury appointment was the culmination of years of devotion to and adoration of his New York neighbor. He knew the day he was given the job that he was merely a figure-head. He realized he would be called upon frequently to dance

when his Master cracked the whip. But the cracking of the whip has been sweet music to his ears. Never once has he as much as murmured a complaint.

II

When the light of this world first struck the twinkling, brown eyes of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., his father was a lawyer. That was forty-three years ago. Father Morgenthau, however, was also interested in real estate. His real estate dealings were so widespread that eventually nearly every piece of property in the Bronx passed through his fingers at one time or another. Fate, always kind to the Morgenthau, soon showered dollars on the lawyer-realtor. The senior Morgenthau invested money in the growing Underwood Typewriter Company. In a remarkably short time the investment grew into millions, and the Morgenthau dynasty became indisputably intrenched in the realm of finance. Thus it was that baby Morgenthau, teething on silver spoons, could have had toys fashioned from gold, had his parents so willed.

His early childhood was uneventful. It could not be said he was precocious, or that he was extraordinarily dull. He was just normal. The presence of two elder sisters and one younger than himself might have had a sissyfying influence on the child but, as in all his difficulties, Henry emerged victorious. Although he is not the blustering, football type of man, he is not effeminate. He was then, as now, quiet and unobtrusive. As was befitting a youngster of such wealth and station, Henry was entered at a private school, not far from his home. It marked the first scholastic persecution of his life, and it pained the indulgent parents who were ready to sacrifice anything for his happi-

ness. In the light of his future intellectual fumbblings, Henry's initial bow to books, ABC's and arithmetic must have been dolorous. He had little taste for books and, at a very tender age, expressed a preference for the bucolic life. Since some smattering of the rudiments of reading and writing was more or less a *sine qua non* for a child of his position, the youngster pushed ahead as best he could and finished elementary school in a manner becoming the son of a nobleman.

While Henry may have been ignorant of the Punic Wars and the glory that was Greece, he was far superior to his playmates in matters of finance. He embarked on a real estate career at the age of twelve, with a gift, from his father, of a piece of property valued at \$500. One would have expected a child of these years to sell the property immediately and buy chocolates with the proceeds. But, instead, Henry held the piece of land until he was able to dispose of it to the City of New York for the handsome price of \$10,000. While it is true he could not have sold the ground when a child, the fact remains that he held it until the best sale opportunity presented itself, thereby proving beyond any doubt his financial perspicacity.

Despite this financial precocity, young Henry was again turned over to the schoolmasters for another siege of mental harassment. This time he was, metaphorically speaking, shoved into Exeter, where he is better recalled for his mediocrity than for any manifestation of a superabundance of cerebral matter. He remained at Exeter only three years, departing from that seat of learning when he was sixteen. For two years following his release from the shackles of the stuffy class-room, Henry did nothing but vegetate, in which biological function he proved extraordinarily proficient. He was

as fully developed, physically at least, at seventeen, as he is today.

He has never been affiliated with the Boy Scouts, and he made no speeches in his youth. It is mysterious, therefore, how he ever acquired the go-get-'em spirit he was later to display in life. The only Babbittical indulgence of his boyhood was stamp collecting, and he did that with a vengeance. By all reports he was amazingly brilliant at that intellectual pastime.

III

For two years, after leaving Exeter, he contributed nothing, as I have said, of any importance to civilization. Again the gloomy spectre of more class-rooms and books loomed before the skinny youngster. They must have been horrible nightmares to the boy. But even rich men's sons are expected to make a stab at something definite. Henry, however, could not make up his mind as to what and where to study. So he consulted his father, as he has done in most of his decisions, and soon he found himself studying architecture at Cornell University. He didn't go far. He lasted only a year. The sun and stars and the trees had more appeal for him than messy, crowded rooms over a drafting board. It was the first inkling Henry had of the poetic side of his nature. He chucked the books again, donned overalls and went to work as a time-keeper on a construction job. This, obviously, was not an expression of the more æsthetic side of life either, but to Henry it was at least an approximation. He remained on this job for about six months. Later he became a machinist in the Underwood Typewriter Company, but typhoid fever cut short his manual labor career.

This illness was Henry's greatest blessing. It was his stepping stone to glory, fame, and power greater than most men dream of. He went to Texas to build a broken body. Had he never gone to Texas, the probability is that he would never have developed a keen interest in farming in general, and in apples in particular. And if he had never become a farmer, he would never have had the Vision which was to change the whole course of his life.

The aforementioned blessing in disguise visited Henry when he was about eighteen years old. For six weeks he worked feverishly on a farm in Northern Texas and returned to New York, not only feeling well, but possessed of a definite dream, which was unusual for Henry. He wanted to be a farmer, but his family had other ideas. For a while after his return to New York he worked in his father's real estate office, and later in a banking house. His banking career was peculiarly abortive. Peculiar, that is, for a man who later was to guide the destinies of thousands of bankers. But the brevity of his exposure to the workings of a bank is only further evidence of his supreme elasticity of mind and rare aptitude.

The farm idea continued to grip him. He could not get it out of his head. He talked to Dad and, between them, they agreed that a slight academic background in agriculture would do Henry no harm. Again the boy faced the painful but necessary subjection to another dose of theory in a class-room. He accepted his fate with the fortitude of a martyr, and entered Cornell for a course in farming. Whether he chafed under the yoke of the pedagogues is purely a matter of speculation. The probability is that he did. The fact remains, however, that he acquired sufficient agricultural background to leave

Cornell at the end of the year a full-fledged farmer. He was only twenty-two years of age when this phenomenon occurred.

It was while at Cornell for this second time that he first met the once celebrated Dr. Warren, the man who was later to prove the extraordinarily elastic properties of the American dollar. It is doubtful if Henry assimilated any theories of the recently famous Warren. The youngster had enough difficulty in getting the gist of ordinary farm courses without attempting to absorb profound ideas on money. But he was impressionable, as most boys are at that age, and he never forgot the great doctor, although the doctor did not reciprocate this sentiment.

Upon completion of his education, Henry began to branch out along the lines of any ordinary up-and-coming young man. There is no record of it, but the father must have cursed when his son persisted in the request for a farm. Henry's downright refusal to carry on the great name of Morgenthau in the financial and legal world was a heavy cross for the senior Morgenthau to bear. It developed later that Henry far exceeded the most sanguine of the paternal expectations, and it was a pity that father Morgenthau could not have gazed into the future at this particularly trying period of Henry's life. There were millions of dollars in investments and real estate and, at the death of the father, there would be no one to care for them. But Henry said to hell with all this. He was of the pastoral type and he wanted a farm. Apples were his love.

So father and son put their heads together, as they always did when Henry had a decision to make, and it was finally agreed that the boy should have a farm in New York State. The farm cost \$55,000, a mere bagatelle for the Morgenthaus.

The ground occupied 1,000 acres. It was a sort of partnership, with the father putting up half the cash and the son pulling his half out of the air. Henry, in order to raise his share of the purchase price, sold part of his "personal" investments in the Underwood Typewriter Company. The original funds for the investment he received from the City of New York, to which body Henry had sold the piece of property his father gave him years before.

Even at this tender age Henry was wise enough to know that he did not know. He knew well that he could not run a farm. Consequently, he did the next best thing. He hired Jim Bailey, a rugged farmer, who grew up from the sod. Jim and Henry went up to the farm, which was located sixty miles north of New York City, near the Hudson River. Together they surveyed the vast, rolling countryside and went to work repairing an old, run-down farm house.

One of the chief products of the farm was, and is, apples, which, after President Roosevelt, form Henry's chief delight in this life. Even today he is not too engrossed in the entangling finances of the country to forget his apples. Last fall, in the midst of a national financial crisis, he quit his Treasury duties for two days to direct the sale of his annual output of the succulent fruit. He sold thousands of bushels of Baldwins, McIntoshes and Newtown pippins. For seventeen years apples have formed one of the main sources of his revenue, and he boasts, with pardonable pride, of his ability to make profits on the fruit, a rare feat these days.

It was this love for apples that was to catapult him, so to speak, to one of the highest offices in the United States government. During those three years on the farm Henry developed his rare analytical faculties. He finally came to the same con-

clusion to which most healthy males arrive soon or late, to wit: it is not good to be alone. He had known Elinor Fatman, the woolen manufacturer's daughter, for some years. The Morgenthau and the Fatmans lived not far apart in New York City, and the families were on friendly terms. Stirred by the immemorial urge, Henry went to Turkey to ask his father's advice on marriage. The father at this time, it will be recalled, was his country's Ambassador to Turkey. The trip was further evidence of Henry's dependability on others and an open confession of his own diffidence. Anyway, Henry and Elinor were married the following spring and, for a wedding present, they received the father's interest in Henry's farm.

The domestic serenity of the Morgenthau, living in the peace that only rustics know, was rudely shattered by the World War. The farmer tried to get into the Army, but was found to be near-sighted. Nothing daunted, he tried the Navy and was accepted. After the war he returned home to the farm.

IV

Then came the Vision. No one knows, not even Henry himself, where or when it took place. It matters not. The fact is that Henry did meet, and talk with, and become overwhelmed by the great charm and intellect of his Dutchess County neighbor, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who later was to rule the American people. Henry's helplessness in the presence of his future ruler is quite understandable. Mr. Roosevelt possessed the combined personalities of Buddha and Mohammed. Henry was a mystic, impressionable and highly emotional. It was not an ordinary friendship that arose between them. It was some spiritual union that cannot be named, but

which certainly had diviner attributes than exist between ordinary mortals. It was as though Henry were caught in the maelstrom of a rushing torrent, carrying him he knew not where, but thrilling him none the less.

It was, from a different viewpoint, the foundation of a new religion which, politically at least, was later to be called the New Deal. But the union, as generated, was above politics and the frailties of human nature.

Mr. Roosevelt, then, became to Henry the Leader of his people, and Henry, in turn, became Roosevelt's ardent apostle. It was the turning point of the farmer's career. His whole makeup was rocked by and responded to the conversion. He began to make speeches, to travel about the countryside, to develop personality, to make friends. It was the beginning of Henry's period of expansion.

He now realized, for the first time in his life, that he could be of service to his fellow man. He was breaking away from apples.

Like many rich men in an expansive mood, he entered the publishing game by purchasing the *American Agriculturist* in 1922. The magazine served the intellectually starved farmers of New York State and sections of New England, and was, at the time of the purchase, somewhat run-down at the heels, so to speak. It had a circulation of 100,000. Henry immediately breathed life into the paper, removing the more highly scientific articles and replacing them with homely hints for good pies and sewing circles.

He entered the publishing business with the zeal of a newly ordained missionary among a group of barbarians. He thought nothing of going to New York and spending a whole day in the ante-rooms of the advertising moguls, and by the time he

finished with the journal, in January, 1934, it had increased in circulation by the enormous sum of 60,000.

Henry supplemented this power of the press by taking an active interest in the affairs of the Dutchess County Grange, an organization of farmers. Frequently he spoke at their meetings, much to their edification and his own enjoyment. It was through these early speech-making tours that he laid the ground for the battle to come. Gradually he overcame, to some degree at least, an innate awkwardness in the presence of his countrymen.

The stage was now set for the entrance of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his canopy-bearer. Henry had completed his novitiate. Mr. Roosevelt was about to launch his far-reaching combat against the forces of evil. Roosevelt gave the cry and the battle was on.

Henry got out a broken-down car and toured the State in the name of the Leader who was to come. When the plans were finished and the rough work had been done by the disciple, Roosevelt marched in amidst the fanfare and glory of a medieval court.

Roosevelt and Morgenthau were scoffed at. No wise man believed a member of the Democratic party stood a chance for the gubernatorial election of New York State in 1928. But the forces of righteousness overcame the army of the wicked, and Roosevelt captured the Executive Mansion in Albany. He placed Henry in charge of the Governor's Agricultural Advisory Committee, an organization with a high-sounding name but endowed with little or no power. The job carried no salary; it was Henry's first contribution in the name of humanity.

It was fortunate, however, that such a job was open, for it gave the novice a gradual insight into the workings of man

and politics. Henry improved in a remarkably short time and two years later he was made Conservation Commissioner of the State of New York. It was on this job that Roosevelt scrutinized his protégé for any possible flaws in training. Henry performed nobly.

V

When the country became a dictatorship, through Roosevelt's *coup d'état*, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., was only forty-two years old. Had he been a trifle more seasoned the Leader would certainly have given him a Cabinet job right off. In order to assuage the feelings of his prototype, the Leader did give him the job of consolidating government agencies dealing in credit to farmers. This was Henry's initiation into the intricacies of high finance, and gave him, at the same time, a smattering of practical politics, in which science he was, and still is, egregiously ignorant.

With farmers all over the country yapping for help, and with Senators and representatives howling for appointments, the Farm Credit Administration job was no easy task for a tyro in public life. But Henry proved himself much smoother than the Leader had anticipated. The politicians were kept happy, and the farmers were sent sugary letters, individually posted, telling them the Messiah had come and that it was only a matter of days when the checks would arrive.

The payment for years of service and loyalty to the Leader was finally consummated. The unknown farmer, young and inexperienced, was led by the hand into the Treasury Department. He was first appointed Under-Secretary of the Treasury and, upon the resignation of Secretary Woodin, he was given supreme command January 1, 1934.

He ran riot. Drunk with enthusiasm and unaccustomed power, Henry set out to reform almost every bureau in his realm. Civil Service employ  s were given a severe jolt. New systems were installed. Government red tape was cut. Without regard for the Civil Service rosters, men and women were brought into the Treasury Department solely on the strength of their ability to get things done. Political appointments were not even considered. Long, bleak corridors of the dilapidated Treasury Building became the scene of action, pep and turmoil. Washington had never seen anything like it.

He startled the town with his ebullience, energy and long hours of work. He went further than this. It is to his everlasting credit that he put the operations of the government on a Boy Scout basis, for which feat, no doubt, he will be recorded in the history books. His early communications to employ  s are masterpieces of pleas for pep and action in the department, and clearly reflect Boy Scout tendencies.

His first move, and one of the greatest blunders in his short career, was the suppression of the press. His second public attempt at self-assertion was the cause of much snickering in the national capital. This was his edict that Treasury guards stand at attention when government officials hovered into sight. Henry's command was quickly forgotten, however, and today the guards loaf as much as ever.

While many words have been written about the great things Henry has done in the Treasury Department, the bald fact is that he personally does little. He carries out the commands of the White House and does not make a move until the Leader is consulted. Much of the legislation proposed during Henry's tenure of office is decidedly too intricate for him to grasp, as he willingly and publicly admits.

Without Herman Oliphant, his general counsel, and Herbert E. Gaston, his press agent, Henry Morgenthau today would not be able to carry on. These two men, like props, are constantly at his side and he dares not make an important move without their aid. The few times he has acted on his own have been sorrowful experiences.

That he possesses a high degree of the go-get-'em spirit cannot be denied. He inaugurated regular Monday morning pep meetings for his staff, at which the boys discuss their progress of the past week and plans for the coming days. He turned the Internal Revenue agents into a bunch of high-powered salesmen who have quotas to reach. But he himself is somewhat diffident.

Newspaper men annoy the exuberant Secretary. At press conferences he fidgets, squirms and gives the impression of being extremely pained. Adverse criticism almost makes him cry. For the life of him he cannot discriminate between his personal and his official life, and he fails to understand why others make a distinction. When brought on the mat by newspapers he frets like a child. He worries for days about an adverse story relating his monetary blunders, and he believes that he is the constant subject of a vituperative persecution.

The truth is that he cares less about himself than he does about the man in the White House. He believes that newspapers, by attacking him, are really levelling their guns at the Leader, and that suspicion grieves him more than any personal jibe.

It was this fear of the press that caused him to shut down entirely on the dispensation of news except that which his press agent feels like giving out. In doing this he put his foot in it, as usual, and has not yet managed to get it out. The result is that "covering" the Treasury Department

today is about as interesting as playing marbles. Employés in the department are constantly under the apprehension that an alert newspaper man will catch them sneezing in an extraordinary fashion and write a feature story on the phenomenon without first getting the necessary permission.

Treasury employés have strict orders to shun newspaper men and to be as mum as brass monkeys about everything that goes on in the department. They naturally resent this, but make no open threats of revolt for fear of losing their jobs.

Morgenthau's only offense against Mr. Roosevelt and the Holy Cause is his incredible stupidity in mastering the rudiments of politics. He simply cannot acquire even the fundamentals of this intricate science. His constant blunders in this respect are a decided annoyance to the political leaders of his party.

VI

His personal life is beyond reproach. His only bad habit is the smoking of cigarettes. He is the clean-cut type of man and there is not the slightest evidence that he has ever indulged in excesses. He is gentle of manner and presents a neat figure of extreme personal cleanliness. He is thoughtful and much kinder than most public officials. He has done much for the betterment of the employés' welfare. Extremely honest in all his personal dealings, young Henry is pure, sincere and guileless.

With all this, however, he is extremely suspicious and wary of newcomers. Soft-spoken and mild, he can fly into a temper more quickly than most men. His mannerisms are noticeably stilted, especially when he attempts to descend to the level of the poorer persons with whom he comes in contact. He would like to be one of the

boys, but his attempts are more pitiable than successful. He would like sometimes to forget that he is the son of a rich father, but he finds it impossible.

It is a happy day for the hyenas on Capitol Hill when they can call the young Secretary to the witness stand to challenge his monetary policies. The spectacle of young Henry on the stand, attempting, in a sincere but feeble fashion, to explain his actions is one of the best shows in Washington. These Congressional inquisitions are particularly delightful to the Republicans, for they serve the double purpose of embarrassing the Administration and vexing Henry.

Any form of public utterance is excruciatingly painful to the Secretary of the Treasury, but he abhors, above all things, to be called before a Senate or House committee. He has the feeling beforehand that his sacred utterances will be botched, and his premonitions are usually verified. Both he and the Administration came to the conclusion, after a few months of experience, that Henry can best serve the Leader by keeping his mouth shut. This mouth-sealing policy may explain why Henry, at the very last moment, cancelled a speech he was scheduled to make before the American Bankers Association convention in Washington last October.

Public confessions of ignorance on highly important matters under his jurisdiction do not affect Henry's complacency in the least. He prides himself on his humility. Witness the youngster on the stand before the House Committee on Ways and Means, hearing discussions on the Silver Purchase Act of 1934:

MR. MORGENTHAU: I think the idea was that, if we could have everything that had to do with this silver program in one bill, instead of having it divided up, it would be that much easier. Mr. Chairman, when

you get into the technical questions, I would like to ask that Mr. Oliphant answer the questions, if that is agreeable to the committee.

MR. COOPER: I should like to ask one question for the record, Mr. Chairman. I understood you to say, Mr. Secretary, that this is an Administration measure and has the approval of the Administration as it now stands?

MR. MORGENTHAU: Absolutely.

MR. SHELLENBERGER: Mr. Secretary, I do not know whether you want to answer this now or not. But could you state what the basic purpose of the bill is? What is the view of the Administration on it? What do they expect to accomplish by this bill?

MR. MORGENTHAU: When you get into that, I would rather have Mr. Oliphant make a statement. This is a rather technical subject.

MR. TREADWAY: Mr. Secretary, would you be willing to explain in what way, under section 2, this bill changes the policy of the United States? Section 2 says: "It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States that the proportion of silver to gold in the monetary stocks of the United States should be increased, with the ultimate objective of having and maintaining one-fourth of the monetary value of such stocks in silver." In what way does this change the monetary policy of the government?

MR. MORGENTHAU: The principal way in which it is changed is that this declares it to be the policy of the United States that the Treasury should maintain one-fourth of its monetary stock in silver and three-fourths in gold.

MR. TREADWAY: In other words, it reduces the gold reserves by one-fourth and substitutes silver therefor, if I may put it that way?

MR. MORGENTHAU: Not necessarily, no.

MR. TREADWAY: In what way is there a difference? What does the Administration expect to accomplish by the bill? Why is the administration asking Congress to pass this legislation at this time?

MR. MORGENTHAU: Mr. Chairman, if it is agreeable to you, may I suggest that Mr. Oliphant make a statement giving an interpretation of the bill as a whole, which

would cover the point the gentleman has in mind?

MR. TREADWAY: That is perfectly satisfactory to me.

THE CHAIRMAN: We shall be glad to have Mr. Oliphant make an explanation of the bill at this time.

As can be seen from the official transcript of the testimony, Henry admits the bill has the indorsement of the Administration, but, when questioned regarding the details of the complicated legislation, he admits he's stopped. Or, as Secretary of the Treasury he has approved a scheme about which he professes a profound ignorance.

When Morgenthau was called before the subcommittee of the House Committee on Banking and Currency discussing the bill to establish the Federal Monetary Authority, in March, 1934, he did more damage to the cause of Holy Democracy than all of the Republicans put together. His puerile palaver, coupled with an extremely weak exposition of his future monetary policies, chilled the spines of all good Democrats. His bold statement that the Treasury Department has no plan and is rolling along from day to day gave all honest and well-informed people the creeps. For sheer frankness and naïveté the following public admissions of ignorance and lack of planning could hardly be matched:

MR. BUSBY: What I am coming to is in connection with the government's responsibility in this scheme of things to furnish the business of the country a dependable media with which to transact business to carry on, whether or not up to this present time, leaving the responsibility to the banks, instead of assuming it itself—whether or not the government has performed its function in this whole scheme of things.

MR. MORGENTHAU: I cannot answer that question. . . .

MR. BUSBY: That is the same proportion. The banks never have agreed with the

government to furnish the nine-tenths of the media of exchange, but it is a by-product of that transaction in which they try to make a profit for their stockholders. Do you agree with that or not?

MR. MORGENTHAU: If you do not mind, if you will tell me what you are trying to get at, I will try to answer you.

MR. BUSBY: That is as plain as I know how to put it. . . .

MR. MORGENTHAU: As I said earlier, as far as I am concerned, I am living on a day-to-day basis. Fortunately, since I have been in the Treasury Department, conditions have been getting a little bit better each week. . . .

MR. CROSS: In other words, you are feeling your way along.

MR. MORGENTHAU: Absolutely. I have said before, and I say it again, that at the Treasury we are absolutely on a twenty-four-hour basis.

His radio speech of last summer was the payoff. Although he got the blame for it, no sane man in Washington believes that he or any one connected with him wrote the speech. It was just another case of Henry being the fall guy for his Chief. The speech left the undeniable impression that the New Deal spending orgy would, by and by, show a profit! Financiers throughout the country were astounded at his ability to juggle figures. It was a good Administration talk and would have been forgotten the next day had not Henry, in his effort to make a firm impression, overstepped the mark. When he said that the \$2,800,000,000 profit resulting in the change in the gold content of the dollar would be used to reduce the national debt, all intelligent men shivered at the ignorance implied in such a statement. There was, of course, no "profit," and even if there had been, it would have been wholly a paper profit.

Henry's official pronouncements are almost invariably legal blunders or political

botches. Many of them reflect the deductions of an immature mind. Henry's proposal that Treasury agents resort to wire-tapping in running down dope peddlers caused much consternation. The capital rocked with laughter when Henry announced his proposal for a house-to-house campaign for the collection of taxes.

The Gold Purchase Act, the Silver Purchase Act and the fanatical drive for the collection of back taxes on income are not the concoctions of Henry Morgenthau's brains. He admits, as was seen, that he is not aware of the technicalities of the Silver Act. The Gold Purchase Act is certainly too complicated to be the product of so hazy and ethereal a mind as his.

The truth is that Henry Morgenthau is no more Secretary of the Treasury than Max Baer. His duties are to see that the work is done and that the will of the Leader is carried out. The schemes of his department are plotted within the hallowed confines of the White House. Henry is nothing more than a glorified foreman.

When things go wrong in the Treasury Department, Henry, of course, takes it in the neck. He is the front man for the schemers of the Leader's entourage. He is not part of the inner circle. He merely acts in a liaison capacity, servile, obsequious, and timid to a ridiculous degree.

But he is not miserable. On the contrary, he is enjoying ecstatic beatitude. His job is the fulfillment of an uncontrollable desire to serve Franklin Delano Roosevelt. No matter what the job is, as long as Roosevelt is there beckoning him down the path of righteousness, Henry will be supremely blissful. When Roosevelt goes down, the Brain Trusters, the sycophants, the New Deal leeches, the White House parasites and political satellites will quickly desert him. But Henry will be there, fluttering about, overjoyed with his lot.

YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM

BY JAN SPIESS

THEY call him l'homme fatal," said my friend.

We were at a cocktail party in the East Fifties. The hostess moved among her guests, speaking with uniform cordiality but varying pleasure to newcomers, offering to refill emptied cocktail glasses for those who stood chatting. The white and blue curtains hung in correct folds; the light fell mellow and serene on modern paintings. The crowd combined and separated like bacilli seen through a microscope, in a drop of water. There was the usual murmur of male and female voices.

I looked at the youngish man leaning against the mantel in the approved manner of the flamboyant and now half mythical twenties. His face was a mask so badly adjusted that it gave me the feeling it might slip aside and reveal some minor monstrosity underneath. He was looking with distaste at a girl who wore a ridiculous hat on the side of her head.

My friend went on, "The shore of every smart place in Europe has seen the wreckage Desmond has left in his wake."

I shuddered, wondering whether the hat that looked like a bird-bath would be found floating on the East River, but the young man turned to speak politely to an older woman. Soon the woman's voice reached us in all its stridency.

"Why don't you stop in for a cocktail some afternoon, Desmond?" she asked.

He answered, "Ask me to dine instead, Mrs. Cramstead, and I'll say yes gladly."

"You see," said my friend—a man in tweeds with crisp black hair and a smooth red face—"Desmond is smart. He doesn't belong here. He should be in Paris—in Paris in the old days." He sighed, "If only you had seen him enter a room there! He was immediately the center of the center —"

I said softly, "A rose is a rose is a rose."

My friend frowned. "His parties were the most famous in Europe. It was at one of them that young Paul Brander shot himself."

"But Desmond can't be in Paris in the old days," I said idiotically. "He can't be anywhere in the old days. He has to be somewhere today—but he could be in Paris today."

Across the room Desmond was murmuring confidentially in Mrs. Cramstead's ear. My friend looked at him pityingly. "He's broke. Hasn't a dime. No, he has to stay here in New York and it isn't good enough for him. They don't understand him here."

"He speaks the language," I said with irrelevant accuracy.

My friend seemed to awaken from a reverie: "Of course. He was born in Red Wing, Wyoming."

I watched Desmond slide away from the withered hand Mrs. Cramstead had laid over his. "Appreciate him?" I wondered. "What does he do?"

"He composes. He's trying to write a cheap song hit now so he can go back. He's sure to get it across. He knows everyone."

A girl with wide eyes walked toward us. Wistfully she watched Desmond join a group of three she had just left.

"Didn't Lady Curlin drown herself and leave a note addressed to him?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," nodded my friend, happy at the note of admiration in her voice, "but better than that—better than that—the greatest conversationalist in Europe spent an hour alone with him and repeated three of Desmond's *bons mots* as his own."

"An old episode that Oscar Wilde first—," I began, but the girl interrupted me.

"I've always wanted to ask someone who knew—is it really true, that he said to Nijinsky at a première —?"

"Ah, I know what you are going to ask us, child, and it is true," my friend said. "Desmond called Nijinsky to his box and said, 'I hear you have a new creation, Monsieur Nijinsky.' Nijinsky said shyly, 'But no, monsieur, I have danced each one before.' 'I mean your baby,' Desmond answered with scorn—really scorn."

"That isn't funny," I said bluntly, though the girl was laughing.

"No, not funny at all," my friend agreed, "not funny, but devastating. He really is never funny in the American comic newspaper sense of humor. In fact, it is difficult for most of us to get him."

We looked at Desmond. His closely cropped head was cocked to one side. His eyes were bright and fragile. He seemed aware of us. He made a little gesture, a combination of shrugged shoulders, raised eyebrows, and down-drawn lips, toward old Mrs. Cramstead.

"What does he mean by that?" I asked.

"Oh, most likely that she has invited him to dine with her and he has had to accept. He'll be hopelessly bored, though he may

think of something awfully clever to do as he did in London when Mrs. Belling-Jones asked him for a week-end and he came, bringing the most notorious woman in Europe."

"What happened?" the young girl asked breathlessly.

"Mr. Belling-Jones, who was a stupid fellow, challenged him to a duel and they shot it out. Belling-Jones was badly hurt, and Desmond had to leave England. He laughs to this day, because he thought quickly enough to shoot before the signals were given. He said his old father in Red Wing had told him, 'If you *have* to shoot a man don't shoot when he's looking'."

Smiling, Desmond was walking toward the piano. I said sharply, "It is too bad that a man who has created major tragedies should be a minor one himself."

"Why do you call him a tragedy?" the girl asked. "What he has been he can be again."

"Yes, Mrs. Cramstead will probably endow him," my friend suggested hopefully and strolled toward the old woman.

"Then perhaps he can be what he has been," I agreed.

"What would you say he had been?" the girl asked. Her disinterested, young voice trailed into silence like unrelated notes of music played by careless fingers.

I knew it didn't matter to her what I thought Desmond had been, or even what he would be. What he would be seemed remote and colorless. I brought my thoughts back to what he had been and answered her question.

"An American in Paris," I said finally. "I'd say that he was once an American in Paris."

She made an angry little sound and left me.

THE LESSER WAYS OF LOVE

BY GRACE ADAMS

I SAW my friend Tony Pessano last night. He is eight years old now and selling newspapers. When I first met him about a year ago he was shining shoes in a Greenwich Village speakeasy and doing his "stunts" for extra nickels. His own favorites among his repertory of stunts were touching his nose with his tongue and singing, a little off key but with a sure emphasis upon its implications, "We'll Make Hay When the Sun Shines And We'll Make Love When It Rains." And he boasted that once a week he sang over the radio. I asked him last night if he were still doing it.

"Naw," he said. "I had to quit. The kids all called me 'fairy'."

"Called you what?"

He gave me the look of superior disgust that my pretended innocence deserved. "Aw, you know," he said. "A guy like dis—" and placing his grimy fist on his hip he gave a most accurate imitation of that slithering walk so common around Sheridan Square, New York City.

If I had a son I would like to think that he was as well poised to live in this modern world as that ragged, grinning gamin. And I hope that I would have the sense to realize that nothing I could say or do would make him so—that only through associating quite naturally with the other hardboiled Tonies of this world could he acquire such a casual yet knowing unconcern toward all manifestations of sex.

Yet if I actually had a son I seriously

doubt that I would also have such wisdom. I am afraid that I too would succumb to the delusion, cherished by millions of parents before me, that just because I was older and more experienced than my child I could regulate and improve his attitude toward all erotic matters.

Within recent years, it is true, the methods by which older persons try to influence the sexual thoughts and actions of younger ones have changed conspicuously. Now that the doctrines of Sigmund Freud are widespread, most literate people are convinced that little good can be accomplished by walloping a small boy because he sneaks behind the garage to indulge in what the psychologists called auto-eroticism, or from lecturing his slightly older sister on the evils of the world because she lingers on the front steps at night to sample the embraces of her latest boy friend. But those older persons who are still grimly determined to change the furtive, groping, strangely thrilling first stirrings of the sexual impulse into clean and wholesome activities have hit upon a new means of effecting this miracle. Where stern repression failed so conspicuously they now believe that tolerance, candor and a great deal of dirty conversation between the older generation and the younger will easily turn the trick.

Two extreme examples of this new gospel of sexual freedom and light are to be found in the works of D. H. Lawrence and his fanatical followers, and in the

quaint philosophizing of that strange new sect called Nudists. In his preface to "Lady Chatterley's Lover," Lawrence wrote with his customary Messianic dullness that he intended the book for the helpful guidance of young girls and then, with what must have been a tremendous strain upon his ingenuity, managed to inject all of the outlawed four letter words into the most exalted love speeches between the lady and her lover. And the Nudists, with the same lack of humor and acumen, insist boastfully that youngsters who grow up in their communities, entirely surrounded by naked breasts and bellies and bandy legs, never have any lascivious thoughts about the human body.

Unfortunately, it has never been my privilege to observe at first-hand a boy attaining maturity in a Nudist camp or a girl absorbing the erotic education of Lady Chatterley, so I do not know, even in my imagination, what effect so much human flesh and high-flown smut might have upon them. But I do know, from various experiences, the strange results that are so often accomplished by the new vogue of conversational candor.

II

I remember particularly an overgrown, slightly subnormal girl of seventeen who was assured by her psychiatrist that masturbation was not a sin but a fairly widespread practice. The psychiatrist, being a devout Freudian, thought that this information would make the girl's own secret habit less beguiling and eventually cause it to disappear. But he reasoned without taking his patient's peculiar mental powers into consideration. Being assured that what she had once considered a hidden vice was a common custom, she immediately assumed that it was also a social accomplish-

ment. And for weeks after her session with the psychiatrist she went about embarrassing her friends and relatives by asking them in her excited, high-pitched voice, "Do you do it, too?"

And then there was Marianne who decided that she must do something about the incipient sex life of her four growing sons. It was when her oldest boy was approaching seventeen that she began to take her job of motherhood really seriously. Feeling that she was rather inadequately equipped to deal with all the mighty problems of adolescence, she enrolled, without consulting her husband, for a series of lectures to be delivered by an eminent psychologist. The great man made everything quite simple. All that was needed to keep the thoughts of pubescent boys pure and wholesome, he confided to his alert feminine audience, was complete frankness between parents and sons.

Marianne took him at his word. And every evening when her husband was away, and there was nothing more exciting for them to do, she gathered her nine-year-old Tom, her eleven-year-old Jim, her fourteen-year-old Jack and her sixteen-year-old Dan about the library fire and waited for them to talk. With a little encouragement they did—even more volubly than she had expected. But when I saw Marianne last summer, she said vehemently that she was off psychologists for good. The children's confidences had become too awful.

"Why, the way the two oldest boys were carrying on," she said. "Why, I just didn't know what to do about it. Every night each one thought he had to out-brag the other about how many girls he'd petted."

"But Marianne," I said, "if they don't do anything worse than pet, what have you got to worry about?"

"But they do do worse," she contra-

dicted me. "Much, much worse. Why, do you know what Dan said to me just the other day? He said, 'Mother, do me a favor. Get me two dollars from Daddy. I'm scared to ask him myself, but I know you'll do it for me. You see I stayed with a woman last night and she said if I don't bring the money around to the hotel the first thing this morning she is going to tell Daddy on me.'"

"Don't you see?" Marianne wailed. "Don't you see? That old fool psychologist made me make Dan do the very thing he said I was going to keep him from doing."

I did see, but knowing Marianne and knowing her kids, I was able to accept Dan's encounter in the hotel, as I am sure she wanted me to, primarily as an amusing incident. But I am equally certain that most modern parents, lacking Marianne's native sense of humor, make a fine muddle of their kindly, well-meant interference in their children's early erotic lives. For those persons who believe that they can convert the half-realized, experimental fumbblings of later adolescence into clean-cut and reasonable desires, usually misinterpret the very nature of that groping, murky period, just as the expert advice-givers upon the subject of marriage never seem to comprehend the true essence of that more mature relationship.

Some dozen years ago the clergy of the land was greatly disturbed by learning how prevalent necking and petting had become among the younger members of their flock. Realizing that their most eloquent sermons upon the wickedness of the world were effecting no reform, the more advanced of the holy men decided upon a new method of saving the souls of their adolescent lambs. If the youngsters still persisted in their amorous goings-on, then, said the liberal clergy, the churches would have to provide a decent place for such

doings. So they offered the swains and their sweethearts the use of their comfortable, well-lit parish houses and with holy unction invited them to behave toward one another just as they pleased. But the young folk, with far more wisdom than their spiritual leaders, politely declined such comforts and went back to the shadowy bus tops and even shadier park benches from which the clergy had hoped to rescue them—just as they should have done. For early love does not flourish among bright lights and middle-aged companions. It belongs to a dim and furtive period and needs dim and furtive surroundings.

It is a strange fact that the same persons who are so shocked and worried by the spontaneous petting of the youngsters should also be so seriously concerned about giving them the proper preparation for marriage. For if these idealistic older persons had as much knowledge of human nature as they have of physiological tracts and treatises, they would know that no amount of exalted literature about "love play," or "marital technique," or any of the other subjects so beloved of the sexologists, could fit a young man for successful husbandhood half so well as those same gropings and pawings and pantings that, if he were left unmolested, he would most certainly indulge in. It has been my observation that it is the children who have acquired their information about sexual affairs almost solely through chummy and high-minded discussions with their older relatives who make the most inadequate marital material. While those who have blundered into such knowledge through incidental experiences in the actual world are usually able to take marriage successfully in their stride.

Indeed, I can think of no greater handicap for a lovesick youth than parents who

subscribe without humor or critical insight to the early-marriage doctrines of the Ben Lindsays and the Dora Russells. For I can imagine nothing more unpropitious that could happen to him than to be given a new set of Marie Stopes's fulminations and then hustled into marriage with the first girl whose neck and knees set his lips and hands to tingling. For when a young man first begins to flutter and fumble about his contemporaries of the opposite sex he is rarely desirous of settling down to a long stretch of legal intercourse. And much less often than the sexologists imagine, or are willing to admit, does he even want a wide fling at extra-legal intercourse. What he wants is just what he will get if his oversolicitous elders can restrain themselves from interfering with him—the, to him, supreme pleasure of grabbing, nuzzling and pawing over the young woman who at the time arouses his still immature amorous urgings. As one college freshman voiced his disappointment over his first visit to the outlawed houses beyond the campus gates, "Necking a nice girl is lots more fun."

This simple fact, that a nice boy should consider necking a nice girl a supreme form of pleasure, is a fact that even the most broadminded commentators upon the current "*sexual mores*" seem unable to accept with equanimity. One of the most voluble of the feminine psychologists almost weeps with tolerant sympathy when she writes of a business man questioning a young girl about "having an affair" with him, or of an unattractive older woman whispering to a strange young man at a party, "I have had twelve men and none of them was any good. I've chosen you for the next one." And yet this same modern, liberal psychologist states emphatically that few sights are more "offensive" to her than a roomful of college boys and

girls, "alternating between stimulating dancing and draping themselves about each other in corners, necking and dozing and fumbling with each other."

Such goings-on, viewed through the experienced and reasonable eyes of middle age, may seem stupid and messy and shockingly obscene. But so does the faltering locomotion of a year-old infant seem awkward and clumsy and extremely unæsthetic to one who accepts walking upon two legs as an expert and natural habit. And yet the baby's future ambulatory technique would certainly not be improved by keeping his feet entirely off the floor until he reached the age of five or six. And neither is a young man's technique in the art of love aided in any way by keeping him from all physical contacts with young women until he is ready to undergo mature sexual relations with them. Perhaps if, in their youth, the business man and the unattractive older woman, who so greatly aroused the lady psychologist's sympathy, could have experienced a little of that "draping" and "fumbling" which she deploras, they might not in later years have been obliged to make such glaring proposals to every young person they met. For some time during their fumbling, experimental period they might have learned how to make love subtly and acceptably.

III

There is a great deal of mawkish and entirely useless sympathy being shed these days on the brides of the Victorian era who entered marriage without being told what it was all about. It is certainly true that there are numerous mature wives of today who after long years of wifhood still regard their more intimate relations with their husbands with a thorough and un-

wholesome disgust. And it is not improbable that their early rearing had a great deal to do with this unfortunate condition. And yet it is hard to believe that their failure as wives can be attributed solely to a lack of psychological literature and biological diagrams during their girlhood. It seems more reasonable to assume that what they needed was not so much textbook education as pragmatic experience. Because the etiquette of their day decreed that it was unseemly for a well-brought-up young lady to kiss her sweetheart until her engagement was officially sanctioned, or to do more than that until her wedding was publicly celebrated, she was thrust into the mature act of marriage without experiencing its preparatory stages—and quite naturally she was shocked by its vehemence. No amount of treatises upon the sacredness of marriage and no amount of brightly colored anatomical pictures could have lessened this physical shock. But a young woman of today, who during her spinsterhood has experienced the minor thrills of love, can accept its major consummation in the unembarrassed, wholehearted way that she should.

The great trouble with most of the expert advice-givers upon the subject of sex is that they approach their task by way of biology or sociology or some other academic profundity rather than by the more devious path of common human experience. As a biologist or sociologist regards sexual matters, the act of copulation, and its subsequent augmentation of the human race, is all-important. Any lesser manifestations of the erotic urge seem senseless and useless unless they are considered as direct preliminaries to this specific act. But young people in love, or in the state that they accept as love, are not worrying about biology or sociology or anything else except their own two selves.

The liberal sexologists, however, like most earnest reformers, are serious-minded and rather humorless persons, with no great gift of imagination and no great zest for life. The "love play" of which they write so rapturously seems to them a very fine thing if it is undertaken deliberately as a conscious preliminary to a more mature relationship. But this same love play entered into spontaneously and instinctively, for no more significant purpose than for the pleasure to be got from the play itself, seems to them a silly, a useless and, above all, an obscene waste of time. The young folks, so they believe, had much better be spending their leisure in some wholesome and profitable activity—like playing anagrams or discussing politics.

And suppose the serious-minded modern sexologists are right. Suppose the pleasure the young people get from pawing and nuzzling and mauling one another is obscene, just as the pleasure that persons of other ages get from telling dirty jokes and rehashing salacious bits of gossip is obscene. What of it? What does it prove except that the human race has a deep innate fondness for obscenity, just as strong and natural as any of its other instinctive predilections? And if we regard the human race dispassionately, this seems very likely to be the truth. There may, of course, be such a phenomenon as a completely clean-minded man or woman, but such a person would be exceedingly hard to discover, and even if he were found he would surely make a very unattractive companion. For actually, a common love of obscenity is one of the most sociable and, judged realistically rather than by some arbitrary moral standard, one of the least harmful traits that make all human beings alike. This is a fact that the supposedly emancipated woman of today is discovering with a continuing delight.

The greatest boon that the much discussed "new freedom" has conferred on the modern woman is not the specific right to cast her vote or to make her living or to have a eugenic baby now and then, but the opportunity to conduct herself as a normal human being in the company of men. She no longer has to confine her amorous propensities to the most exalted moments of the nuptial couch, or her interest in the less personal sexual exploits to whispered gossip with her women cronies or prying supervision of the sordid lives of the Crittendon Home inmates. She can now swap dirty stories and perhaps a kiss or two with any man she chooses without feeling that she has become in any way degraded by the interchange.

If a love of obscenity is a common human instinct, then there seems little that can be done about it except to accept it as a fact and stop worrying about it. But this simple mental feat seems very difficult for most modern sexologists to perform. The mental hygienists, the psychoanalysts, the eugenicists, the liberal clergy, and all the other learned persons who make a speciality of interpreting the ways of Eros, have become remarkably tolerant of fornication and adultery and even of homosexuality. And yet they continue to be shocked and distressed each time they discover how heartily their fellow mortals can enjoy a little surreptitious petting or a bawdy joke or a dirty show. They insist doggedly that this widespread love of obscenity must be an unnatural and, therefore, perverted attribute of humanity. Their reasoning seems not unlike that of the old Negro woman who said, "Hell sho' must be a turrible place. Jes' look at the name it's got."

And those earnest persons, who refuse to accept a love of obscenity as a normal

and natural human trait, try to explain its present prevalence in terms of thwarted sex lives, or the emotional strictures of civilization, or some other abstraction invented by the psychologists. But in doing this they are ruthlessly disregarding the facts of common observation. For a love of obscenity for obscenity's sake is not confined to any especial age or cultural condition.

IV

If we are to believe the anthropologists, the uninhibited South Sea Islanders relish a dirty story just as heartily as an audience at an American burlesque show does. A decrepit grandfather snickers just as delightedly over the remembered amorous exploits of his youth as his small grandson does when he learns a new word to add to his increasing vocabulary of smut. And a colored washerwoman who has had fifteen children and almost as many husbands enjoys a racy bit of scandal just as much as her white unmarried mistress.

Suppose that the human race was suddenly bereft of its instinctive love of obscenity. Suppose by some psychological magic not yet dreamed of, the sexual urge could be so disciplined that human beings would desire and enjoy only its most exalted manifestations and lose all interest in its lesser and lowlier ones. Suppose that normal people found no more pleasure in scandal-mongering, or suggestive dancing, or incidental, spontaneous love-making. What kind of world would result? Quite possibly it would be much more efficient, but it would certainly be a dreary place in which to live. Conversation would be stupid and drastically limited, and literature would be monotonous and dreadfully dull. And then what would happen to that blessed state, so highly praised by all of

the sexologists—contented married life? It would probably disappear rather quickly, and not all the high-priced books about the art of love could bring it back. For if spontaneous, foolish love-making were banished from the world, with it would go the very essence of happy marriage.

It seems, though, that most of the serious, detailed marriage manuals are written not only for, but by, persons who have no idea of what normal happy love is like. They actually seem to work against the very state they are supposed to evoke. I recall, for instance, a college friend of mine who very nearly broke off her engagement because a sorority sister, who had graduated and married the year before, came back for a visit and continually talked to her and read to her about the high spiritual significance of legal concupiscence. It wasn't the bare facts of sex that shocked the younger girl. She had known about and accepted them for almost as long as she could remember. It was the curiously solemn and fluttery way that the friend spoke of them that disturbed her so. She

simply did not believe that she could ever regard her relationship with her future husband with that unnatural holy reverence that her friend assured her was a requisite of true marriage.

But after a while she forgot these disquieting conversations and married her handsome, husky football player just as she had planned to do. And then she, too, came back to college for a visit. "But marriage isn't a bit like Agnes said it was," she confided to her friends. "It's just as nice and natural as being engaged—only there are so many more things to laugh about."

And that, I believe, is the reason that the blessed state of matrimony retains a great measure of its blessedness despite all of the disturbing things that are currently said about it. Not because it has been analyzed by the scientists or sanctified by the church, but simply because normal, healthy people still find it the most satisfactory and entertaining mode of life. And a couple, normally and naturally attached, do not need the advice of the sexologists or the confidences of the psychologists any more than they need aphrodisiacs.

HOW TO ROUND UP CANNON-FODDER

BY BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT

AS LONG as peace rages with the vigor of the last few years in Europe and the Far East, the technique of assembling cannon-fodder is no mere academic question for Americans. Of course, the assassination of a king and a brace of prime ministers will not "cause" a war. Neither will a menacing trial-balloon speech from an officially unofficial source in the Orient. But these things are symptoms of the more fundamental fact that nationalism, imperialism, and balance-of-power diplomacy are still doing business at the 1914 stand.

And our foreign policy, especially in the Pacific, makes the chances of American participation in the next major war so great that we ought to face this fact frankly: conscription, as the preferred method of raising armies, has fastened itself on mankind with a grip which is not likely to be relaxed until war is either abolished or radically changed in character. In the event of war against a first-rate opponent, our geographical situation may make it possible for a large force of well-drilled troops to fend off the enemy until our war-time recruits are adequately trained. It may be possible to prepare a sufficient standing army by volunteer recruitment, and it may not. Assuming that this can be done, however, it will not be practicable to secure enough supplementary troops without conscription.

Even men in high places have not always understood why this is true. In a prepared-

ness speech at Chicago in January, 1916, President Wilson said:

I have been asked by questioning friends whether I thought a sufficient number of men would volunteer for training or not. Why, if they did not, it is not the America that you and I know; something has happened.

Incidentally, something had happened. The young men already slaughtered in Europe far outnumbered the entire population of New York City. But the main point is that in "the America that you and I know," if we do know it, volunteering never was a success, and for more than a century it had not been a success anywhere else. A little over a year after the aforementioned speech, Mr. Wilson had his Secretary of War and his Judge Advocate General at work on the blue-prints for compulsory enlistment. The corresponding plans for our next war are already prepared. The reasons lie in certain historical developments, not only in America, but in the world at large.

Universal service amounting to conscription dates back to ancient times. In early Egypt, only the varlets possessing less than six acres of land were denied the "privilege" of being soldiers. The first chapter of Numbers tells us how Moses, acting on instructions from Der Fuehrer of his day, recruited 603,550 soldiers by drafting everyone over twenty years old. Demosthenes assured his fellows that they must be soldiers to remain free. "There is one

source, O Athenians," he said, "of all your defeats. It is that your citizens have ceased to be soldiers." In Rome, Lombardy, Milan, Pisa, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and the Swiss Cantons, each in its time, universal service was the rule. If it was not conscription, it might as well have been: any real alternative to the service was what John R. Commons calls "an unavailable option."

In the latter part of the Seventeenth Century the complexity of economic and social life in Europe became such that unless the majority of men stuck to their knitting at home during war, organized existence would have collapsed. For this reason universal military service gave way to the system of a relatively small professional standing army, supplemented during war by volunteers. The new system itself, however, could not endure long. The expansion of the known world and of economic opportunities which attended the commercial and industrial "revolutions" made the professional army inadequate. At the same time that the job of conquest and defense grew, the attractions of civilian life increased and the emotional appeal of war was largely lost. Volunteers became more and more difficult and expensive to secure, until potentates who took the sword began to perish by the taxes.

In the French monarchy of the late Seventeenth Century, the reverberation of an empty treasury foretold conscription. In 1688, citizens were drawn by lot from non-exempt classes in the parishes. At first, the service was only temporary; and the conscripts, instead of being merged with the regular troops, were used only to guard interior posts and lines of communication and to help occupy conquered areas. But during the War of the Spanish Succession conscripts drafted by lot were employed with the professional armies; and this sys-

tem came to be used constantly during the chronic wars of the Eighteenth Century. It was far from being popular. We are told that the black ticket was drawn with "trembling hand and frozen heart"; and drafting was among the grievances helping to bring on the French Revolution.

Yet the new republic established by the Revolution found volunteering inadequate to prevent the restoration of the Bourbons. Various experiments with drafting led up to the law of 1793, which made liable to compulsory service all able-bodied men from eighteen to twenty-five years old. For two reasons the measure was fairly successful: civil life had become uncertain, and the men within the draft ages were too small in number to resist the will of the rest. The principle of conscription was embodied in the Constitution of 1798. Napoleon Bonaparte long used French regulars supplemented with conscripts, although toward the end of his career he was relying largely on foreign mercenaries. During the Restoration, regulars supplemented with conscripts predominated. Napoleon III overthrew the Second Republic with a small professional force, and was so fearful of arming the rabble that he adopted the standing army as a general principle. The Third Republic, however, returned once more to conscription, which has been well established in France ever since. At present, every French citizen, beginning with the age of twenty, is liable to compulsory service for twenty-eight years of his life.

II

Prussia was convinced by Napoleon I of the virtues of conscription. By the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, the professional army, once the glory of Frederick the Great, was

reduced to 42,000. But Baron von Stein and General von Scharnhorst soon accomplished wonders with the wreck. First they got rid of mercenaries and foreigners, abolished municipal and class exemptions, and apportioned military service by territories. Then, by a system of training 42,000 men in one year and sending them home, training another 42,000 the next year, and so on, they had better than a quarter of a million well-drilled troops ready to take the field by 1813. In the following year, conscription was incorporated permanently into law. The results were evident in the overthrow of Napoleon, and in the smashing victories over Austria in 1866 and France in 1871. Following the Franco-Prussian War, England was the only great European power which had not adopted conscription, even in time of peace.

Meanwhile, what about Japan, our most probable opponent in another major war?

It may be remembered that, as late as eighty years ago, the civilization of Japan was unsatisfactory to the United States. Under a political system of feudalism and an economy of small-scale agriculture and household economy resembling medieval Europe, Japan had been virtually self-sufficient. Her foreign trade had been limited almost exclusively to an insignificant amount carried on with the Dutch. And so, in the spring of 1854, Commodore Perry, U. S. N., returned to Japan for an answer to the ominous question which he had put during his visit of the summer before: Wouldn't it be a good idea for the Japanese to extend trading rights and a few other privileges to Americans? The Japanese took another look at Perry's warships and decided that Western culture was irresistible. An agreement was made to open two ports to American ships; and in rapid succession similar agreements were entered into with other foreign powers.

But in the amazing development of civilization which followed, it was not merely Western economy which was adopted.

For the preceding three centuries, Japan had been at peace with the outside world. This is not to say that all had been quiet at home. The domestic racketeering bossed by various *shoguns* had produced enough fighting among the rival gangs of Samurai, the exclusive military caste, attached to these feudal barons, and the Emperor had been reduced to an impotent symbol. But the strife had been confined to Japan, and conducted by rules so antiquated that anybody who shot a man at a distance, instead of meeting him with cold steel, was considered a poor sport. For a century and a half, too, the population had remained stable at about thirty millions. But Western culture changed all this in short order. Population swelled with the growth of trade (it now expands at the world's record rate of a million a year), and Japan reached for outside markets and raw materials. Whatever might have been the best way to make her trade dependable, she imitated the West in this as in other things. She accepted imperialism, and the consequences of imperialism. The Meiji restoration of 1868 elevated the Emperor to dignity and power; the arrogant Samurai were ousted; and military service was opened to all classes. In 1873 Japan adopted her first conscription act, and turned over to a French military mission the instruction of her conscripts. From 1885 to 1894, the military mission and training were German. Since 1894, conscription for all classes, even in peace time, has been well established. At present, all males from seventeen to forty are liable to compulsory service.

So we see that at the opening of the World War only two great powers, Britain and the United States, had escaped conscription as a fixture of the peace that

ends in war. Insular position and genius for alliances in the case of England, and remoteness from powerful neighbors in the case of the United States, had been largely responsible for these islands of volunteering in a sea of conscription. Two main factors now forced these two powers into line with the rest. First, the Central Powers had huge armies of well-trained conscripts. Second, the changed character of warfare called for much larger numbers of victims. Frontal assaults on entrenchments stood no chance unless they were preceded by artillery barrages which so cut up the ground that advances over it were a slow process. Neither airplanes, nor high-explosives, nor poison-gas, nor even tanks, could break the deadlock, which was made only the more binding because private armament firms had done their best to supply both sides impartially with the best killing-tools and defenses. The result was a war of attrition, in which killing and the destruction of wealth continued until one side collapsed from exhaustion.

On paper, Britain had in 1914 some 700,000 soldiers, composed of various Regulars, Army Reserves, Special Reserves, and Territorials. In practice, only the regulars were ready; and they were so scattered about the earth that the first expeditionary force to France, "the contemptible British army," numbered barely 60,000. In this predicament, volunteering was given every chance.

England declared war on August 4, 1914. "The first hundred thousand" volunteers were not secured until August 28. For a time after this, propaganda and the bombing of British cities brought recruits faster. By September 10 the number was a little over a half-million. But that was the high-tide, and thenceforward the rate declined progressively. Another two months brought only 200,000 more; and a six-weeks' drive beginning in mid-November netted only

120,000. By the New Year, the total was only a million. Only: for nearly four millions were considered necessary.

Yet volunteering was relied on for another year. Its subsequent stages need not be detailed. Three facts especially stand out. First, the "volunteering" became more and more coercive. Every device designed to produce mass hysteria was employed; and social ostracism was the lot of men without stars, certificates, and the like, to show that they were exempted for industrial reasons. Second, the data on manpower were defective. At first, men were classified according to age and whether they were married or single, although the presence or absence of special qualifications for industry was more important. When economic classification was adopted, failure to keep track and control of manpower still prevented an intelligent distribution of men between military and industrial needs, and among the various branches of each. Third, at the end of the year there were still a million and a half eligibles who had refused to volunteer. Conscription was adopted early the next year. When Russia collapsed, England extended the draft age to include every available man under fifty-one years old, and she implored America for speed.

III

Meanwhile, the United States had learned much from British experience with volunteering. She may have learned something also from her own. Though popular history creates the impression that our wars were triumphs of the volunteer system, the unvarnished facts about "the America that you and I know" are these: that it was very difficult to get volunteers to the front and keep them there, and that generally the volunteers were poor soldiers while

they were in action. There was nothing wrong with the volunteers as men. When decently equipped and trained, they proved themselves the equals of any soldiers. As a rule, however, they were only half-fed and clothed, and much less than half-trained. Because there were not enough seasoned troops to hold the line until recruits could be trained, the volunteers were pitched into battle untutored in the arts of slaughter, unsteeded against its horrors, and even unsupplied with experienced leaders. The result was unreasonably to prolong our wars, and to increase their cost in lives and wealth correspondingly.

In the Revolutionary War, the first difficulty was to get volunteers and keep them in service. Washington complained that the men even refused to enlist until they knew their colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major and captain. On November 28, 1775, he wrote as follows to the President of the Continental Congress:

I am sorry to be necessitated to mention to you the egregious want of public spirit which reigns here. Instead of pressing to be engaged in the cause of their country, which I vainly flattered myself would be the case, I find we are likely to be deserted in a most critical time. Those that have enlisted must have a furlough, which I have been obliged to grant to fifty at a time, from each regiment.

On the same day he wrote to Joseph Reed:

Such a dearth of public spirit and such want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement I never saw before, and pray God's mercy that I may never be witness to again.

Certain Connecticut troops left camp wholesale as soon as their short-term enlistments were terminated, some of them taking their arms and ammunition along. The next year, following the British oc-

cupation of Long Island and New York, Washington wrote:

The same desire of retiring into a chimney corner seized the troops of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, so soon as their time expired, as had wrought upon those of Connecticut, notwithstanding many of them made a tender of their services to continue till the lines could be sufficiently strengthened.

As a story about World War deserters had it, the men in the Revolutionary War had been instructed to "strike for country and for home," so some of them let the others strike for country while they struck for home. Of this spirit General Schuyler wrote as follows:

Nothing can surpass the impatience of the troops from the New England colonies to get to their firesides. Near three hundred of them arrived a few days ago, unable to do any duty; but as soon as I administered that grand specific, a discharge, they instantly acquired health, and rather than be detained a few days to cross Lake George, they undertook a march from here of two hundred miles with the greatest alacrity.

Bounties for enlisting for the period of the war were of little avail. Chaos was guaranteed by the competition of State with Congressional bounties, and by the ambitions of military adventurers, foreign and domestic, who sought soft jobs at high pay.

But if the process of getting and holding volunteers proved disheartening, the qualities displayed by volunteers in battle proved no less so. Volunteer officers in 1775 were ranked, not according to military ability, but by wire-pulling and the number of recruits they could bring in. Green volunteer troops performed not badly whenever they were commanded by seasoned officers and secured behind strong works. This was the case at Bunker Hill. Putnam pointed out that "the Americans are never afraid of their heads, they think only of

their legs, shelter them and they will fight forever." Otherwise, the results were doleful. It is true that in 1777 the Americans captured Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. But they outnumbered their foes three to one, and they failed to follow up their advantage by investing Howe at Philadelphia. The training received by some of our troops from Von Steuben was an exceptional case. At Camden, the volunteers who composed the bulk of our right flank exchanged a single fire with the enemy and then relied on footwork for safety. Tarleton, the victor at Camden, fared less handsomely at Cowpens the next year, and for this interesting reason: the seasoned Continentals were drawn up behind the raw volunteers, so that it was more dangerous for the latter to run than to fight. Stevens, whose command had deserted him at Camden, later employed the Cowpens device at Guilford Court-House.

The war was ended by the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown by the combined forces of Washington, Lafayette, and a French fleet. How had the volunteer system worked? Although 395,000 men had been called out during the course of the war, 89,000 had been the most to take the field in any given year. The greatest force Washington had ever led in battle had been 17,000, and at Trenton and Princeton he had led less than 4,000. With a population of three millions, and with the assistance of France, it had taken us seven years to expel an enemy which never numbered over 42,000.

The experience with volunteering was substantially the same in the War of 1812. At the outbreak of this conflict our population was seven millions; and the entire British force in Canada was 4,500. Probably 15,000 well-trained American troops could have ended the war in a single campaign. Having no such force, we resorted

again to the volunteer system. And again troops proved hard to secure, harder to get into action, and grossly unprepared when they got there.

At the outset, the Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut refused to furnish their quotas of 100,000 authorized militia (State volunteers whose training has been notoriously inferior to that of the Federal "regulars"). Their argument was that individual States must decide for themselves when it was necessary, according to the Constitution, to put militia at the service of the Federal government in order to enforce the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection, and repel invasion. While Congress was debating measures to fill the ranks, New England representatives, including Quincy and Daniel Webster, preached States' rights and nullification; and in 1814 some of the New England Federalists entered upon a definite movement for secession. Not to be outdone by statesmen in aptitude for Constitutional law, militiamen mustered into the Federal service more than once refused to cross over into Canada, because, they argued, the Constitution did not require them to serve outside the United States. Some of General Hull's force behaved in this fashion at Detroit in 1812. The remainder crossed over, and returned without inflicting any damage, after which the entire garrison surrendered Detroit without firing a shot. In the same year the heights at Queens-town had to be abandoned because the small band of regulars who had taken them was refused support by militia over on the American side.

Stung to the quick by such humiliations, one General Smyth issued "to the men of New York" a proclamation running like this:

In a few days the troops under my command will plant the American standard

in Canada . . . They will conquer or they will die. Will you stand with your arms folded and look on this interesting struggle? . . . Must I turn from you and ask the men of the Six Nations to support the government of the United States? . . . Shame, where is thy blush! No. Where I command, the vanquished and peaceful man, the child, and the matron shall be secure from wrong. If we conquer, we will "conquer but to save."

Men of New York, the present is the hour of renown . . .

And so on. Smyth raised about 4,500 men of New York. On November 28 they started to cross the Niagara River, but changed their minds and came back. On December 1, some 150 men refusing even to start, the first line of boats was recalled after going about a quarter of a mile, and the expedition was called off. At about the same time, Constitutional law was invoked by 3,000 militiamen near Lake Champlain to stay out of Canada. In 1813 and 1814, two separate Vermont Governors forbade the use of their militia in the Federal service, although in both cases the governors were disobeyed.

In battle, the behavior of the volunteers was typical of untrained men. In 1812, no less than 65,000 men drew pay from our government, and yet we lost the Northwest to less than 1,500 British regulars and such Indians as they could muster. The British and Americans both fled the "battlefield" at Frenchtown, Ohio, in 1813, the British because they were greatly outnumbered, and the Americans because they were panic-stricken. Our volunteers evacuated Fort George without a struggle; and the British destroyed Buffalo and Lewiston practically unopposed. Volunteers who had been intensively drilled proved themselves the equals of British regulars at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane in 1814. At Washington, however, a defending army of 5,400, mostly

volunteers, suffered casualties of only eight killed and eleven wounded before running for dear life from 1,500 British regulars. At New Orleans, in 1815, it was again demonstrated that volunteers under seasoned officers can stand their ground behind strong breastworks. For the madness of advancing across flat ground against works so strong that the Americans lost only seven killed and six wounded, Packenham paid with his life and the lives of 2,000 British regulars in less than half an hour. And yet, while this was happening, a division of our raw troops on the west bank of the Mississippi needed nothing but the sight of battle to send them running headlong into New Orleans.

Experts have said that a small but well-drilled army could have won the War of 1812 handily in a single season. Under the volunteer system, half a million American troops, all told, were called out; three years were required to conquer British regulars whose number never exceeded 16,500; and our losses in killed and wounded were greater than the total force of British in America at the beginning of the war.

The unbroken string of victories against superior numbers in the Mexican War seemed to prove the case for volunteering. In reality, it did not. Rather it showed that, against opposition of doubtful quality, regulars were able to bear the brunt until volunteer recruits had been thoroughly drilled.

IV

Volunteering was its old self again in the Civil War. Expecting a short conflict, President Lincoln in April, 1861, raised 75,000 volunteers for a period of three months. The North was so short of experienced officers that the recruits received little real training. But popular demand for action

before the expiration of their term pushed them into the Battle of Bull Run. It is history that they did the bulk of the running. While running anywhere from fifty to several hundred yards to the rear, they kept firing high in the air, thus obliging those still in front to retire also. A battalion of regulars which covered the retreat of the terrified rookies withdrew in perfect order. This rout, together with other Rebel victories of the same year, gave the Confederacy substantial advantages in initiative and morale.

By the end of March, 1862, the North had 600,000 three-year men; the South, only 200,000 one-year men. Had it employed conscription from the first, the North would have had at that time enough trained soldiers to bring the war rapidly to a close. Actually, the Confederacy was given time to adopt conscription and greatly strengthen its army. The North began to employ the draft the following year, but too late to prevent the war from dragging through four of the bloodiest years in history. It is not unlikely that the South would have won had its man-power and resources been anywhere near equal to those of the North. Against a really first-rate opponent who employs conscription, you must employ conscription even to hold your own.

The Spanish War proved little, save that a vastly superior navy and a mixture of volunteers and regulars could defeat a weak adversary. But even in this successful conflict the impulses of volunteers might have proved detrimental had they not been overbalanced by professional judgment. For example, a Regular Army sergeant told the writer of having seen Theodore Roosevelt expose himself in foolhardy fashion.

In the World War, the United States largely escaped not only the blunder of volunteering but also the main mistakes which

attended drafting during the Civil War. The war was well sold to the people. Allied propaganda and channels of transmission far excelled anything the Germans could offer. Wealthy persons were not allowed to escape merely by purchasing discharges or hiring substitutes, although, as Grover Cleveland Bergdoll illustrated, money was sometimes useful in dodging the draft. Local feelings were not ruffled, as in the Civil War, by having officials in Federal uniforms invade homes to enroll and draft men. Instead, the draft was executed through the customary political divisions and subdivisions. "As if they were going to vote," men were registered in their own voting precincts, usually by personal acquaintances.

The announcement of Lincoln's draft had too far preceded the actual drafting. People had had time to look at it more and more, and to like it less and less. Four months had not sufficed to complete the registration, but it had proved enough for the killing or wounding of about a hundred Federal registrars. In the rioting which had attended the drafting itself, 300 persons had been killed and over two million dollars' worth of property destroyed in New York City alone. To say that the World War draft was all arranged before the public heard about it is stating the facts mildly. The main outlines were determined upon before Congress began to debate the measure, and local precincts and officials were supplied with blank forms far in advance. Only about three weeks intervened between the enactment of the measure and the date set for registration; and, before this period began, the trick plays designed to score on the people were well rehearsed. In the debate at Washington, of course, the legendary virtues of volunteering were dusted off, and conscription was viewed with alarm. General Crowder was warned

that if he accepted the job of chief provost marshal his name would be the most odious in America. Senator Champ Clark declared, in round numbers, that conscript and convict were all the same to Missourians; and Senator Reed of Missouri guaranteed rivulets of blood in our streets.

None the less, the draft worked pretty well. It rounded up nearly four-fifths of the men it went after, which probably compares well with the Canadian Mounted. To be sure, it missed some 337,000 balkers. These consisted of "dodgers" and "conscientious objectors"; and the objectors, in turn, of those who objected, respectively, with and without benefit of clergy. It was the objectors who based their case on reason instead of emotion who caught particular hell. Their most merciless opponents were the especially pious elements of America, who would not raise a hand to defend them from excessive prison sentences. A good example of the rational objector was Carl Haessler, Rhodes scholar and teacher of philosophy. He did not believe that the war was being fought to save democracy, or even to end war. And so he was led off in handcuffs to improve his education at prison labor. Despite such inconveniences, however, our draft was successful in getting 100,000 young Americans killed. Conscription throughout the civilized world at this time was a major triumph; it assembled enough men to kill 13,000,000 directly and extinguish another 25,000,000 or so as an indirect result.

Conscription, especially when extended to peace time, seems to have some objectionable features. It takes men from productive occupations, brings hardship to

their families, and gives them training which is no offset for the civilian training they might have got in the same length of time. It develops urban at the expense of rural life. Towns grow up, or expand, to serve garrisons and to manufacture war materials; and drafted country boys acquire a taste for the bright lights. The shortage of young women near the troops, and of young men in civilian life, stimulates prostitution in the former sector and vicious competition among young women in the latter. Nationalist and militarist sentiment is aggravated. When it comes to war, the conscripts are so young that they do not relish the prospect of being or making corpses or invalids.

And yet conscription is not especially to blame. If war is accepted, any other system of recruiting would be yet more prodigal of life and wealth. As long as imperialism necessitates saving the institutions under which it flourishes, conscription is incomparably superior to the volunteer system. As long as armament manufacture is a private enterprise disturbing peace and protracting war, conscription is a fixture. As long as armament firms sell the latest and best to friend and foe alike, thus creating an even balance between attack and defense, minimizing surprise and finesse, and turning the once mobile art of war into a clinch in which the winner is the people which can starve and freeze and die the longer, it will be impracticable to round up enough cannon-fodder without conscription. Modern conscription is so inseparable from modern war that if you approve the latter you are unreasonable to condemn the former.

ILLEGAL PERIODICALS IN GERMANY¹

BY WALTER SCHOENSTEDT

THIS winter many new illegal papers have appeared in Germany. It is no longer uncommon to run across anti-Nazi leaflets and newspapers without even looking for them, for the illegal editors have greatly improved their methods of production and distribution. Moreover, the tale-bearers are not so active as they used to be, and the police must perform its task single-handed.

A few months ago the milk or potato dealer who helped Hitler to power ran eagerly to the police if he had the slightest information about underground activities. Today he remains quietly behind his counter. Another portion of the middle class now actively helps the revolutionary editors by furnishing rooms and money. This transformation in the middle class is easily explained: Hitler has not kept his promise to abolish the department stores and hand over their plants to the small retailer. In 1934 Woolworth was permitted to open a series of new stores. The small retailer no longer cares whether the department store owner is Aryan or non-Aryan. His enemy is the department store itself, and he is more and more openly accusing National Socialism of having deceived him. Taxes are going up, there is no purchasing power, rents are rising, there are evictions throughout the country.

Thus the middle class, which furnishes Hitler's chief support, is rapidly being ruined, and its conscious members are

joining the revolutionaries. The others are despairing. In 1934 there were about 20,000 suicides. Most of these must be laid to economic causes.

Under these circumstances German revolutionary literature is becoming more and more widespread. The illegal cadres have grown enormously in numbers. Despite mass arrests, despite the increased vigilance of the police, the underground editorial boards have redoubled their output. Particularly the larger cities and industrial centres are flooded with anti-Hitler propaganda.

Even within the SA illegal papers are appearing. These are edited by discontented storm-troopers, consisting for the most part of the so-called old guard. The foremost among these journals is the *Red Standard*. It contains excellent drawings and resembles in tone the Nazi papers before Hitler's rise to power. It quotes from old speeches, calls attention to points in the old Nazi program, and recalls to the storm-troopers the Socialist ideal which they once dreamed of in their bivouacs. Every storm-trooper knows the *Red Standard*. It lies in the cupboards or even on the tables in the barracks. As a letter, it finds its way into their homes. Its most recurrent refrain is the call to a second revolution which will bring the real Socialism for which many storm-troopers risked their necks.

The existence of these illegal papers shows the degree of disintegration within

¹ Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim.

the SA. At the beginning of Hitler's régime the SA man thought the day of reckoning had come. The enemies whom he could reach most easily and whom he often knew personally were the Jew and the Marxist. He and his comrades daily, hourly, arrested these "enemies," dragged them into the SA barracks, into the concentration camps, and on rare occasions to the police. But these enemies were soon overcome, superficially at least. And soon the greater part of the SA men became aware that there must be other, far more dangerous enemies; for there was no improvement to be seen; industry had not been nationalized, the banks and the stock-exchange were unmolested. Then came June 30. Roehm, Heines, Ernst and the others who had been the storm troopers' heroes were dead. And the SA man's personal situation had taken a turn for the worse. Now he had to compete with the Reichswehr, the police and the SS.

II

The SA man who was forever on the look-out for Jews and Marxists has today learned to admire the heroes of the other side, Dimitroff and the thousands of unknown Dimitroffs. In those days he was enthusiastic in his search for secret hiding places; in every package he scented forbidden literature. Today he edits his own illegal papers, which assume a critical position and make new demands. Today he is searching for different enemies of the nation. He goes about it in various ways and arrives at various results. Sometimes he connects up with the anti-Fascists and provides them with the long-awaited channel into the SA.

Another new type of paper is represented by the cultural *Thrust and Slash*. This periodical is reproduced by photog-

raphy. I saw the first number at the house of a Berlin professor, a good friend of mine. He said to me:

"We get it regularly. Nobody knows where it comes from. Its effect is all the more powerful, because we are in a position to check up on the truth of its statements, and every day we ourselves are face to face with the facts it deals with. The print is so small we can only read it with a magnifying glass. But believe me, we read it. I am neither a radical nor a conservative, and despite all the confusion I have been able to keep my objectivity. Here there are forces at work that will survive all of us. Those people have helpers among us professors, among doctors, writers, painters and theatrical people. They know their business and don't bungle. If you conceive of the conditions under which they work, how they fight on despite all persecution, and then reflect on the low standards of our universities, our theatres and particularly of our literature, you could despair——"

This professor, a medical authority, had a picture of Hitler next to a frightful death's head before him on his desk.

I have run across papers addressed to each particular trade or professional group. In Berlin the transportation workers have their own organ, the *Red Signal*. The railroad workers have the *New Road*, the hospital workers the *Operation*. And there are many other papers dealing specifically with industrial or professional questions. Most significant of these are the papers of the large printing establishments, particularly the Ullstein shop paper, the *Red Querschnitt*.

The *Querschnitt* was a well-known monthly which ceased to appear when Hitler came to power. The *Red Querschnitt* is photographically reproduced, has on the average eight pages, and is a work of art

among illegal papers. The title page, red against a yellow background, looks as if it were printed from a wood or linoleum cut. Four of its pages are addressed to the employés and editorial staffs of Ullstein's.

Having worked for some time at Ullstein's, I can report two examples of ways in which this paper has been distributed.

Ullstein's has its own shop postal service, carried on by messengers. This postal service is used for business communications between the staffs of the various Ullstein publications, for the orders of the National Socialist Shop Committee, and so on. Late in September, 1934, the illegal *Red Querschnitt* passed through every channel of this postal service in a closed envelope of the firm. No house detective or Gestapo agent was able to cast any light on the case.

The second time they used the German Postal Service. When a letter is mailed in Berlin without postage, the postman delivers the letter and the addressee must pay the postage. But if the addressee is non-existent, the letter returns automatically to the sender. The editors of the *Red Querschnitt* could afford no postage. They wrote the names of the Ullstein employés on the backs of the envelopes and addressed them to names and streets that did not exist. The entire issue was thus delivered at the expense of the German Postal Service. Other groups have used similar methods. And the ingenuity of the methods of distribution has made the papers more popular, and inspired respect even in hardened Nazis.

In addition to the shop papers there are others, mimeographed for the most part, which regularly appear in the various neighborhoods, and are devoted to local problems.

These are the *Red North*, *Kreuzberg at the Front*, the *Red East*, *Socialist Watch*,

the *Anti-Fascist*, the *Red Flag* and many more. They contain quotations from the burned books, from Heine through Gorki to the worker writers. They quote Lenin and Marx, recommend the exact study of the works of the strategist, Clausewitz. They contain revelations about rearmament or the preparations for bacteriological warfare. Technicians, workers, writers, artisans and chemists write for these papers. They are so rich in material and treatment that the editor of any daily paper could profit by studying them. The circulation of the individual papers averages from two hundred to one thousand, but the number of their readers is ten or twenty times that number, for they are secretly passed from hand to hand until they are "read to pieces."

How are these publications distributed? They often lie inside the legal paper on your door-step; they are found between the pages of telephone books or in letter boxes. Workers find them in their lunch bags. They come through the mails attached to advertising matter. You find them in the cafés inside your legal paper. And every day new means of distribution are found.

There are also mimeographed leaflets, stickers, slogans stamped on match-boxes. These are concise in form and deal with current events. After June 30, for example, thousands of one-page leaflets addressed to the storm-troopers appeared.

III

Another category of illegal literature is disguised as prospectuses or travel booklets. Under deceptive covers which read "The New Radio," "Opel Autos," "Visit Bernau," "Visit the Wagner Festival," "Fireworks in Treptow," and so on, they are passed out on street-corners or left on

tables in public libraries among bona fide travel prospectuses. After the first few lines the reader suddenly comes across an article about June 30, the church conflict, the lack of raw materials, the disappearing gold coverage or public opinion outside Germany. At the beginning of October, 1934, I saw two well-dressed young men standing in front of a movie house distributing a pamphlet whose cover advertised the show. But inside the pamphlet was an account of the Young Communist League's position regarding the new Youth Law forbidding young people under twenty to work; and regarding the Labor Service and the question of the agricultural laborers. This method of distribution was in great currency in the summer of 1934 and because of the manifest impossibility of censoring all advertising matter, it will doubtless be employed more and more.

Since Hitler's rise to power numerous anti-Fascist papers have been appearing in Paris, Prague, Zurich. The most important of them are known within Germany. Many of them are smuggled across the border on thin paper and in reduced format. The best-known of these are the *Gegenangriff*, edited by Willi Muenzenberg in Paris; the *New Vorwaerts*, put out by the leaders of the Social-Democratic Party in Prague; the *Rundschau*, a many-sided organ of Communist information edited in Basel; and the *Deutsche Front* and the *Deutsche Volkszeitung*, which appear in Saarbruecken. The Prague *Illustrated Arbeiterzeitung* is of particular importance; its miniature edition is perhaps the best known in Germany.

In addition to all these periodicals, the "Brown Book" is well-known in Germany. It has appeared in miniature under various disguised titles, the best known of which is "Hermann and Dorothea." It is hardly a quarter of an inch thick and fits into your vest pocket. "Experts" set the circulation of the "Brown Book" in Germany at 50,000.

In recent weeks Bruno von Salomon's stirring appeal "To an unknown SA-man" has spread throughout Germany. Bruno von Salomon is the brother of Ernst von Salomon, a well-known writer and the author of many National-Socialist books strongly emphasizing the Socialist and revolutionary side of Nazism. Bruno von Salomon is well-known to the storm troopers as the fearless leader of the North-German peasants. His appeal has made the deepest impression. In part it reads:

"—meanwhile this hope has deceived us bitterly. Instead of work—unpaid labor service; instead of Socialism—the domination of the captains of industry; instead of freedom and bread—hunger and terror; instead of national liberation—recognition of the borders set by Versailles.

"—then came June 30, and the will of your Fuehrer gave you an opportunity to sit in a concentration camp and meditate on the second revolution. Many of your comrades have that opportunity no longer. Like you they fought whole days and nights for the Fuehrer; they sacrificed their whole life's strength to him. And in the end they stood helpless before the rifles of the SS. As a reward for having honorably served their leader, they were shot down like mad dogs."

CRISIS IN EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE

BY JONATHAN F. SCOTT

Do you remember La Bruyère's classic description of the French peasant in the Seventeenth Century?

"One sees," he says, "certain ferocious animals, male and female, scattered over the country, black, livid, and burned by the sun, attached to the land which they dig and work upon with incomprehensible obstinacy. They have an articulate voice, and when they rise on their feet they exhibit a human face; and in fact they are men. At night they retire to their dens, where they live upon black bread, water, and roots. They spare other men the trouble of sowing, cultivating and gathering articles of food."

"From 1500 to 1850," says the German economist Schmoller, "the great social question of the day in Europe was the peasant question." Pick up any comprehensive book on the old régime in France and you will find pages devoted to the abuses from which the peasant suffered. His misery may not have been as extreme as La Bruyère thought it was, but his lot was miserable enough, and he was often subjected to gross injustice. In Central and Eastern Europe, conditions were worse than in France. Serfdom was the rule; and the serfs were habitually overworked and oppressed by their masters. A Hungarian peasant complained that he had to spend so much time working for his overlord that he could only cultivate his own fields by moonlight. His case was typical.

By the middle of the Nineteenth Cen-

tury, however, the European peasant question is supposed to have been pretty well solved except in backward countries like Russia. As a result of the French Revolution and the reforms that followed in its wake, the peasant was freed from his feudal shackles. He still had to struggle hard for a living, but he was no longer subject to grave abuses. In many regions he reaped the benefits of greatly improved methods of farming and sometimes achieved a modest prosperity. He fitted into the social and economic order and was counted a conservative influence. Gradually the problem of the industrial worker, the urban proletarian, replaced the peasant problem as the great social question of the day. So, as late as 1920, an able English student of contemporary European affairs observed in an article, "Rural Europe Comes to Power": "It is the urban civilization of Europe that is threatened. The peasantry will survive and multiply."

Yet there is a peasant question in Europe today that cries to high heaven for solution. All over Europe peasants and farmers have been finding it more and more difficult to keep their heads above water, and many are on the verge of despair. Apart from the situation in Russia, however, where the peasant problem is intimately bound up with the success or failure of the Communistic scheme, the question has attracted little attention in the United States. It seems to be more or less taken for granted that in the rest

of Europe the peasant will go right on being conservative, and that in any case inertia will prevent him from being a strong, positive force. No one, however, can study conditions in rural Europe even superficially without realizing that this assumption is unwarranted and that the problem of the peasant may become a factor as disturbing to the existing order in Europe as was the peasant question of the Eighteenth Century to the old régime.

II

The present agricultural crisis in the Old World did not develop immediately after the World War. On the contrary, outside of Russia, which has had a post-war economic history all her own, the peasants of Europe seemed at that time to be emerging into a new prosperity. During and after the conflict the prices of agricultural products went up rapidly. In countries where the currency was inflated they rose to fabulous heights, and jubilant farmers raked in huge profits. But mortgages and mortgage interest stayed at their old currency levels. Taxes and rents rose little or not at all. School fees, doctors' and dentists' bills remained much as they were before, while the prices of clothes and other manufactured articles went up far less rapidly than the prices of farm products. City-folk suffered; but the peasant had paid tribute to the city too long to concern himself very much about their suffering. He was glad enough to have the tribute reversed.

So he set to work to pay off his debts and hold his land free from encumbrance. Then, with the money that kept rolling in, he began to make improvements on his farm or to buy machines to make his work easier and increase his profits. His standard of living improved. "Once I used

to eat my potatoes," said a Hungarian peasant, "and send my ducks to market; now I eat the ducks and sell the potatoes." In 1925, when the French franc was going down rapidly, the writer saw in a French village a house in which six peasant families had formerly lived; it was then occupied by but one family. Travelers in Germany during the *Inflationszeit* noticed here and there that the wives and daughters of peasants were bedecked with jewelry. In one German village a traveler saw six new pianos, of which one family possessed two. It was not always the thirst for luxury that led to such purchases. With the currency depreciating rapidly, many a peasant hastened to put his money into durable goods.

In many countries, what is known as "land reform" accentuated this transient prosperity. When the masses of peasants who had served as soldiers in the World War came home, they demanded land as their reward. In Russia, even before the war was over, the revolution of March, 1917, was the signal for the peasants to seize the great estates and divide them up. It is well known that the Bolsheviki won the support of the peasants by urging them on and promising them that all the land of Church, Crown and nobles would be confiscated for their benefit. After the November revolution the promise was kept, though title to the land was vested in the nation.

Forewarned by what had happened in Russia, other governments in Central and Eastern Europe thought to avert revolution by acceding to the demands of the peasants, turning over to them land expropriated from the great estates. In Hungary the President of the Provisional Government, Count Karolyi, tried to set an example by voluntarily offering his own estates to the peasantry. His fellow nobles

howled with anger, and land reform was blocked. But it came later, just the same. In Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bulgaria, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia laws were passed compelling expropriation. The method usually adopted was to limit the size of a maximum holding and to order the surrender to the state of all land in an estate over and above that size. The government then parceled out the land to the peasants. The amount which the original owner might retain varied from country to country. In Rumania it was as high as 500 hectares, or 1200 acres; in Poland, something over 400 acres; in Latvia, 192 acres. In other words, estates of considerable size were still allowed to exist in these countries, especially in Rumania. In Bulgaria, however, the peasant country *par excellence*, the maximum was limited to 30 hectares, or 72 acres. Usually the expropriated owners were paid for the land thus taken from them, though the rate of compensation was sometimes low: in Poland, for example, it was half the market price.

It is estimated by the authors of "World Agriculture" that as a result of this amazing wave of land reform, "70,000,000 acres have been transferred, equal to 18.47% of the agricultural land [of the countries concerned]. Over 2,000,000 new farms have been created, and 1,500,000 tenants have been converted into owners." It is probable that in more than one country revolution was actually averted. In fact, in Spain, where land reform was not undertaken in the early post-war period, it did take the revolution of 1931 to bring about the seizure of estates belonging to the King and the *grandees*, with subsequent partition of these among the impoverished Spanish peasants.

In England there was no radical land

reform of the Eastern European type at the end of the war; but there were quiet changes in land ownership of no little import. In the course of centuries, by fair means and foul, most of the agricultural land in England had come to be concentrated in very few hands. It is estimated that in 1873 about a sixth of all the land in England and Wales was owned by about 400 individuals, two-fifths by less than 1700 persons. Much of this land was withdrawn from agriculture, some of it for parks, more for sheep-farms. Withdrawal was increased in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century by the influx of cheap food supplies from abroad with which English agriculture found it difficult to compete. Between 1871 and 1914 the arable land in England dropped from something over 18,000,000 to a little over 14,000,000 acres. In other words, there was a decrease of about 22% in arable acreage in less than forty-five years.

Naturally there was serious concern in England over the situation. Before the war, measures were taken to bring land from the great estates into the hands of small holders, but unfortunately these measures proved to be but mildly effective. Under the stimulus of the war, agricultural production was considerably increased by various means, but despite this increase prices rose rapidly. Grain prices, for example, went up 120%. Tenant farmers and agricultural laborers thrived. The great landowners, however, did not fare so well. Their taxes jumped, but they were forbidden by law to raise rents. Expenses for upkeep mounted. As a result, a number of owners, during and after the war, had to sell their estates, parts of which were often bought up by the newly prosperous tenant farmers.

Between 1917 and 1922 one agency alone sold nearly two million acres, or about

4% of the total area of Great Britain. Of course, the land was not all sold to tenant farmers, and England is still far from being a country of small holders. But the sales constituted a distinct step in reversing the process whereby agricultural land had gradually been concentrated in the hands of a few. Since there is a strong conviction in England that home agricultural production ought to be greatly increased, and since there is a widespread belief that small holdings will make for such increase, it is not unlikely that the future will witness expropriation by legislation of the sort made common in Eastern Europe.

III

The good fortune of the farmers and peasants in the early post-war period deserted them after a few years. The sun of prosperity ceased to shine, the shadows gathered, the darkness of suffering ensued; and in that darkness they are still enshrouded. It is somewhat strange that the three great influences, which seemed at first to be working for the prosperity of the peasant, in the end led to the present agricultural crisis: the war, the progress of agricultural technique, and the activity of governments in promoting agricultural production. The war brought disorganization in its train. For one thing it gave an artificial stimulus to agriculture in non-European lands, since the belligerents were forced to rely on these regions much more than previously for food supplies. Cuban sugar, for example, responded vigorously to war demands from Europe and later from the United States. After the war some of this food production naturally died off, but much of it remained to compete with Europe. According to a report of the League of Nations published in 1931, "New Zealand, the Argentine and

Australia export 350,000,000 English pounds of butter in place of 50,000,000 in 1900. The production of meat in these countries is calculated at 2,000,000,000 pounds as against 300,000,000 in 1900." Such competition naturally operated to force down agricultural prices in Europe.

It was the war, too, that led to those fluctuations of currency which have reacted so disastrously throughout the world. Inflation, it is true, at first led to high prices for agricultural products and enabled the peasant to pay off his debts with ease, as has been pointed out. But the aftermath of inflation is depression. If the peasants got rid of their old debts, they contracted new ones when currency levels were unconscionably high. These debts have hung like millstones around their necks ever since. With the end of inflation, too, and the coming of currency stabilization, agricultural prices tumbled and crumbled; and while the prices of the goods the peasants had to buy went down also, they were far from dropping proportionately. The peasant was cut by the "scissors process," the *Preisschere*, of low prices for his sales and high prices for his purchases.

During the Nineteenth Century technical knowledge in agriculture made great strides, but its application lagged somewhat behind. Since the war, however, the application of technology has advanced rapidly. During the brief period of post-war prosperity it was the ambition of many a thrifty peasant to become the proud possessor of a tractor to till his fields or of a "combine" to reap and thresh simultaneously his grain; and often he was in a position to realize his aim. So the use of such machines has been widely extended, bringing more efficient production and increasing the area of cultivation. New fertilizers, new varieties of seeds and

a hundred and one other results of patient, scientific experimentation, have contributed to the process of making two blades of wheat, two ears of corn or two potatoes grow where one grew before.

Post-war governments have striven to take full advantage of this advance in agricultural technique. At no other time in history have national governments had to face responsibility for the material welfare of their peoples as they do at present. At no other time in history have they felt obliged to strive for national self-sufficiency as they have since 1914. They have felt it essential to produce as large a proportion as possible of the national food supply at home. Consequently, they have made the most strenuous efforts to foster and develop agriculture. The story of Russia's trials and errors, failures and successes is familiar to most of us. Just now she is concentrating effort on the *kolkhoz* or collective farm, believing it to be the answer to the backwardness, laziness, obstinacy and fatalism of the Russian peasant. Sometimes by persuasion, sometimes by compulsion, the government and Communist officials have done their best to get the peasant to leave his little farm and join the *kolkhoz*. As far as bringing about collectivization is concerned, results have exceeded expectations. In 1932 the collective farms constituted some 75% of the total cultivated area of the Soviet Union and over 90% of the principal producing regions. Whether there will be a substantial gain in production remains to be seen. The prospect seems to be good. In 1931 the yield from collective farms averaged 4 to 5% higher than the yield from individual holdings.

Other European countries, rejecting Bolshevik collectivization, have resorted to various expedients to stimulate agricultural production. Bulgaria, which is al-

most entirely a grain-producing country, has attempted to meet a catastrophic drop in wheat prices by diversification of crops. There is a saying that "every Bulgarian is a gardener at heart"; and Hessel Tiltman, who has recently published an excellent book on "Peasant Europe", records that in traveling through Bulgaria he saw, first the wheat-fields, and then "a different scene—a land of orchards heavy with fruit, and fields of strawberries and vegetables. This was the new Bulgaria which is dawning, the beginnings of the garden-land of tomorrow which the experts have glimpsed afar."

The British government has tried to aid the farmer by facilitating the conditions under which he markets his products, by tariffs and quota regulations to restrict imports, by guaranteeing minimum prices for certain domestic products and by payments of subsidies. Germany, likewise, has fixed minimum prices for grains and has checked imports by tariffs and quotas. This policy raised wheat prices to formidable heights; in fact, at one time, wheat sold in Berlin for almost three times the price at which it was selling in Chicago. Italy has done much to reclaim marshes and waste land for cultivation, fighting and conquering the scourge of malaria in doing so. "Reclaim the land, and with the land the men, and with the men the race," says Mussolini grandiosely.

In all such efforts as these the European governments have thought of the agricultural problem in terms of increased production. And the results have been truly amazing. In Italy, according to the most recent statistics of the League of Nations, the yield of wheat rose from an average annual production of not quite 54,000,000 quintals for the period 1921-1925 to over 81,000,000 quintals in 1933, an increase of over 60%. In France it rose from a little

less than 80,000,000 to nearly 100,000,000 quintals, in Yugoslavia from a little less than 16 to over 26. In Germany the percentage advance is even more remarkable. A yield of less than 27,000,000 of quintals became a yield of over 56,000,000. In other words, wheat production in Germany more than doubled in less than fifteen years. Other crops made similar strides in various countries. Mr. Tiltman points out that the little state of Austria, left impoverished at the end of the war, "tackled the task of reconstruction with characteristic energy, and in the ten years which followed 1919 increased the volume of wheat grown within the restricted frontiers of the new Austria by 40%, of rye by 100%, of barley by over 150%, and of sugar-beet by 800%. That progress has, despite the recent difficult years, been fully maintained."

IV

Yet it is just this astounding increase of production, resulting from the war, from the development of agricultural technique and from national economic policies, that led directly to the agricultural crisis. This sounds sadly familiar to us from our experience in this country: soaring production, tobogganing prices. Or, to put it another way, the crisis came from a lack of balance between production and consumption. With the coming of the industrial depression conditions grew worse and worse, and the city-workers bought less and less.

As Mr. Tiltman traveled through the agricultural countries of East-Central Europe last year, the peasants poured their tales of trouble into his sympathetic ears. "We used to be the granary of Europe," said a peasant of Bessarabia. "Now the grain rots in the railway sidings for want

of wagons to carry it away. We used to attract many visitors, and be considered a rich land. Now only the hungry wolf makes the mistake of thinking a peasant worth pillaging." "I have good land and good crops," said a peasant in Eastern Galicia. "I work fourteen hours a day, and have four children, all of whom work with me. In 1932 my profit, after growing our food and paying taxes, was £1." And he was better off than most of his neighbors; he was classified as a "rich" peasant. Everywhere in the Ukrainian districts under Poland, says Tiltman, "the refrain is the same. Net profit in 1928, £30. Net profit in 1932, £1. A cow worth £55 in 1928, and a beast of the same age and weight fetching £6 10s. in the Lemberg market five years later. A good horse fetching only £5 in the spring and as little as 3s. in the autumn." Of conditions in Bulgaria the same writer remarks: "Not even defeats in two major wars within one generation had such disastrous repercussions upon the Bulgarian people, both materially and psychologically, as had the catastrophic fall in the prices of, and restrictions in the market for, agricultural products during the years which have followed."

"But the peasant always has something to eat. He will never starve," says the optimist. True, he will not starve unless he happens to live in one of the few regions subject to famine. But in many parts of Europe he is too poor to buy the three fundamental products coming from outside the farm: salt, matches and kerosene. He cannot afford to purchase the factory-made clothes, which in so many regions have gradually replaced the picturesque costumes once slowly but deftly woven and embroidered by hand in peasant cottages during long winter evenings. He cannot buy tools and other farm equip-

ment. He is loaded with debts so heavy that he can never hope to pay them, and he cannot keep up his interest payments. Worse than all, perhaps, he is burdened with taxes that have mounted higher and higher as governments have employed more and more officials, increased the size of their armies beyond all reason, borrowed more and more money, and become entangled in what Mr. Tiltman calls "new and improved methods of corruption." As one peasant put it to the same author: "We raise cattle and pigs for the debt-collector. We raise food to keep ourselves alive. We use eggs as the only currency left. It is six months since I saw one *zloty* [a small Polish coin] in this village. We cannot go on."

In Russia the situation is somewhat different, owing in part to Communist policies. But there can be no doubt of the gravity of the agricultural crisis there. The shortage of commodities of all sorts is acute. Rations of fats and meat were lower in 1933 than they had been in ten years. Rations of bread and sugar have been drastically cut even for industrial workers. Yet there are many peasants who have been so disheartened by economic reverses and who are so rebellious against government policies of regulation and repression that they have fled from the farms to join the ranks of the industrial proletariat. As industrial workers they are especially favored by the government and receive the best there is, poor as it may be, "in food, in manufactured goods, in amusements, in education."

Russia has her own ways of trying to work out of this morass. As for the European peasant elsewhere, there is little likelihood that his plight will be righted by the simple old process of leaving things alone and letting the law of supply and demand take care of the results. A poor

harvest now and again may send up agricultural prices temporarily. But agricultural technique is going to go marching right ahead. O. W. Wilcox, in a recently published book, entitled "Reshaping Agriculture", says that by the use of proper agricultural methods the eight principal crops of the United States could be raised in a sixth of the present space now used and by a sixth of the present number of farmers. All the inhabitants of Greater New York, he maintains, could be fed from reclaimed land in Florida of an area no greater than the metropolitan area of New York. Whether or not such a dream is ever realized, it is evident that in Europe as in America agricultural production can easily be much increased, leading to a permanently low level of prices for agricultural products. Unless something is done about it, it would seem, then, that the peasant is doomed to lasting poverty.

V

Isn't it amazing? Peasants and industrial workers face each other across a great chasm. Each group can produce in abundance far more than enough to supply the normal needs of the other. Yet the very technology that has made this abundance possible has already sent thousands of industrial workers to the bread-line and could easily doom thousands of agricultural laborers to the limbo of unemployment. Each group stands facing the other, unable to make the exchange of goods across the chasm.

The author of an article on "Peasant Europe," in the London *Times Literary Supplement* for July 5, 1934, expressed the thought that the time may come when an aroused European peasantry will stand as the most effective bulwark against Communism. He speaks of the Bulgarian Alex-

ander Stamboliski's dream of a "Green International" of the European peasantry, a dream which, he says, may yet come true. If the peasants should become sufficiently awakened to their common economic interests to break down political boundaries and unite, "a new economic and political force of incalculable strength would make its appearance in the political arena. An international peasantry would then stand in sharp opposition to an international proletariat."

There is little in the existing situation to encourage this wishful thinking. True, the peasant has long been known as a rugged individualist. In Russia the Communists are having a hard enough time in bringing him into conformity with their system—at least as far as the older element is concerned. Nor is the present condition of Russia, with its woeful shortage of commodities and its pitifully meager ration for workers, likely to awaken any immediate enthusiasm for Communism elsewhere. On the other hand, it is obvious that there is little in the non-Russian peasant's present economic situation and prospects to make him devotedly loyal to the system under which he lives. Bad as things now are in Russia, the *kolhoz*, or collective farm, has already shown itself more productive than the average individual peasant holding, and such observers as Hindus think that it has great possibilities for the future. With some four-fifths of the Russian peasants already collectivized, the *kolhoz* cannot be dismissed as a minor experiment. If the peasant's lot elsewhere should fail to become visibly better, and if there should be any considerable improvement in Russia, is it not quite possible that all over Europe more and more peasants will look to Communism as the way out?

In any case, the peasants' plight is a chal-

lenge to the capitalistic system in Europe. It would seem that the one way out is to increase the purchasing power of the masses. This is the fundamental economic problem of the day. It is all the more pressing because of the situation in industry. Before the war surplus manufactures could be sold in foreign markets and surplus mouths be fed, though it was becoming more and more difficult to do so. Anyway, technological unemployment had not developed on the gigantic scale of today, when labor-saving devices are throwing thousands out of industry and cutting off their purchasing power completely save where government aid or private charity affords them a minimum of subsistence.

The future will witness all sorts of radical experiments, interspersed with desperate attempts to return to some semblance of rugged individualism. But if the problem of materially increasing consumption is worked out at all in Europe, the solution will probably come finally in the form of some sort of compromise between capitalism and collectivism. Of the trend toward collectivism there can be no doubt. But the capitalistic system is no more coming to a sudden end than the feudal system did. In the long run, the historical process works by compromise. Temporarily a nation may seem to break suddenly with the past as France did in the French Revolution and as Russia did in 1917. But in the end the law of the continuity of history asserts itself and the new is amalgamated with the old.

Of course, the problem may not be solved at all. We may be in a period of declining civilization corresponding to the last centuries of the Roman Empire. I think it was John Maynard Keynes who, when asked how long the depression would last, replied: "There was one that lasted eight hundred years."

THE A. F. OF L.: ENEMY OF LABOR

BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE story of American labor, looked at from the point of view of the millions of shattered lives involved, has been a narrative of prolonged tragedy with intervals of sorry farce. Considered in the light of its trend, it presents a record of general but insecurely held gains, won in the face of almost overwhelming obstacles, and at a frightful cost. Opposed by the government at every turn, betrayed constantly by its own leaders, American labor—or at least a section of it—has nevertheless kept up the century-old struggle, the final result of which was never more doubtful than at the present hour. Lately, the American Federation of Labor has succeeded to the chief rôle in both the tragedy and the farce; it has doubled the parts of hero and villain, and represents alike the betrayers and the betrayed. To understand its strange character one must look at its background and its history, always remembering to distinguish between the organization and its leaders.

Craft unions in America are as old as the nation itself. The printers of New York and Philadelphia were well organized by 1786 and the cordwainers of the same cities a few years later. For more than half a century from this time labor unions were regarded under the common law as conspiracies and were liable to prosecution as such, in spite of which their numbers steadily grew until in 1827, following the failure of a carpenters' strike for a ten-hour day, the Mechanics' Union

of Trade Associations was formed in Philadelphia as the first great city central union. An immediate outgrowth of this was the organization of workingmen's political parties in Philadelphia and New York, the New York party actually succeeding in electing a candidate to the State Assembly in 1829. The movement spread throughout the East, and in 1830 the New York *Village Chronicle* began the blithe American custom of talking, on the slightest occasion, about a "revolution." "From Maine to Georgia," it declared, "within a few months past, we discern symptoms of a revolution, which will be second to none save that of '76. Universal education and equal advantages at the polls are the leading objects for which they [the workers] contend." At the same time, the colorful Fanny Wright, mistaking her wishes for reality, was saying, "What distinguishes the present from every other struggle in which the human race has been engaged, is that the present is, evidently, openly and acknowledgedly, a war of class."

During the next year, the Workingmen's Party divided into two bitterly hostile factions, the one headed by Thomas Skidmore, author of "The Right to Property," probably the first book on the social revolution to be written in America, advocating the equal division of all property, and the other, led by Fanny Wright and Robert Dale Owen, concentrating its efforts on securing the establishment of free schools. The latter, in spite of the brilliant Fanny's

shocking views on sex, gained sufficient support for its program in New York to induce Tammany Hall to take it over. To Fanny Wright, to Tammany, and to labor, more than to any other factors, we owe that great achievement of American civilization—the public school!

With the factory workers, however, still largely women and children, the unions, being dependent almost solely on the skilled artisans of the cities, were unable to survive the long depression that began in 1837. Many intellectuals threw themselves into the short-lived Communistic Utopias of the forties, and then the labor issue was swallowed up in the slavery question, most of the Abolitionists, like Garrison, being as blind to the injustice of the industrial system of the North as they were alert to every evil in the South.

Immediately after the Civil War, the labor movement reëmerged under greatly changed conditions. The extension of the railroads and the development of mines had brought into existence a whole new class of workers; factories were rising everywhere, employing men rather than women and children; above all, a mass of European immigrants had been brought in under contract to supply the need of capital for cheap labor, while a great number of German radicals came to this country after the defeat of their revolutionary efforts at home. The time seemed ripe for a mass movement of the workers.

The National Labor Union, organized by the great leader, William H. Sylvis, in 1864, had half a million members four years later, and entered on a double campaign for the establishment of labor co-operatives and the creation of a single mammoth union to include all workers, regardless of race, sex, or color. Although this movement collapsed after the death of Sylvis and its bad showing at the polls

in 1872, it was succeeded by "The Noble Order of the Knights of Labor," which, beginning a few years earlier as a secret society—partly in order to keep out labor spies and partly through the native American love of titled mysteries—gradually developed a set of rational objectives similar to those of the National Labor Union, and drew considerable support from agricultural as well as industrial workers. More radical programs were stimulated for a few years by the presence in New York of the headquarters of the International Workingmen's Association ("The First International") which had been moved to America by the Marxists in order to escape capture by the Bakunin faction. Finally, the older type of craft unions revived, grew in numbers, and in the Railroad Brotherhoods of Engineers, Conductors, and Firemen achieved a permanent, though very conservative, national organization.

This, then, was the situation when the American Federation of Labor came on the scene. There was evident a rising working-class movement, but it was still in doubt whether this would be directed by the Knights of Labor in alliance with the Greenback farmers—or by the Socialists, few in numbers but vociferous in argument, who staked everything upon their confidence in the purely industrial proletariat—or by the older craft-unions, as yet without a consistent policy but traditionally representing only one section of the industrial proletariat, the more highly skilled workers.

II

Agitation was rife everywhere during the dreadful decade of the seventies. In the depression of 1873 the long bread-lines of the unemployed extended up and down

the streets of every city which had bread to give away; in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, the "Molly Maguires," driven beyond the point of human endurance by the hard conditions of their life, developed an efficient campaign of murder and terrorism; the year 1877 saw the greatest of all American strikes, a spontaneous rank and file movement of railroad workers that tied up the roads between New York and Chicago for a week and was only broken at last, and very bloodily, by the use of State militia and Federal troops—the first of many appearances by the latter in the new rôle of shooting down American workmen. And as always, if the suffering in New York City was not greater than elsewhere, there was more talk there. Out of the talk, among an insignificant group of cigar-makers, came the earliest beginnings of the great American Federation of Labor.

Three old-European semi-Socialists—Karl Laurrell, David Kronburg, and Adolph Strasser, together with a little Jewish immigrant named Sam Gompers who was immune to ideas but shrewd and energetic—decided they wanted to form a new union. 'Twas said, 'twas done. They applied to the International Workmen's Association for a charter, which was granted. The Marxist influence was sufficiently evident in the wording of the constitution: "We recognize the solidarity of the whole working class to work harmoniously against their common enemy—the capitalists. We pledge ourselves to support the unemployed because hunger will force the best workmen to work for low wages. United we are a power to be respected; divided we are the slaves of capitalists." A rather bewildered young Sam Gompers, wondering just what these revolutionary words meant, was elected president of the new union.

It all depended, then as now, on what one wished to include in "the working class." To the Knights of Labor, who after the death of their founder, Uriah Stephens, emerged into the open at the head of large forces, the "working class" included quite simply all who made their living by work, either physical or mental, instead of living on invested capital; to the hospitable ranks of the Knights were welcomed Negroes and women, farmers, college professors (if they could get them), engineers, clergymen, doctors—all professions except lawyers (who were deemed incurably capitalistic); the skilled and the unskilled, the better paid and the more poorly paid, all were made at home. To Gompers and his associates, this heterogeneous body bore no resemblance to any "working class" within their experience. They had no faith in the Knights' coöperatives—which were meeting with the same difficulties that had defeated those of the National Union—they criticized the general looseness of the organization, and they detested its failure to discriminate between skilled and unskilled workers. So they set to work deliberately to sabotage the Knights in the interest of their own group.

With regard to Gompers, the term "sabotage" is particularly appropriate, since he himself was a "Noble Knight," having blundered into the organization in its early days of secrecy, supposing that he was merely joining another of the fraternal orders of which he was very fond. Now he did not relinquish his card; it might still prove useful. But, as he later wrote, "Various plans were advocated, ranging from a secret organization to supplant the K. of L. to amalgamation for economic and legislative purposes." The second method was adopted, postponing open battle with the Knights. After some correspondence with dissatisfied union lead-

ers in other cities, a call was sent out for a general conference at which was formed, in 1881, "The Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada," which was the direct precursor of the A. F. of L.

Its platform was purely legislative, demanding, among other measures, a protective tariff, enforcement of the eight-hour law for government employes, abolition of contract immigration and of child labor, all of which were already a part of the K. of L. program. Of more far-reaching aims there was none. Testifying before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor in 1883, Adolph Strasser clearly indicated how far the group in control of the Federation had already drifted from their original half-Socialist moorings. Replying to a question as to the "ultimate ends" of their organization, he answered, "We have no ultimate ends. We are going on from day to day. We are fighting only for immediate objects—objects that can be realized in a few years."

But Adolph Strasser did not tell the whole truth. They had an ultimate aim—of a sort: to wrest the control of the unions from the K. of L. and to wield it themselves in perpetuity thereafter. For the first five years, the task was entirely beyond their power. The Federation was unable to enroll more than one-fourth of the total union membership of the country, while its low dues brought in an annual income of only \$700. And meanwhile their rivals were going on from victory to victory.

The Knights were much better equipped than the Federation to exercise political pressure, and it was almost solely through their efforts that the anti-contract-labor law was passed by Congress, in February, 1885. Their prestige greatly enhanced by this success, the Knights dared to order a general strike on the Gould railroads in

March because of a 10% cut in shopmen's wages. To the amazement of the public, the invincible Jay Gould capitulated almost without a struggle, Jay Gould who had said that he "could always hire one-half of the working class to kill the other half," but who was powerless against the momentary spirit of labor solidarity. There followed a general stampede of workers into the ranks of the Knights, whose membership increased within the year from 104,066 to 702,924. Not only this, but the alliance was strengthened in several States with the Grangers, who had an almost equal membership. The generous dream of a united farmer-labor party, which has haunted men's minds ever since, seemed in 1886 on the eve of realization.

But the too-sudden success of the Knights proved their undoing. They represented, after all, a new idea, while the craft unions had behind them the traditions of half a century. The resistant power of ingrained conservatism soon appeared. In vain the Knights issued an address to the unions in the Federation, endeavoring to appeal to their enlightened self-interest with the words, "Unskilled labor must receive attention, or in the hour of difficulty the employer will not hesitate to use it to depress the compensation you now receive. That skilled or unskilled labor may no longer be found unorganized, we ask of you to annex your grand and powerful corps to the main army that we may fight the battle under one flag." Almost unanimously, the Federation unions voted down the proposal.

The fight came to a head when the Knights of Labor gave their support to a rival cigar-makers union, composed largely of Socialists, against the older Strasser-Gompers union. It was now that Sam Gompers's ability as a "labor agitator" first appeared. As an agitator against employ-

ers he was almost a total loss, for his heart was never in the task, but to agitation against fellow-workmen to preserve the dominance of his own set, he brought the utmost fire and energy, as well as considerable subtlety of tactics. Later he used to tell with pride how he moved about from one local assembly of the Knights of Labor to another, depositing his card of membership with each, addressing them and getting away before the general officers had time to revoke the card. After a few months of open warfare and secret sabotage, his group deemed the hour propitious to call a general conference of labor unionists in May, 1886, to consider their relations with the Knights of Labor.

The hour was in truth even more propitious than they could have guessed. Just before the meeting, occurred the Hay-market bomb explosion in Chicago, and among the Anarchists indicted for that crime, one, Parsons, was a member of the Knights of Labor. Without other evidence, within twenty-four hours the Knights became Anarchists in the eyes of "the great American public."

So the unionists, uncharged with sin, met under happy auspices. Their conference was described by Gompers enthusiastically. "It was an impressive gathering," he wrote, "of men of good presence and exceptional ability. Practically every man wore a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat."

The conference presented what it called a "treaty," in reality an ultimatum, to the Knights of Labor. This went to the root of the whole conflict by demanding that "no person shall be admitted to the Knights of Labor who works for less than the regular scale of wages fixed by the union of his craft," a provision which, if accepted, would have cost the Knights most of their non-union membership. The rejection of this demand insured to the

unionists the general support of skilled labor when the A. F. of L. was organized in the following November, with Samuel Gompers president.

In the constitution of the A. F. of L., founded in direct opposition to "the solidarity of the whole working class," care was taken to exclude the possibility of democratic control. The individual worker was not allowed to become a member of the A. F. of L. directly in his own person but was merely to be represented in it indirectly through his union, the latter in turn, with certain exceptions, to enjoy a voting power in proportion to the per capita taxes paid in to the Federation, the wealthier unions, which were able and willing to pay additional taxes above the actual membership, being permitted in practice to exercise the additional voting power thus obtained. This, together with other gerrymandering measures, made it possible in 1919, according to the estimate of the American Labor Year Book, for 65 out of 577 delegates to control 14/17ths of the total vote. Alexander Hamilton would have loved the constitution of the American Federation of Labor.

During the summer and fall of 1886, the Knights were stumbling downhill almost as rapidly as they had come up. Their grand-master, Terence Powderly, was thoroughly frightened by the events of the year, and the morale of his organization went to pieces. A campaign of slander instituted against Gompers, accusing him of habitual drunkenness—a charge neither true nor relevant—reacted against the accusers. With the funds in their treasury depleted by the drift of the more highly paid workers into the rival organization, the Knights were no longer able to win their strikes. They struggled on feebly for a decade and then ignominiously disappeared.

It was written on the books that American labor should imitate the tortoise, not the hare. In our theatrical rather than dramatic nation, it has proved easy to start the boldest and most idealistic movements, but they collapse as easily. The Knights of Labor paid the penalty for not recognizing this national and broadly human trait. The American Federation of Labor, founded on the narrowest self-interest of the members, with no higher aim than to get their share out of the exploitation of the mass of workers by the employers—the American Federation of Labor survived.

III

The leaders of the A. F. of L. were certainly not thinkers, but they had a kind of crude philosophy which fitted in well enough with the actual economic conditions of America down to the World War. During that period, prior to the real era of mass production, the skilled workers were in a privileged position to enforce their demands, and thus, taking the most favorable view, to raise the general standard of living of all labor. Here, given the proper organization, was a power to be used, and the A. F. of L. supplied the organization. Understanding, like Mrs. Eddy, that men value most what they pay for and that money is the basis of success in the corrupted currents of this world, the A. F. of L. established a system of high dues, keeping full its treasury. Like the Anti-Saloon League, and earlier, it developed the method of pressure politics, maintaining in every State a labor lobby to cajole or coerce the local congressmen. Had it had anything to press for beyond higher wages and shorter hours, more might have been accomplished. High wages and short hours, however, if unaccompanied—as they usually are—by

speeding up and stretching out, are in themselves, perhaps, the greatest blessing that fallen man can ask for, and just to the degree that they were gained before the War for a few industries—much fewer than we are likely to remember—the A. F. of L., with all its faults, deserves the chief credit.

Nor was the narrowly prudential policy of the leaders ever maintained without vigorous opposition from the rank and file members, more open both to ideas and to generous impulses than their officers. In particular, the many Socialists in the organization kept up a constant agitation. In the A. F. of L. convention in 1893, a resolution, introduced by Thomas J. Morgan, endorsing “the collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution,” was referred to the affiliated unions for consideration the following year. In the convention of 1894 the resolution was talked to death by Gompers’s lieutenants, but the resentful Socialists succeeded in electing to the presidency John M. McBride of the Western Federation of Miners. But by 1895 Gompers’s steam-roller was working again, and he was returned to office to hold the power until his death.

Then in 1896 a number of the craft unions in Chicago went out on sympathetic strike in aid of Debs’s insurgent American Railway Union in its heroic struggle against the Pullman company, supported, as the latter was, by the courts and by Federal troops. The Executive Council of the A. F. of L. was asked to meet and declare a general strike. The Council met, but it was only to advise the craft unions to go back to work, refusing all assistance beyond sending a wire to President Cleveland asking for a conference, a wire which the President did not even answer.

But if Cleveland still deemed it safe to ignore a wire from the A. F. of L., this was no longer the case with his successors. During the next four years, the organization doubled its membership, reaching the half million mark in 1900; then, in the next two years, it doubled again, and by 1904 the membership was over a million and a half. Even Presidents of the United States were now compelled to recognize its existence. In fact, it was during this period that the famous idea of a "partnership," of which we have recently heard so much, was first developed. In the National Civic Federation, founded in 1900 with Mark Hanna as president and Samuel Gompers as vice-president, the partnership of industry, government, and labor—in that order—was worked out on terms which were entirely satisfactory to the senior partner.

The vanity of Gompers was so colossal that it was a simple matter to flatter him into compliance, but labor itself was not so acquiescent in the new rose-water policy.

The revolt of the I.W.W. in 1905, though it drew its support overwhelmingly from unskilled labor, cost the A. F. of L. 200,000 members, and when in the 1907 depression capitalist brotherly love did not prevent a wholesale lowering of wages, the craft unions themselves began to go in for the use of dynamite and violence. During these years the growth of the A. F. of L. was hampered, and it was not until 1911 that the level of 1904 was again attained. After this, progress was steady, if slow, and by the year of the World War the membership was well over two million.

The A. F. of L. was now, by common consent, the spokesman of American labor—and what a spokesman it was about to prove itself to be!

IV

As soon as the danger of American participation in the war became evident, the rank and file of labor made its attitude known unmistakably, not through the A. F. of L. official pronouncements but by parades and anti-war mass meetings all through the preparedness campaign of 1916. In the fall of that year even the A. F. of L. convention passed over Gompers's opposition a set of resolutions condemning, in cautious terms, military training in the schools. Meanwhile, however, Gompers had been in close touch with his friends of the National Civic Federation, which now became the chief of the many super-patriotic associations of potential war-profiters. Under their direct or indirect influence, in March, 1917—a month before the American declaration of war—he called a meeting of the Executive Council of 148 members, which unanimously adopted a statement assuring the government of labor's support in the coming conflict and demanding only a recognition of the unions by representation on the governmental boards. These 148 men took it upon themselves to speak, without authorization, for all the millions of American workingmen.

Our entrance into the war was the great neglected opportunity of American labor. As Mauritz Hallgren has well pointed out: "Obviously, American participation in the war could not have lasted twenty-four hours without the whole-hearted co-operation of the skilled workers. . . . The labor leadership . . . need only have threatened to withhold the labor of the skilled workers until such time as the Wilson Administration saw fit to meet its demands. And these demands need in no sense have been revolutionary. . . . They could have provided for a legal guaranty

of the right to organize and to bargain collectively, for the abolition by statute of yellow dog contracts and company-controlled unions, for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, for minimum wage and maximum hours laws"—matters, all of them, that might properly have come within the purview even of the A. F. of L.

Instead, there was the solitary demand that labor be represented on the governmental boards, meaning by labor, Samuel Gompers! So to the Council of National Defense was appointed Samuel Gompers, who was made chairman of a committee on labor, concerned with labor standards and consisting half of A. F. of L. officials and half of business men. On the dozen or so of industrial committees there was not a single representative of labor until President White of the United Mine Workers succeeded, by violent protests, in securing a minority representation on the Coal Production Committee. Elsewhere the business men were omnipresent, making the contracts, administering them, and profiting by them.

Early in the summer of 1917 there was organized by Gompers, in conjunction with the renegade Socialist, John Spargo, and George Creel, chairman of the "Committee on Public Misinformation"—as it was privately and realistically called—one of those fanatical propagandist bodies which functioned so widely at the time, named, in this case, "The American Alliance for Labor and Democracy." The Alliance signalized its love for democracy by endorsing the notorious Espionage Act at its first meeting and by thereafter lending its aid for the suppression of free speech at every opportunity. Since in this, however, the A. F. of L. captains were merely aping the example set by the leaders of American culture—writers, clerics,

college professors, and all the rest—there is no reason to dwell upon their particular activities.

A mass rush into the A. F. of L. had occurred in the expectation that its "representatives in the government" would now at last be able to obtain some of the concessions for which the unions so long had struggled. At the very least, wages would rise and the eight-hour day would be established. Wages, of course, did rise temporarily, though the war boards endeavored to prevent it, but the benefits did not accrue to those in whom the A. F. of L. was particularly interested. The irony of the actual result is quietly summed up in a single sentence of Lewis L. Lorwin's volume, "The American Federation of Labor": "The wage rates of unskilled workers rose, while the wages of the skilled remained about stationary." The inevitable tendency of the mass production introduced by the necessities of the war to replace skilled by unskilled labor was something which the A. F. of L. leaders had not had the economic intelligence to foresee. The chickens of the Knights of Labor controversy were at long last coming home to roost. As for the eight-hour day, William Howard Taft, president of the War Labor Board, opposed it with sufficient vigor to prevent its being put into execution. And immediately after the Armistice all the machinery for the harmonious adjustment of industrial disputes was summarily scrapped. The capitalist war was won; the further support of labor was not needed.

"In consequence," to quote Lorwin's standard work again, "labor and capital were soon clashing along the entire front of American industry. For nearly two years the country witnessed an industrial upheaval which . . . reached an intensity and scope far beyond all previous mani-

festations of unrest." But "upheaval" hardly seems the right word, since the struggle of labor differed from earlier ones in now being almost entirely a defensive battle. The response of the employers to the assistance rendered by the A. F. of L. during the war was a determined effort immediately afterward to stamp the unions out of existence and to reestablish everywhere the open shop. The unions fought back fiercely, even under their incompetent leadership, but the tides of battle flowed against them. Whereas in 1917 they had gained 61% of the strikes waged, this became 57% in 1918, dropped to 46% in 1919, diminished to 37% in 1920, and sank to the discouraging level of 26% in 1921. By 1924, the year of Gompers's death, the A. F. of L. had lost nearly a third of its membership. He had lived long enough to see, if not to understand, the results of his policy.

V

The death of Gompers was the signal for a war of weaklings around the vacant throne. Matthew Woll, known as "The Crown Prince" and groomed by Gompers for the office, was the favorite, but John L. Lewis, head of the powerful United Miners' Union succeeded in putting in one of his henchmen, William Green. A vice-presidency was given to Woll as a sop to the latter's vanity. These three, Green, Woll, and Lewis, have ever since labored collectively to accomplish about half as much work as Gompers was able to perform in his single person.

Green of Ohio is a kind of more respectable edition of Warren G. Harding. He has in perfection what Robert Louis Stevenson called "the first instinct of a gentleman"—the instinct to agree. A devout Baptist, a devout Odd Fellow, a de-

vout Elk, for two years a member of the State legislature, and for eighteen years secretary of the United Mine Workers, entirely unused to thinking for himself, he would have made an excellent clerk, or even floorwalker, in some department store.

As "Unofficial Observer" remarks in "The New Dealers," "It is easy to write off Green as a total loss until you consider Matthew Woll . . . and then you heave a sigh of gratitude for Bill Green." Woll, born in Luxemburg, suffers, just as did Gompers, from the disease of super-patriotism so likely to attack the immigrant on the make who feels perpetually uneasy lest his "Americanism" be challenged. He has devoted much effort to currying favor with the National Civic Federation, and, next to Ham Fish, is the country's leading "Red-baiter." W. Z. Foster summarized Woll's policy adequately as a "program to secure leadership by making concessions to the employers sooner and more drastically than even the conservative Green does"—but this is a program, it might be added, almost impossible to execute.

John L. Lewis of Iowa actually worked as a miner for a short time long ago in his youth and perhaps he still vaguely remembers what a mine looks like. In early manhood, however, he secured a soft-handed job as labor lobbyist at the Illinois State capitol, where he remained for many years until Gompers took him up and, in 1920, secured his election as president of the United Mine Workers. His methods as head of that organization were shown in 1922 in West Virginia, where an A. F. of L. strike was aided by strikes of unorganized miners against the same company in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Seizing the first favorable opportunity, Lewis made a separate peace agreement

with the operators, who thereupon used Lewis's coal to break the unorganized miners, after which they reneged on their agreement with Lewis and, when a second A. F. of L. strike occurred, broke it in turn with coal from the Maryland and Pennsylvania mines!

Under the command of the three masters of ineffectuality, Green, Woll, and Lewis, is the gang of union officials vividly described by Louis Adamic in these words: "Most of them are prosperous-looking, Babbitt-like, middle-aged or elderly men, well-dressed, carefully barbered, fat-cheeked, double-and-triple chinmed, vast bellied, with gold watch-chains across their paunches and stickpins in their ties. . . . They are, for the most part, presidents and vice-presidents and chief organizers of the various national and international unions with salaries ranging from \$7500 to \$20,000 a year 'and expenses' . . . When they get together in their hotel rooms during conventions they talk of stocks and bear and bull markets and short-selling, and compare notes on Buicks and Chryslers and on private schools for boys and girls."

Such being their character, it is small wonder that they accomplished nothing for labor during the years of prosperity or that, when the depression came, they were no better prepared to meet it than were other capitalists. In December, 1929, Herbert Hoover called Green & Company into conference. Mutual assurances passed that the depression was only temporary, and Green promised that there would be no strikes or demands for union recognition during the brief emergency. By May, 1930, Green had learned that there was considerable unemployment, but all he had to offer was the sapient remark, "The only cure for unemployment is jobs." In September, 1930, he was looking forward

"to the opportunities of business revival with fresh confidence and courage." But after another year of waiting, he made a remarkable discovery. "Working people," he announced, "must earn money in order to live . . . That is why a job is so important." He was becoming impatient. In the 1931 convention he declared, "I warn the people who are exploiting the workers that they can drive them only so far before they will turn on them and destroy them"—after which he used his influence to defeat a resolution in support of unemployment insurance. Even organized labor grew weary of his inanities. Membership in the unions fell off during 1931 by one hundred thousand. The A. F. of L. was fast declining toward utter impotence when Franklin D. Roosevelt came into power.

Events since then are known to all: how Mr. Roosevelt, from motives that are variously interpreted, revived the forgotten notion of "partnership" and put the A. F. of L. upon its feet again; how the leaders of the organization bestirred their long unused limbs and organized at a tremendous rate for the first six months; and how, after that, their efforts were checkmated by the rise of company unions fostered by the employers. The test came in the large production industries—automobiles, steel, and oil—where the A. F. of L. was decisively defeated. With the Detroit workers in so militant a mood that any competent leadership could have mobilized them, Green, after great fuss and feathers, tamely withdrew and left the field to Henry Ford. Threats of a steel strike, backed with mighty oaths, were followed by another ignominious retreat. The A. F. of L. leaders gestured and gibbered, and that was all. The key industries—the ones that count—are still unorganized.

But besides the stuffed captains at the head of the "labor movement" are a few millions of hungry human beings who have still to be reckoned with. Convinced at last that the government has no intention of enforcing the collective bargaining provision, and that the dancing of the A. F. of L. marionettes on strings pulled by Washington is merely a waste of time, the more aggressive of the unions have begun to take matters into their own hands. The past summer saw rank and file strikes in Toledo, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and elsewhere, usually under radical inspiration and disowned by Green & Company. The pressure upon the latter drove them into the cotton strike of September in which the workers faced courageously the guns of the militia who were everywhere called out against them. And in the A. F. of L. October convention, the organization was moved to put its house in order at least to the extent of authorizing industrial instead of craft unions in the large-scale industries—something that ought to have been done, of course, many years ago.

Whether, however, the rank and file,

with all the manipulation of the vote against them, can ever dominate the A. F. of L. so as to make it a real federation of *labor* remains highly problematical. To date, the bureaucracy is still safely seated a-straddle Sam Gompers's constitution. True, it faces a seemingly insoluble dilemma: to turn further to the right means merely continued humiliation at the hands of the employers; to make further concessions to the left might open the dykes to the flood that would supplant the bureaucrats. But history has known too many illogical continuities to encourage prophecy. The bureaucracy may go muddling along in much the same old way for a few years more. Such is the indication offered by the recent unanimous reelection of President Green, nominated by John L. Lewis in these eloquent words:

"President Green has endeared himself to organized labor by his unselfish devotion to the affairs of the American Federation of Labor. He is recognized as a great American, as well as a great leader of labor. It is with pride we note that the officers of the A. F. of L. have carried on the policies of the great Samuel Gompers."

BIOGRAPHY OF MY DAUGHTER

(For Rhoda)

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

LISTEN, the biography of Rhoda is not very long. She was twenty-three when she died without knowing a lover and really only seven spring seasons, counting from when she was sixteen and wore a voile dress when she was graduated from high-school.

In the spring she and Marie came over to my house for lunch. It was one of the first spring days and we had fried rice and a green salad. Rhoda kept saying about my daughters, "They are so fat," she'd say in wonder. "Look, look at their feet, such strong, strong feet." She held their young fat feet in her hands, pressing the firm flesh. "I was born in a depression," Marie said. "I never had enough to eat."

We were all telling how we had been looking for work. Marie, who worked in textile since she was twelve, would get angry and her black eyes would blaze, but Rhoda seemed so gentle. You see lots of women like her and like her mother, whom I saw later. They never say anything for themselves. They accept everything. They do their best. They believe in something. They live, they are silent, they die. Nothing is ever said for such people, no book is ever written about them, they never write a long biography saying I did this and that. Marie and I are not like that, a murderous anger smoulders in us, but there are millions of such people, lovely, accepting something too quietly. You see them sitting in a

chair sewing lace on a garment, or looking for a moment out the window, and they seem grateful for too little.

Rhoda's mother was just like her, a frail gentle woman. She looked worn, just as Rhoda was beginning to look already, all the edges of her body worn away like an old machine. And after all, the body is not a machine, is it? They lived at a town called Starbuck and the father was a book-keeper who was let out four years ago. After thirty years of hard labor he had scarcely anything to show for it except, as Rhoda said, "his girls." There were three other girls beside Rhoda. There was Rhoda herself, the oldest, and then Marilyn and Lucile and Bliss. You can see by the names something of what the mother expected of them. I expect the same of my daughters, somehow to be women whose bodies are not machines. Rhoda told about her mother that day, how quick and fine her hands were even in the middle of the night when she was sewing on some dress. Later, when I saw her at the sanitarium, I could see how her finger-nails were worn down like a very fine precision machine that had been in use for a long time. She had a delicate and lovely face and all her girls looked exactly like her, only not worn down so much yet.

Rhoda sat in my chair that day. She was very quiet, her head drooping a little, and she read Mickey Mouse to my children,

and she listened to Marie and me talk. We were talking, I remember, with much anger and she listened even when she was reading, very tense, but withdrawn, as if it was too late for her to do anything, but she listened very intensely, and there was some frightful knowing in her. Once she stopped reading, and my two daughters, Rachel and Deborah, looked at her, and she said in a low voice, "When I was working at Mrs. Katz's I worked sixteen hours in a day. . . . That's too long. That's too long."

II

I just got up and looked out the window and knocked over a pitcher of water, because I can't write this story. Rhoda has been buried two weeks now, and I really wrote this story tearing it out between my teeth when we were driving back from the sanitarium that morning when the corn was just ripening in the fields. You shouldn't break into a story like this. This is no kind of technique, but it comes out like a burning behind my teeth, and that morning when she died I could have swept down the fields with my arms, folded up the fields and crunched the city in my teeth.

I better go back carefully and tell about her. Perhaps Rhoda has a biography beside this one, too. You could find it on every relief record in Minneapolis, the city, Federal and private relief. I saw her many times sitting there, her delicate blonde face and her body that seemed to droop a little from fatigue, and her disease, and she would answer all those questions politely over and over.

She came from Starbuck when she was sixteen to go to the university. She had to work her way through. She wanted to be a librarian. The first year she worked as a maid for only room and board, because

her father paid the university fees, but the next year he couldn't pay them, so she got a job at Coffee Dan's and worked there as a waitress from six o'clock in the evening until two in the morning. From there she went to the Zaners, where she worked for her room and board. She got up at six, prepared breakfast, cleaned up, straightened the house and got to the university library school. Sometimes she got in some sleep in the rest room. She did this for four years. She was graduated. There was no library to work in. She worked as a maid, cook, waitress, then there was not even that. She was on relief. To get some kinds of relief you have to be examined by a doctor also. They found she had tuberculosis and needed a rest. Right after the day they were to see me, Marie went out with her to the sanitarium and left her there.

She got worse. For two weeks she hadn't taken any nourishment. Marie and I started out in the morning to see her. It had been about a hundred for a week, the ripening corn was beginning to curl, but when we got to the sanitarium the green hills were rolling up to the summer sky where great white clouds hung still. It was about ten o'clock. "Gee this is a swell place," Marie said. Some tubercular boys in shorts were playing ball on the green grass. We saw wing after wing of splendid brick buildings. "In a decent country," I said, "this would be swell, here it's a joke."

Marie looked saturnine and bitter, "For God's sake," she said. "Look at it. What a farce! They wear you down and then they put you here and fix you up to wear you down again. Lookit," she said. "They should do with the workers like with horses, make glue out of 'em, when they wear 'em out. They should find some good use for blood, arteries and bones in industry after they're no good as workers. Why bring 'em here?"

We walked on down the walk, Rachel and Deborah running ahead, excited by the palatial building and the fine stone steps. Marie suddenly whispered, the tears standing in her eyes, "I don't think she *wants* to live." We pressed our hands together. We looked up at the huge building. "Jesus Christ," Marie said, "how many well and living people this could house. Look at it, for God's sake!"

Rachel and Deborah ran back to us. "Listen," I said to them, "why don't you play out here on the nice grass?"

They looked up at the building. They had to tilt back their heads. "Listen, look," I said, "look how green the grass is." An anguish was in me like iron in my chest, "You can play tag here." They looked at the grass. They looked at me. They looked at Marie's dark and bitter face. "We want to go," Rachel said, snuggling up to my thigh like a colt. Deborah tipped back looking at the hundreds of windows. I saw Deborah and Rachel in the bright sun; their legs showed from the red dresses so fat, like conicals of flesh without bones. "Oh stay in the green world awhile," I cried, and we tried to walk on, but Rachel gave a cry and wound herself about my legs. "What! . . . What! . . . !" I cried, trying to push her away. "Listen, you don't want to go into that place." "Yes . . . Yes, take us in." "Alright," I said angrily, pushing her away, and they flew up the stone steps, stopping at the door at the smell of death.

III

We went into the lobby. A man in white was brushing the floor. I thought we would see Rhoda like she had been in the spring, a little shy, putting up her falling gold hair, smiling at us, her head turned a little away. I saw a stone bench and picked up the children and sat them squarely on

it. "You'll have to stay here until we see whether Rhoda can see you," I said. They sat there quietly while I walked away looking back at them. They sat close together, their eyes round, their fat legs hanging from the stone bench. I followed Marie down the corridor, into a room. I saw a nurse get up, come forward. I didn't hear what Marie said. I heard the nurse say, "Rhoda passed away this morning."

O daughter, what is child, daughter, then girl, then in voile with delicate hair?

Marie looked out the window as if she had not heard. I stood silently behind her. I felt someone behind me and turned to see a young girl with Rhoda's golden hair, a fuller mouth. Now her eyes were big and dark at the centers. Marie went to her and embraced her, "Marilyn," she said and began to cry. The girl stood looking around Marie's shoulder, her eyes big and unblinking, "I can't cry," she said. "They woke me and told me. I came out on the bus. I have to get back. I can't cry, I don't know what it is, I can't cry," she said. She was now working for her room and board at a Mrs. Katz's.

The nurse said, "Your mother is here. . . ." In the door stood the mother plucking at her falling hair, just like Rhoda. Marie was crying. The mother patted her shoulder. She said to the nurse, "I've got all her things here." She held up a little bundle tied in a chemise. "I knew Rhoda had pawned her things," the mother said, "but I can't find the little French book. Rhoda was very fond of that little French book." The nurse said quickly, relieved to have something that was needed for once, "I have it here," she said, "right here on my desk." "Oh," the mother said, relieved, as if something of vast importance had been settled. She put her hand on the French book, and I saw her broken nails. She held up a pair of shorts. Marie cried

out, "Those are the shorts I made for Rhoda." She took them, "I made them so she wouldn't be so hot lying there all the time. I made them," she cried looking amazed at them, as if it was strange that they should still be. "Oh, aren't they sweet," Marilyn said, "too sweet . . ." She had a deep, lovely voice. And her eyes remained wide open as if she were walking in her sleep. "You have them, Marilyn," Marie said.

We stood there.

The mother said, "I guess, well . . . I guess . . ."

The nurse said, "You might as well go back to town. You can't get a train out of here for Starbuck until tomorrow at nine. You might as well go back to town and rest, and I've looked everything up for you." She seemed eager as if she were relieved to be able to say that the trains ran on schedule, that everything could be done so well, so systematically. "Everything will be just fine now," she said, "just fine."

We all stood there.

"What were the complications?" Marie said very low.

"Well," the nurse said, "I think her mother understands everything and that is all that is necessary."

A peculiar antagonism stood between us.

"Listen," Marie said, "I know what was the matter with her."

"Oh, do you?" the nurse said bitterly. "She had the best of care. I'm sure her mother agrees to that. The university doctor himself sat in on the consultation. Her mother knows that, I am sure. Her mother has already signed, saying she had the best of care."

We stood there as if she had not spoken. Marie looked strange. The nurse gasped as if she knew what was going to be said, as if an avalanche were coming slowly down upon the tiny room crushing us all.

Marie said, "She died of starvation . . ."

It was as if the flesh of each one of us shrank a little forever.

We stood there. The sunlight flashed back. The corn hung heavy on the stalks, the pumpkins and the squash were ripening in abundance.

"Now," the nurse shook herself a little, "you get your things. The train goes through here, right straight through. We'll have everything arranged . . . I've phoned Swinson already . . . She . . . she's in the ice room. Everything is all arranged . . . The . . . she . . . it will be put on the train you're on, everything will be just fine . . ."

"Thank you . . . thank you . . ." said the mother. Child, then girl, with the delicate golden hair. The mother stood bewildered, holding the tiny bundle of Rhoda's clothes. It must have had just a brassier, a slip, the dress she had come in, a brush and comb. "I can go back on the bus. . .," she said, looking around, and I saw how she had never given birth to this. She had borne something, believed in something . . .

"You can go with us," I said to her. I knew her then. How she bore everything, said nothing, remembered four girls, had known their beauty, husked herself for their food, how she was part of the living and took what it gave, believing in something gentle, and now she saw death malignant and terrific. I ran ahead, into the lobby, and looking saw my daughters, sitting as I had left them, their feet dangling, their fat good and stout on their bones yet. I took their warm hands, ran out of the building. The sunlight fell on us, the green world reached up, engulfed us.

They came after. I could see the tiny figure of the ageing woman carrying that bundle down the walk as if asking a question. You give yourself over, with child, and see it blind at the breast, blind feet, blind hands. It sees then slowly, the moon,

the stars, the sheep grazing, and grows up waiting for the good your body has promised it, and there it is dealt down like this. She didn't die of smallpox, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, not even child-birth. She died of starvation.

The mother got in and set the thin bundle on her lap. To birth a child you carry heavy heavy burdens . . . and death leaves a light burden indeed. Rachel and Deborah sat in the back close to her. I could see their eyes wide and big. We sat there, no one saying anything. Marie was crying for her own death, for the blow that is dealt, for the thing that is and must not be.

IV

We drove through the hills again, as if we were leaving an artificial world, something built up to hide a thing. "Listen," Marie said, "when she graduated from the university I went to see her. There we sat and Coffman, the president, said we mustn't pay any attention he said to this shifting world, that's what he said: It's abstract science, that's what it is, go to the classics, he said, go to the good sane things of our forefathers, he said. Rhoda and I sat right there and heard him. We sat right there. Listen," she said, "she died of starvation. Listen, we've never had enough to eat."

"Easy," I said. "Easy."

"Listen," she said, "say something for us, listen, say something. We've got to say something," she said.

We drove through the town past the morgue. Swinson, it said, Undertaker.

We stopped for some cigarettes. I could see the mother's face dropping closer to the bone, gentle gentle. I saw my children too solemn, real, waiting.

"My, that surely is a pretty place," the mother said, looking back. "They were real good to her."

"Oh, my God," Marie said. "On this fine summer morning. . . On this fine morning."

Round pumpkins in the field, corn fattening, melons like the crescent moons of the season, hogs fattening on the hoof, this is the wheat corn belt, this is the rich rich country.

"She went through college," her mother said in a weak voice. "She had her heart set on that. She went through college all right. She worked so hard."

"Look . . .," I said. "Look, why did she want to go through college?"

"Oh, Rhoda was ambitious," she said. "Oh, she was a good scholar. My, I remember she always brought home the best report cards. We were always proud of her."

"Look," I said. I could see the city rising ahead of us, the university, the towers, the banks. I could have ground them in my teeth. "Look," I said. "I want to know. What did she want?"

"Oh, she worked so hard," she said. "She worked so hard."

"What for?" I cried. Her mother looked at me. My children looked at me.

"To be a success," she said at last. "She wanted above everything to be a success."

"It's a bitch," Marilyn said in a hard deep voice.

"Listen, listen," Marie said. "Listen, she had it. Listen, this is funny. This is wonderful," Marie said and tenderness and fierceness were a brew in her that would make another world. "Listen, you know what she got? Four years she starved to go through that lousy place, you know what she got? This is a scream. *Two weeks in the library*. *Two weeks* on the C. W. A. Hurrah! Isn't that something? Listen, after all that two weeks as a librarian. A success! Two weeks' work and a swell death. Listen, Marilyn," she says wildly. "Listen, honey, listen darling, don't work too hard."

If you get tired, you know what to do. Listen, Rhoda worked for a bitch, did all the washing and ironing, cooking, cleaning—eight people . . . Listen, honey, if you feel tired, listen for God's sake if you feel tired you know what to do . . . There isn't any success. Listen, there isn't . . . Listen, if you feel tired for God's sake, stop . . . Don't work. Stop, don't work. Don't work your guts out. Listen, honey, stop . . . don't work . . . stop . . . don't work . . .”

Listen. Living I never thought of Rhoda as my daughter. She was not my daughter, but dead she becomes the daughter of all of us. She was not my daughter, but she might have been and my daughters may be lying dead like that.

What happened to her must stop happening.

This is for Rhoda. This is my daughter. She is dead but this must be a reminder of her to all people.

MOUNTAIN DRIVING

BY EUGENE JOFFE

WE SPED along the anonymous highway with a fierce nostalgia for the breathless present, and it seemed almost in another lifetime that we had surreptitiously left our summer haven, that the dented car had stalled on the graveled driveway with Marty exasperated at the wheel and Jack and me sitting with sarcastic chagrin in the back, awkward with our elbows; it seemed that Marty's young quiet wife had lived with us all this prosperous time, that we had never needed to stop at a samaritan-friend's to persuade her to come along and modestly complete a hearty arrangement, and as we rolled speedily over the endless macadam that rose and wound and fell we were certain that nothing that might ever happen would matter to us again.

It was still light, small cars and monstrous buses whooshed past us with a smash of air, the weak clouds ebbed in the pale enormous sky, and to the left, searing the brutal smoothness of the mountains, the round thick sun was like a burning sore. We pulsed in the car like little monarchs, regal and lost, millionaires in the machine, tramps in the limitless evening. Dressed for company, we were paradoxically silent; consuming each fleeing detail of the countryside, it was as if we were slowly getting drunk; assured of our vague maturity, we respected the far-fled ache of adolescence. Beneath us, behind us and before, the inconceivable road lived its own huge life, impassioned and absorbed, senseless to the

people and the roadsides and the gross mountains, extending even its immortality toward something we would never perceive. In each relentless moment there was a great cessation; in our near-immobility, a constant grasping; in our beating silence, perhaps the most surprising friendship we had ever known; the evening was about us and would never come; whatever we hungrily scrutinized had never lived, dared never die in this bare world.

It did not matter how we had despaired a month ago, how we would next month have to struggle again—even the complex miracle of our precarious prosperity was crass among the components of that evening, with our shower-cooled bodies naked to the wind and the smoke of our cigarets vanishing instantly and Marty at the wheel like the quiet leader of a respectable conspiracy and his young wife beside him with a narrow ribbon banding her hair. The fleeing road was spread with cars and each one was supreme; countless houses shared the rushing landscape and each one we gazed at was in that instant the most eloquent—we were so wildly humble, so furiously proud that the instantaneous crashing end of the world would not have been consequential.

We stared at the first town we passed through as if we had never seen people before and might never see them again, as if we had never wandered through a movie lobby or over a hotel porch in our lives, as if we could not imagine the

names of the colors or the causes of the sounds that sprang and swarmed about us in the evening. We stirred, we nearly sought some fabulous imperfection, we were guilty of phrases that were profound when we conceived them and humiliating the instant we heard them still-born from our mouths; yet on those beating streets, with the staggering world wheeling beyond them and the people drowning for some word- or action-fragment that would give their lives a passion, the grossest incompetence would have been forgivable.

When there was doubt about the road it was like some enormous return to our anonymous homeland. We spoke to the old owner of a store beside a crossway and it was like the monumental lifting of a gigantic spell. Each familiar word that was uttered, each predictable gesture and shade of expression was weighted with more significance than it seemed our lives had ever had. We looked nakedly at the old man in moldy overalls, with his head nearly bald and his drooping moustache dirty white and his bony fingers importantly clutching the car-door over the lowered window, and he seemed more valuable to the earth than anyone we could think of and his life of greater richness and portent, and as we rode on again and the darkness began to spread into the oblivious clouds and the mountains began to change gruffly for the night, we moved a little on the leather seats and spoke with that same disastrous inefficiency and slowly forgot each other again as if at the conclusion of some perplexing ritual.

By the time it was dark it seemed that we had been immersed in our new rush-life forever and that all we had ever been capable of was a terrible pain and loss and unborn ecstasy. In that rich confusion we were tortured by a faceless hunger, in our dark speeding silence whatever had dared

to happen would have been shameless and obscene—there was no graspable element in that boundless night nor in our rushing bodies, nothing that was not dangerous—the people of the country and ourselves in the throbbing car and the road, the ghastly trees, the ogre-mountains and the unseeable sky and the gleaming blinding headlight-beams and the battle of motors, the gigantic counterpoint of road-breaths and road-voices, the relentless passing of dark homes and fields and pitiful lights that had only their attachments to console them—achievement and instant destruction and torrents of air and lashing incessantness—

Death was about us!

—and the people of the country were desperate for love!

It was as if we had never lived before, would never wish to live again, worshipped now in some fleeing state that was like no life we had ever dreamed of; suddenly passing a cemetery with the faint headstones like shadows bent to the ground—the dead and the living, the towers of breath. Marty and his young wife and the kindly friends she embarrassedly had to stay with, Jack and his brother who wrote him tense bitter letters from his furnished room, myself and the dismal nightmare of appalling debt—the world lunged through us, the cells, the ice, incredible memory and murderous foresight—death was there! in each furious revolution of the amorous wheels; love was there! in each volcaning acre of the pounding countryside; speed and sky, the multitudes and the mountains, all that had never happened burst at the walls of space.

Suddenly the road was rocky, even darker, narrower, tracked and weed-sprung, the fields thick, unwired, impenetrable. A turn, a bump, lunge, new road up and around and up—

Suddenly the road was flat, as if recovering its breath, curved smoothly, swayed, bellied around rocks toward—shiny water! tall trees rising sorrowfully on the far thin edge—lights rippling timidly on the lake, canoes! low wooden buildings and a light, another, another, another—city jazz! on a hidden piano—

II

"Here we are, punks," Marty said.

"At last," his wife sighed, sitting up.

"God! what a *place*," Jack said with his usual reverence.

It was like coming out of a drunk, a dream, the subway, and into the matured richness of the continuous world we had forgotten; like finishing a great morbid novel and breaking its spell to re-inspect the actual world with all the sensitiveness and insight it had given us.

"Say, where's Monticello?" I asked.

They laughed, they wondered. "What the hell are you talking about now?"

I laughed a little. "Well. I just thought of it. I've got a kid sister in camp there and she keeps writing me to come see her."

They laughed, they were exasperated. "Dopey bastard. That's a hundred miles from here."

"Swell," I said. "Boys, it's a great country—a wonderful life."

It was all pleurably strange, as if each of us had acquired a new sense which, now that we were back within the world and our old lives again, would continue to intensify each moment.

We got laboriously out of the car, moving numbly on the dirt below the shaky running-board, talking as if with hard cheeks, looking around in deliberate searching. Lights from the rough house on the hill, music from the casino by the lake,

sleek cars parked around and dim bulbs hanging from a few tree-trunks and the road leading roughly toward and away, high bushes annoyingly concealing and the kids beginning to come up from the small path to the lake, the far edge of the water black and cold and the smooth sound of canoes bumping: This at the living and no longer banal core.

"What'll I do, yell for him?" Marty suggested, his arm around his wife as if she were his girl.

"You'll *never* find Sam," she assured him happily.

"God! this is swell," Jack said. "Did you ever go to camp?"

"Never," I said. "My kid sister's away at one now." We were all ready to laugh. "Go to hell," I said. We laughed happily. "Were you ever?" I asked Jack.

"No. God! This is a swell place," he said with fresh enthusiasm.

"Come on, you punks," Marty said.

"Here he is, Marty!" his wife exclaimed eagerly. "Hello-o-o, Sam!" she cried.

"Hey, you bum," Marty said.

"I gave you up," the fellow in white pants and glasses said happily. "How the hell are you?"

We were fine. Marty and his wife kept talking and listening to the counsellor as if each of them would make the other's fortune—they were fine friends, we all were, and it was all worthy and mature, memorable—night richness, with the kids in their shorts and sweatshirts coming up from the casino by the lake and the piano music stopped now (sounding campish in retrospect) and the kids calling to each other—some of them talking to their parents.

"Oh sure, a lot of parents came up this week-end," Sam explained.

"Do you keep them here, too?" Jack asked.

Sam grinned. "For five bucks a day, why not?"

"Five bucks a day?" I said, "Wow!" We were almost like statesmen on the hot threshold of history, with whatever word that came from our lips self-nourishing and portentous.

"Oh sure. That's how camps make most of their dough."

"When you send your kid here even you'll come up," Marty said. His wife laughed.

"What do they charge for the kids?" Jack asked interestedly.

"Three-fifty for the season," Sam answered, swinging his sweater. "Some of them pay a little more, though—"

"Three hundred and fifty?" I repeated. It was as if behind my back the mountains had begun to sink before a pale haze that gradually rose beyond them—as if facing a statue I was strangely reminded of my life as a son, a brother, a lover, a friend—numbered inhabitant of the teeming half-prosaic earth.

"You ought to see this place in the daytime," Sam said. "All this isn't anything. These grounds go back for— Any first-rate camp charges three hundred and up."

I nodded, not looking at any of them. "I guess they do," I agreed, as if before a crisis, feeling my mind stumbling tastelessly away, thinking with strange suddenness of my kid sister's inky—and somehow otherworldly—postcards: "Send me a package of chewing gum if you can—"

"What the hell's eating you?" Marty said.

I shrugged. "Hell, nothing.—My kid sister's up at a camp for thirty bucks a month."

"Well—" Sam began instantly—

It was as if the mountains had an hour ago crashed in bombastic secret, slid away into the rivers to reveal one stain of life, had swept me out to somewhere barren, with an enormous stolid face blindly watching how—

I fumbled in my pocket for a cigaret, frowning at the dark immediate ground.

WOES OF A SOUTHERN LIBERAL

BY JAMES M. SHIELDS

THE New South! Land of opportunity, of awakening industry—and cheap contented labor! Womb of a legendary American aristocracy impregnated by the hydra-headed sperm of New Dealism! The playground of intellectuals, at whose behest wealthy Men of Vision create huge Foundations and the masses hasten to acquire I.Q.'s!

Such is the confusing picture of those piney areas to the south of Washington, D.C., and east of New Mexico recently painted by Chamber of Commerce officials, politicians, goggle-eyed writers and Southern college professors who undoubtedly know better but need to bolster up their own waning optimism. Quite a modernistic travesty, long on lurid colors and imaginative design, but devoid of perspective, realism and photographic accuracy. The basic racial colors, black and white, are utterly lacking on the canvas!

Actually, the New South of the past two decades, while changing in many important respects, is still essentially the Old South dressed up in a new industrial bib and tucker, very flossy as to laces but decidedly soiled in all the more intimate creases. The hide is the same. And underneath that hide courses the same turgid hot blood stream of racial intolerance, class oppression, bigotry and ignorance. The old plantation owners who fattened on slaves and quasi-slaves, black and white, have been replaced by power and tobacco magnates and textile chiefs, who in their turn

batten on share-croppers and wage slaves of field and factory. The caste system, with changed personnel and important new complications, continues to typify the soul of the South, Old or New.

Let us examine the present strata of that system. At the top, very much apart, is the new aristocracy, a small but dominant group of cotton landowners, builders of great tobacco factories, owners of humming textile mills; not the direct blood descendants of the old plantation families, true, but an arrogant race of go-getters and hold-on-to-ers whose fingers are at every control. At the bottom are two separate and distinct castes, poor whites and poor blacks; and although the class status of each of these great subjugated masses of peons is equally low in all essential social and economic matters, yet between the two is a great gulf fixed, the ugly cancerous race problem. Industrialization and the abolition of institutional slavery have in many respects worsened the condition of this lowest class, the former by urban concentration and unemployment, the latter by removal of any monetary value per head to justify even the most meagre care by the exploiting owners. But industrialization has, it must be added, hastened class consciousness, as witness the increasing unrest and open rebellion evidenced by recent strikes and militant organization of workers and share-croppers.

Somewhat above this vast lowest stratum is another distinct class, one which has in-

creased rapidly under the industrialization process, comprising the petty bourgeois merchants and white collar workers. This group has many minor differentiations; but its chief common characteristics are a definite sense of superiority to the common herd below, and more or less worshipful subservience to the lords above. Exceptions there are, and increasing ones, in this matter of subservience, and with such the overlords deal promptly and effectively; for none but licensed opposition is long tolerated in such a key group.

II

But what of the highly touted Southern intellectuals? In what special class do they belong? Clustered about the small urban centers in such institutions as breed and harbor an intellectualism in keeping with this general social and industrial structure, even scattered about thinly in strictly rural regions, is a quantitatively large but qualitatively middle-sized group of academicians, professionals, artists and writers, about whom so much has been said, from whom too much has been expected. Almost an established caste a few years ago, the status and influence of this highly touted *intelligentsia* have definitely depreciated with the tightening of the controls and taboos by the overlords until at present writing it shows a decided tendency towards disintegration. Inevitably, unless a social-economic overturn of unexpected suddenness and violence occurs, middle class liberal intellectualism of any broad or potent caliber must merge its interests and activities with those of existing lower classes or revert to sheer flunkysm. There can be no liberal half-way ground much longer, except perhaps in the narrow confines of medicine, academics, and certain branches of the fine arts.

Let us check fairly the existing taboos that must be rigorously observed by the conscientious liberal intellectual in the South today, be he teacher, preacher, writer, scientist, or worker in the pay of public or private welfare institution. After having lived for the past fifteen years in that portion of the Southland generally considered most "liberal and progressive," and having spent most of that time as public school teacher and administrator, I cite from personal experience and observation the following as forbidden fields of speech and action, in the order of their importance and consequent danger to the unwitting or daring transgressor:

First and foremost in any State south of the Mason and Dixon line comes the race question. Woven inextricably into the essence of Southern consciousness is the rhythm:

White is white, and black is black;
White folks have what black folks lack.

The most lowly white tenant farmer or mill hand—unless he be of that numerically small but growing group of organized radicals in the deeper South—feels congenitally superior to any black man. Pity, then, the plight of the poor Negro intellectual, who must writhe impotently under the torture of a denial of even the most elemental civic rights. This racial antipathy on the part of the whites is definitely incited by the overlords of society as a basic necessity to the continuance of the existing feudal system. Hence, woe to the daring liberal intellectual, white or black, who attempts to question by word or deed the essential rightness of any portion of the complex barriers set up between the two races. Immediately he is set upon from all quarters as an advocate of "social equality," as a "nigger lover"—if he be white, or as an "uppity nigger"—if he

be black; in any case, he is a dangerous customer who deserves and gets no quarter.

Closely allied with the race taboo is the whole vital class struggle and the desire for a new and more equitable social order. The two are finally one, and all elements in the South are slowly waking to that fact. Hence again, the deadly danger of openly advocating any but the mildest and most innocuous sort of social and economic changes, such as careful sectional interpretations of New Dealism. Despite all the yowling about academic freedom and the ballyhoo of the New South's receptiveness towards liberalism, let some university professor or institutional worker start talking along radical lines or—ten times worse—dare bring in outsiders to advocate vital reforms, and off goes his head.

Let us note some striking examples, several of which illustrate the close tie-up between racial and economic issues.

The case of Dr. Horace B. Davis, formerly professor of economics at Southwestern University, is a striking one. Davis had dared to espouse a public meeting in the streets of Memphis, Tennessee, in 1930, at which a Negro speaker was to protest the Atlanta insurrection cases. Summarily he, his wife, and the speaker-to-be were arrested and held incommunicado in jail overnight while their house was searched.

"Anybody with a message has a right to talk," stated the police commissioner when he withdrew sanction for the meeting, "but not for social equality!"

Needless to state, Professor Davis is no longer at Southwestern University.

Dr. Kenneth Barnhart, once professor of sociology at Birmingham Southern College, was last year dropped from the faculty as an "economy move" after he had supported the defence in the Scottsboro case. He was the tenth instructor dropped

from that institution during recent years for liberal views.

The New Orleans Public Forum conducted by certain Tulane University professors and other liberals was barred last May from holding future meetings by local school board action following a meeting at which a number of Negroes were in attendance. Likewise in Charlottesville, Virginia, at about the same time, University of Virginia authorities shut down on the scheduled meeting of a student Free Discussion Group at which Richard Moore, colored speaker of the International Labor Defense, was scheduled to speak. According to reports both radicals and Negroes had on previous occasions been heard on the university campus, but the combination was too strong a dose.

Even that pioneer haven of liberal intellectuals, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, carefully steers clear of tobacco and cotton industry research. Back in the nineteen-twenties, before the controls had really begun to tighten, venturesome liberal professors were induced to call off plans for an investigation of conditions of women and children working in cotton mills of the State. This was about the time that a little group of labor sympathizers summarily accepted positions elsewhere; and was soon followed by denouncement of liberal Chapel Hill professors as "crack-brained" and "enemies of industry" by David Clark of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*.

At the same institution more recently a young Negro named Hocutt attempted to crash the entrance doors of the School of Pharmacy, backed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—amid the loud silence of Southern white intellectuals—and was met with the inevitable decision that he had failed to qualify as to entrance requirements.

Next in order of taboo intensity must even yet be listed the matter of anti-religious activity or even extreme modernist questioning of fundamentalist doctrines. Undoubtedly there has been much advancement along this line since the Dayton monkey trial roused the laughter of the entire world, for the industrial leadership of the South—which, of course, controls the churches, too—is keenly alive to ridicule from without that might hurt business. But at heart the bulk of the population is still God-minded, insists on its spring and fall revival tonics—preferably taken visibly in a tent—wants and will tolerate no damfool questioning or reinterpretation of what did or did not happen as related in Genesis, Exodus and the Book of Revelation.

And the lords of the South, often themselves devout Fundamentalists—on the church books, at least—want and will allow no significant tampering with the public's attitude on religion. It is necessary to their security that the populace take its consolation-sop straight. This attitude unquestionably accounts for their eagerness to endow and support denominationally sound watering places for conservative intellectuals, such as the Duke Foundation and innumerable small colleges and religious institutions. And it should be remarked in passing that such beneficiaries as those of the Duke Foundation are expected to rally unquestioningly to the Cause when a thankless Democratic national administration approves a loan to a South Carolina community for the erection of a truly *public* utilities plant, as recently occurred when heads of all institutions involved were rushed to Washington to help save the goose that lays the golden eggs.

An excellent illustration of just how much latitude is allowed even staid Baptist brethren when they dare divert from the

Biblical paths to express themselves on strictly lay matters occurred in Atlanta in 1931, when the Georgia Baptist State Convention committee's first report on Social Service quoted facts on unemployment, small wages and big dividends to the detriment of its bosses. Fortunately, Governor Black of the Atlanta Reserve Bank happened to be present and the report was promptly rewritten with whitewash.

Even the ridicule following the Dayton mess failed to save the hide of Dr. Howard Day, liberal biology professor of Howard College, Baptist institution of Birmingham, Alabama, when he declared publicly in 1929, three years after the Scopes trial, that Noah could not possibly have got all the animals into the ark or any whale actually swallow a man. His resignation was immediately demanded and accepted.

III

The advocacy of salient political reforms, including anti-militarism, comes next on the taboo list. In this, as in all other essential fields for intellectual liberalism, it is not here contended that the South interposes barriers to free speech and action not set up, in some degree, at least, elsewhere. The facts are, however, that the Southern social and economic structure is so elementally stark in the rigidity of its controls that there is practically no safety zone of any real scope, where the intellectual with liberal propensities may caper about as his conscience and his cause dictate. Even the milder forms of parlor Socialism are in the South considered in bad taste, if not downright dangerous entertainment. And as for actually getting out and campaigning for child labor laws—or worse, trying to make them effective once they are on the books—that simply mustn't be done.

In Birmingham, Alabama, for example,

an alleged woman liberal intellectual, who claimed credit for having a part in putting over a State child labor law, admits that there had to be a tacit agreement with the bosses that it would not apply to Negro children.

At Winston-Salem, North Carolina, only last April, R. W. Macdonald, young professor of education at Salem College, dared to enter the ranks of political crusaders by seeking the Democratic nomination for the legislature on an anti-sales tax pro-schools platform, with plenty of facts and statistical evidence in his brief case. But local tobacco and textile magnates disapproved and threatened withdrawal of pledged endowment contributions to the college unless he resigned his candidacy; to the end that Macdonald had to choose between his campaign and his job.

The dominating influence of the American Legion as a convenient medium of the war-making industrialists throughout the South has much to do with the restriction of anti-war utterances. Not only the American Legion! University of Tennessee students in 1931 were readily restrained from further publication of anti-militaristic editorials in their college paper by threatened withdrawal of the R.O.T.C. subsidy from the institution, as admitted by Colonel Ragsdale of the Eighty-first Division, East Tennessee, before the House Immigration Committee.

Last and least of the taboos under which Southern intellectuals must live and like it, comes the whole field of educational reform—least, that is, as long as one deals only with the *how* of education. The minute, however, that any educator dares to raise his voice and discuss the *what* and the *who* involved in the public dissemination of educational experience, he automatically thumbs his nose at every taboo on the books and faces personal disaster.

Let us examine this significant taboo in some detail. Numerically, teachers of one kind or another constitute a great—if not the greatest—percentage of so-called intellectuals throughout the nation. Particularly is this true in the South, lacking as it does its proportionate share of certain other *intelligentsia*. And teachers, whether university professors or public school-ma'ams, being by the nature of their calling ever in the public eye, are peculiarly subject to each and all of the aforementioned taboos. They are delightful focal points for the eyes of censorship, from the malignant powerful orb of the utility or tobacco magnate, eager to discern the slightest trend toward the left, to the multi-microscopic eye of John Public, Senior, anxious that only the "best and safest" influences be brought to bear on John Public, Junior. All issues involving a teacher must perforce be moral issues. There can be no other kind in the South!

Under such surveillance—and it has ever been thus—the teacher intellectual has turned willy-nilly to "safe" mental diversions; to wit, the tried and true classics, the accepted mathematics and sciences, aseptic literature and arts, and, more recently, the vastly interesting field of education itself. None of these *per se* gives any offence to the taboos. But there sprang up here and there in the South, as in other sections, a few teaching intellectuals who, quickened by their immediate success in effecting minor educational reforms, envisioned greater possibilities ahead. Safe and sane heretofore in their careful observance of all the essential taboos, these bolder spirits began openly to explore the *what* and *who* of public education, and immediately ran smack into every barrier of the caste system. For the *what* of educational experience opened up vast controversial fields of social and economic

relationships, of religious uncertainties, awareness of the vicious industrial feudal system itself; and the *who* meant a new approach to the existing disparagement against Negro education.

When the depression came, things began to happen. The lords of the land awoke with a start. The controls tightened. The taboos shut down with a wham. Leading offenders were disciplined. The whole teaching body quivered and shook as rapid curtailments in public funds for educational purposes succeeded each other with unprecedented rapidity. In North Carolina alone, within two years, there was a 40% decrease in support of public educational institutions. In other States many schools were shut down altogether. In the general shakedown practically all the minor reforms which had been slipped over during the "easy" days of the nineteen-twenties were virtuously cast aside in the interest of "public economy."

In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, a tobacco magnate's ire was so roused at sight of a group of "niggers daring to play tennis" that all physical education was promptly eliminated from local high-schools, both white and colored. Another tobacco company official, acting chairman of the School Board, on a recent good-will tour of the public school buildings, stated that "in my business, going about among the hands and making them feel you're interested in them, is just as effective as handing out a raise in wages." His teachers had only that year taken a 50% salary cut!

As an illustration of the vigor with which this all-important taboo against vital educational reform is enforced, the writer here takes the liberty of citing from personal experience. As teacher and principal in Winston-Salem schools for thirteen years under the arch censorship of a leading tobacco company and an important

bank, as they were overwhelmingly represented on the school board, the writer was tolerated as a satisfactory, if somewhat too liberal schoolman. So long, at least, as the liberalism was outwardly restricted to teaching techniques and the workers' children got plenty of readin', 'ritin', an' 'rithmetic, with not too much of this new-fangled Social Science, no move was even considered to oust him.

But when he "up an' writ a book" telling the story of an experiment at vitalizing public education in a Southern tobacco town, suspiciously like Winston-Salem, showing how the industrialists dominated the schools and quickly kicked out the dangerous innovators—why, that was too much. Such a man could no longer be deemed a fit person to educate children. And the uproar of the inevitable dismissal that ensued sounds yet in the ears of every liberal teaching intellectual in Winston-Salem, in North Carolina, throughout the entire South. What price academic freedom in this liberal tobacracry!

IV

Just as liberalism in education as such has received a terrific blow, involving definite curtailment of the meagre latitude previously allowed teaching intellectuals, so the increased intensity of the economic crisis has operated to curb the status and activities of other liberals. Only the safely established professionals and the most conservative teachers can boast of any degree of security, and even they have suffered from the economic blows struck at the entire group by the worried overlords. Teachers, reduced economically and socially to far below the average level of the petty bourgeois and white collar caste, whimper and sweat in fear of further discipline. And yet they are not ready to strike back in

the only way resistance can count, through militant rank and file organization. Institutional workers say little and saw wood with an eye on the big bosses' every move. Professionals mutter in private and carefully refrain from getting involved in anything "unprofessional."

Here and there a daring recalcitrant, goaded beyond endurance, yips his individual yip and goes to the economic guillotine. But while he may gain an indignant audience and much sympathy for a time, the big boys are stubborn, and the masses have troubles of their own. Even the white collar workers have too much competition among their ranks as it is. They have no leeway or real inclination to fight the battles of the *intelligentsia*.

What hope lies ahead for the conscientious liberal intellectual of the South? Very little, indeed. As an established segment of the population, the liberal middle class in-

tellectual must inevitably disappear. True, there will continue to be professionals, teachers of a sort, medicos, journalists, researchers, institutional workers; but they will not be open liberals. To hold their present jobs, they will have to swallow more and larger doses of taboo medicine, than which there is nothing more bitter to the conscientious liberal. But there are signs of revolt, even of open revolt. To quote a student about to graduate from a Southern denominational college:

"A great many of us young Southerners, educated in the bourgeois mold, are beginning to see through the stodginess of Southern institutions, which can no longer even furnish jobs for us. The struggles of the share-croppers and mill workers have influenced us profoundly. These events of the Southern proletariat can be diverted into a nobler cause than the Baptist Church."

CHAOS IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE

BY JOSEPH N. ULMAN

THE American press, through the early summer of 1934, referred frequently to seven laws enacted by Congress shortly before adjournment, aimed to suppress crime by investing the Federal government with additional powers. During the same period many State legislatures adopted, or planned to adopt, vigorously repressive criminal statutes. A feature common to all this legislation is the provision for more severe penalties; and the press hails each new evidence of severity as a step in the right direction. One might conclude from the newspapers that America has decided to wipe out crime by a stern policy of putting its worst criminals to death and locking up the rest. All over the country, editors have preached the gospel of strict enforcement of the criminal laws. Lists of public enemies have been compiled and given wide publicity. Many on these lists have met death, in some instances at the hands of the police or Federal agents, in others through legal execution. Repression seems the order of the day.

But these same newspapers have printed thousands of words recounting the life histories of these public enemies in terms of heroism. On the editorial page they appear as cowardly, vicious, and cruel gangsters, but in the news pages they are pictured as soldiers of fortune battling on uneven terms against the organized forces of society. John Dillinger, Jr., is ambushed and shot down in the street; a few days later the rotogravure sections of the Sunday

newspapers picture John Dillinger, Sr., standing outside the theatre where he is billed in vaudeville as a recognition of services rendered in siring the most notorious criminal of the lot. What is America's real attitude toward crime? Do we actually want to stamp it out, or are we a little proud of our record as the most lawless country on earth? Are we in earnest about anything except bigness?

Certainly we have achieved bigness in the matter of crime. The report of the Wickersham Commission tells us that the nation's annual crime bill is \$14,000,000,000. That is a good round figure and perhaps it may be right. The Commission has collected vast quantities of data and has compiled volumes of important information; the volumes are filed away unread except for their more spectacular general conclusions. A few repressive laws are added to the many already on our statute books, we indulge in a passionate convulsion of verbal virtue, but we leave the problem about where we found it.

Isn't it time to think this thing through and to operate by plan instead of by convulsion? For years we have acted upon the assumption that imprisonment is a cure for crime; we have built more and still more prisons and have locked up larger and larger numbers of men. During the nine years ending in 1932 the population of the United States increased by 12%; in the same nine years our prison population grew by 87%. Millions of dollars have

gone into the erection of new prisons, and more millions into their upkeep, while the weary procession of social misfits continues to make its round into prison and out, only to commit new crimes and be locked up for them again and yet again. Meanwhile one State, Massachusetts, claims that in fifty years it has not built a single new cell and has even junked a number of its older prisons. Is not the experience of this one State reason enough to make us pause and consider? Perhaps there are more effective ways to control crime than by repression alone.

First of all, we ought to have a clear conception of the purpose of our elaborate and expensive machinery of criminal justice; and we ought to construct and operate the machinery consistently with that purpose. What is our real purpose? Is it to punish the offender, or to reform him? Is it to deter others from committing similar offenses, or is it to protect society against the convicted offender? In the absence of a rounded program, we over-emphasize first one and then another of these objectives as our law-makers trim their basic aims to shifting philosophies. The truth is that a rationally conceived system would take all these factors into account and would never permit emphasis upon one to obscure the importance of the rest. While the protection of society ought to be regarded as the primary purpose underlying all other purposes, it is absurd to think that the motive of punishment can be disregarded entirely; and it is obvious that the best way to protect society is to reform the offender if he can be reformed. When I say that the motive of punishment cannot be disregarded I am simply being realistic. Individuals resent offenses and insist upon revenge; organized society makes the same demand. We are not yet ready to say that kidnapers and gangsters are wards of society who

ought to be nursed gently into habits of good social conduct; and I am not at all sure that this would be a desirable state of mind. The wise pursuit of a high ideal does not destroy primary human impulses, and to pretend that it does merely leads to muddled thinking.

II

The criminal law, then, and especially the mechanisms for the treatment of convicted offenders, have developed under the influence of social impulses varying from time to time both in nature and intensity; the result is a planless and often self-contradictory whole. Eighteenth Century insistence upon the rights of the individual has combined with Nineteenth Century sentimentality and Twentieth Century hard-headedness to produce rules of law under which a skilful criminal lawyer can block effective prosecution. The police have invented the third-degree to break through the legal rules. In some States capital punishment has been abolished; everywhere it seems to have fallen into disfavor, yet mobs of lynchers give effective expression to another social philosophy. Judges impose sentences to long terms in prison; parole boards listen to the pleas of the sentimental or to the demands of politicians, and turn dangerous prisoners loose to prey upon society. We justify imprisonment on the theory that it is intended to reform the prisoner rather than to punish him; and then we put him on a Welfare Island to school him in depravity. We talk about the deterrent effect of punishment; and in our newspapers and motion pictures we exhibit the criminal as a romantic figure. It is thus easy to understand why criminology is still a step-child among the social sciences, and why the word *penologist* is used often as a term of reproach.

Does this mean that nothing has been learned, that the social sciences concerned with the problem have been sterile? I think not. I think it means only that in our pre-occupation with other problems we have failed to make use of the materials lying ready to our hands. Certain pregnant facts stand out, established beyond peradventure by modern psychological research. Every human being is an individual and differs from all his fellows. If we hope to improve their conduct, men cannot be thrown into categories, labelled, and dealt with as groups. These concepts are simple enough for anybody to grasp; they form the starting point for a rational and effective criminology. Add a firm conviction that the primary purpose of criminal justice is to protect society against anti-social behavior, and we can begin to make real progress. Sometimes we shall find that the fear of punishment is an aid toward this end, often that punishment is of less importance than measures of reformation. In some cases we shall determine that the wrong-doer must be segregated for life, in others that he should be eliminated by death. Always we shall base our decision not upon the particular crime he has committed, but upon the personality of the criminal.

This formula is simple enough, but its rigorous application will require not only an entirely new system of criminal justice but, what is harder to achieve, a new habit of social thinking. Let me illustrate. Clarence Bunce was arraigned before me three years ago on a charge of robbery with deadly weapons. He stood in court, thin and pinched, not at all the glamorous hold-up man of the Sunday supplements. He plead guilty; the State's attorney rapidly outlined the facts of the case. Bunce had entered a shoe-store near the busiest corner of downtown Baltimore at eleven in the morning. Only one clerk was on duty and

there were no other customers. The clerk turned his back to take a pair of shoes from a shelf; when he turned round again there was a gun pressed against his stomach and Bunce was demanding the money in the cash-drawer. He got the money and ran out of the store—directly into the arms of a traffic officer on the corner.

These were the facts of an ordinary hold-up case. In Baltimore a relatively honest police force and an extraordinarily efficient prosecuting office have combined with a non-political judiciary to keep the city almost entirely free from gangsters. The typical racketeer is unknown in our city, but we do have homicides and robberies; and a robber with a loaded gun in his hand is a potential murderer. Therefore it is my rule to impose a stiff sentence in all cases of this kind. Before doing so I asked Bunce if he had anything to say. He replied: "My wife was sick and my baby was hungry. I needed the money." I followed my rule and sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary; but as he was led away I wrote an order to our chief probation officer to make a thorough investigation and report to me within ten days.

A week later I came into my office early in the morning to find a visitor awaiting me. He was a tough-looking customer and I was relieved when he showed his badge and introduced himself as a penitentiary guard. What he said that morning made me think of him afterward as "the giant with the baby heart." He addressed me thus: "Your Honor, that man Bunce don't belong in the pen and we want you to let him out. He's not at all like the other men over there. He does his work all right in the shop, only he won't talk to anybody; and when recreation time comes, he won't go out in the yard. He just goes to his cell and sits on the edge of his bunk with his head in his hands and cries. He cries till

bed-time. Judge, please let him out. We can't stand it!"

"Well," I said, "I can change my sentence any time during the term if the report from the Probation Department is satisfactory." I looked over my unopened mail, and there was the report on Bunce.

I wish I had the space to repeat that report in full. The case had been investigated by a competent officer and before me lay the story of Bunce's life from childhood until the day of his arrest. His school record was there and his employment record. I was informed about his parentage, his health, his mental capacity, his family life, his religious practices, his habits of recreation and amusement. He was no longer Case Number 3129 but a flesh-and-blood human being; and a very decent human being he was, too. On the day of the robbery there was some confusion in the Emergency Relief Office, and Bunce came home to his sick wife and his hungry baby with an empty basket. Thereupon he lost his head. After thirty-five years of model citizenship, after holding good jobs and winning steady promotion, he had turned suddenly, desperately, and irrationally into a hold-up man.

Of course, the ten-year sentence was stricken out. A suspended sentence of two years was substituted and Bunce was put on probation. His old employer made a place for him; at the expiration of the two years he was happily at work supporting his family.

III

Again, take the case of James Roberts. James was eighteen years old and had never been arrested before. He lived in a poor neighborhood where crowded streets and alleys were the only playgrounds. James was charged with the ugly crime of so-

domy; the complaining witness was a twelve-year-old boy, small for his age. There was much conflicting testimony, and though James was proved "guilty beyond a reasonable doubt," I had reason to believe that the younger boy was a more than willing victim. It would have been easy to sentence James to a year in prison and forget him; and it would have been equally easy to predict that at the end of the year James would come out an habitual sexual pervert and a menace to society. In this case a thorough investigation had been made before the day of trial. Not only a probation officer, but also the psychiatrist attached to the Probation Department, had spent many hours studying James, his family, his associates, his habits and his potentialities. Most important were the findings of the psychiatrist, who reported that James was a normal youth and that his sex life had been regular until the events that led to his arrest. These events might be ascribed to weakness of character and to an adolescent desire for experimentation, but James was not a constitutional homosexual. Obviously, prison was no place for him. He needed control and a strong guiding hand; above all, he needed to be taught how to use his leisure time. Loafing on street-corners and playing in alley-ways had got him into trouble; mere good advice would not keep him out of future difficulties. It was a clear case for careful planning and strict supervision under probation.

But an important factor in the case has still to be mentioned. Criminal courts do not operate in a vacuum. They are agencies of society; and society properly demands not only that court action shall *be* just but that it shall *seem* just to those most nearly concerned. In this case, a whole neighborhood was concerned, or thought it was. I had noticed during the trial that the court room was more than ordinarily crowded.

Investigation revealed that more than thirty persons were there awaiting the outcome of this case. They were divided into hostile groups, one made up of the family and friends of the culprit, the other of partisans of his young victim. The latter were hungry for revenge; they hoped I might find some way to hang the prisoner.

I knew it would be useless to explain my point of view and my proposed action in the public court room. Therefore I invited the two groups to accompany me into my chambers where I should announce my sentence. James stood in front of me, between his counsel and his widowed mother; the neighbors took up positions on each side of the room like armies ready for battle. The prisoner had not shaved for a week and the adolescent down on his lip and chin intensified his surly expression. Talking to him, but mindful of the listening groups who constituted public opinion in this case, I explained how wrong and how dangerous had been his conduct. I explained the difference between constitutional homosexuality and adolescent experimentation in that field. I stated that the maximum penalty for the crime of which he stood convicted was ten years in the penitentiary. All this was said in the simplest possible language, chosen for the understanding of my untutored audience. As I spoke, James's expression seemed to grow more surly, even defiant. Then suddenly, something snapped. James stopped staring at me, turned toward his mother, buried his head on her shoulder and sobbed like a little child.

That solved my problem. I finished my speech in a few sentences, enlisting the whole neighborhood as volunteers to help the probation officer set James on the road to right living. The men and women who had come seeking revenge were among those most eager to help. Everybody shook

hands with James, many of the women kissed his mother. I fixed the term of probation at five years. This happened in 1927, and James Roberts has never been back in the criminal court.

These cases illustrate the way in which a rational system of criminal justice may be expected to operate. Men who commit crimes will be studied as individuals and treated as individuals. Treatment to fit the man will take the place of punishment to fit the crime. This does not mean there will be no punishment; nor does it mean a soft and sentimental approach to the problem of crime. On the contrary, many a man who now gets a series of short terms for repeated offenses will be put where he can do no social harm and kept there. The habitual offender is the product and the victim of our planless penology. Probably it will be found advisable to put some criminals to death; the death sentence, however, will not be a punishment for certain kinds of crime, but the only expedient adequate to protect society against certain irreclaimable individuals. Undoubtedly most of those sent to prison will be released, even as they are released under our present haphazard system; but they will be released when they are fit to be set free, and prisons will be designed and operated as training grounds for normal life. The best jailer will be the jailer whose prisoners make the best records after they are released. Parole, now so often the bought privilege of the prisoner with a political pull, will be the normal and universal mode of release from prison; the state will not only supervise the conduct of former prisoners but will lend them a helping hand over the hard months when they are trying to reestablish themselves in society. Throughout the whole process, beginning with arrest, during trial, in the appropriate institution, and afterward, each offender will be studied and evaluated as

an individual. He will be restrained if restraint is the appropriate measure of social protection; but always there will be an effort to develop his better potentialities.

In such a system probation will be given a much larger place and will be developed far more effectively than has been thought possible in the past. But probation must be made a real force in the individual's life, not a mere gesture from a kind-hearted judge. It is through the relatively greater use of probation that Massachusetts has kept down its prison population, yet even there the system has not been supported adequately or fully developed. The latest available figures are found in the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Probation for the year ending September 30, 1930. This reveals that three persons are placed on probation for every one sentenced to a penal or reformatory institution in that State; that the whole number placed on probation in a single year has reached the impressive figure of 34,304; and that 29,623 of these were adults seventeen years of age or older. Moreover, since 1900, the number annually released on probation increased over five-fold, while commitments to institutions decreased by nearly one-third.

As against these figures from one State that believes in the probation method, it is estimated that in all the rest of the United States fewer than 150,000 persons are placed on probation each year. Massachusetts, with one-thirtieth of the whole population, contributes more than one-sixth of the probation cases in the country and does so without the slightest sacrifice of law and order. And this is so in spite of the fact that even Massachusetts spends only \$17.91 annually for the care and supervision of each probationer, when it is well known that adequate probation service would cost three or four times that sum.

In most States it is thought wise and eco-

nomical to spend \$350 a year to keep a man locked up in a prison from which he emerges after a term of years only to commit new crimes. Yet these same States maintain rudimentary probation departments undermanned by untrained and often uneducated officers; and there is loud complaint when an expenditure of ten or twenty dollars a year for each individual on probation fails to work the wonder of reformation every time. When a spectacular crime is reported, emphasis is likely to be laid in the press upon the fact that the perpetrator was put on probation earlier in his career or was released on parole before the expiration of some former sentence. President Roosevelt says in "Looking Forward": "If the criminal's past history gives good reason to believe that he is not of the naturally criminal type, that he is capable of real reform and of becoming a useful citizen, there is no doubt that probation, viewed from the selfish standpoint of protection to society alone, is the most efficient method that we have. And yet it is the least understood, the least developed, the least appreciated of all our efforts to rid society of the criminal. . . . By its intelligent extension, crime can be decreased, the overcrowded conditions in our penal institutions greatly ameliorated, and the necessity for building more and more prisons, for needlessly and ineffectively spending huge prison budgets reduced."

That brief passage emphasizes the ideal of a probation program as a serious part of a system of penology. This ideal has not yet been realized anywhere. The public is apt to think of probation as an act of sentimental weakness emanating from a soft-hearted judge. Only too often this is a just appraisal. Probation ought to be an integral part of a carefully conceived penology; its wise administration depends far more upon a hard head than a soft heart. Every crim-

inal trial must first establish the offender's guilt; but it should be concerned in equal measure with the appraisal of his individuality. A judge in an Eastern city said recently: "I have in every instance given a criminal a sentence that I regarded as commensurate with his crime, and regardless of what welfare workers and college professors think of the subject . . . I shall continue to do what I think will make this a safe community in which to live." This judge exemplifies an attitude which many may applaud. He is honest and courageous; he prides himself on being hard-boiled. Actually, he is a menace to his own professed ideals. Many judges think they can reach a sound conclusion about the individualities of offenders by what occurs in the court room. Others, happily becoming fewer in number, do not even try to do so; they think their job is done if they mete out a punishment to fit the crime. And old man crime keeps rolling along.

A properly organized probation department will give to the court a personality study of every convicted offender. This will take time and cost money; but the time and money will be well spent. Armed with this information a thoughtful judge will decide that many whom he now sends to prison will be more likely to go straight if allowed their liberty under careful supervision. But the supervision must be strict and thorough as well as helpful. A plan must be mapped out for each individual placed on probation, a plan that covers both his working time and his playing time; and there must be a sufficient number of trained probation officers to make sure that the plan is adhered to. We cannot hope to make men exchange old bad habits for new good habits by a mere offer of the chance. There is no magic in probation. Furthermore, we cannot get a good probation department at a bargain price. But if we are willing to

pay for efficient service by competent and well-trained officers, this penological device will spare many the ignominy and injury of a term in prison while at the same time it will afford society full protection against their anti-social tendencies.

I have before me the expiration reports on the cases of eight young men whom I placed on probation during the latter part of 1931. Every one of them completed his term of probation without conflict with the law; every one of them has shown some improvement in his conduct. Had they been in prison, they would have cost the State of Maryland about ten times the price of their supervision on probation; and there is no reason to believe their criminal habits would have been eradicated. Doubtless some of those eight will commit new crimes. Many do while on probation. But though most serious crimes are committed by ex-prisoners, we continue to think of imprisonment as a cure for the criminal tendency.

A well-organized probation department has become an essential part of a modern criminal court; but its usefulness is not limited to the cases selected for the employment of the probation method. Take, for example, the case of John Fowler. The picture presented at his trial seemed ideal for this treatment. He was a bank teller who was found guilty of petty defalcations extending over a period of several months. His wife's testimony described him as a quiet, domestic young man of good habits, devoted to his family, and caught in a financial jam because he had undertaken the purchase of a home on the instalment plan. His employer was sympathetic and suggested that Fowler be given another chance. When, however, the case was investigated by the probation officer it was found that for years this apparently model young man was deceiving everybody. He

lived beyond his means because he was a gambler and a sport. When his wife thought he was working over-time at the bank, he was actually entertaining chorus girls at night clubs. From his early youth, as the spoiled child of too indulgent parents, all through his life he had been taking long chances and getting away with them. If I had acted upon the superficial impressions gained in the court room and placed him on probation, he would have prided himself upon one more successful deception and gone on in the same old way. This case is but one of many in my records where investigation, ordered with a view to the granting of probation, has revealed that the defendants needed the sharply corrective influence of a prison term. I wish I could believe that the prisons to which I sent them were really likely to exercise that influence.

My emphasis upon the utility of probation must not be understood as a claim that it is a panacea. On the contrary, it is a method wholly inappropriate to many cases, and readily susceptible of abuse. But in the field of probation we find a high development of that individualization of treatment which must be the goal of a modern penology; and it is this fact that makes probation so important when we come to consider the whole problem of crime control.

We need now to rally all our forces to work together for a planned system of criminal justice. The task that confronts us calls for the solution of many problems upon which mere training in the law sheds little light. The physician must help, and the psychologist; every social science must render its contribution. Lawyers can contribute much; their influence will be important in conserving the valuable parts of our traditional, legal heritage. But lawyers must be willing to throw overboard many

of their preconceptions and prejudices, to accept new ideas as well as to give from their store of practical experience, if the results are to justify the effort.

Contrast for a moment the mode of attack that I envisage with our past and present methods. In the past we have shifted frequently from one philosophy to another, piled inconsistencies of purpose one upon the other, retained archaic legal formulæ and evinced surprise when in practice they presented obstacles to the sound working of modern criminological devices. Emotional outburst rather than scientific inquiry has supplied our guiding principles. At present we are all for hard-boiled repression. We forget that for every one dangerous gangster in our criminal courts we find there ten or perhaps twenty social misfits, in need of help and guidance rather than of punishment. Today we are in danger of gearing the machinery of criminal justice too high, of reconstructing the whole apparatus to the pattern required for its exceptional operation. Tomorrow, by the same token, the pendulum may swing the other way and a too soft sentimentality may take the place of today's harshness. Successive waves of legal theory and public sentiment have advanced and receded, leaving behind them what we please to call our system of criminal justice. As might be expected, it is not a system but a hodgepodge. Meanwhile crime and criminality have grown to monstrous proportions.

It is high time to attack the monster, not by high words or in a high temper, but with a high resolve to think, and study, and plan, before we act. When we do act, we must act fully and fearlessly, upon a foundation of complete knowledge, and free from bias and prejudice. Then and only then can we hope to create an effective system of criminal justice.

LAST RITES

BY ALICE MULHERN

FRANCES knew that Superior was dead. She was to be buried up in the nuns' graveyard on the hill behind the vineyard. She would lie there among headstones the farmer had chipped out of rocks from the convent quarry. She would be as quiet as she had always been but once, and, perhaps, tall again. Frances had heard that when a person died the body stretched. It took place before *rigor mortis* set in. That was a word in catechism that had to do with Extreme Unction. Extreme Unction was the last rite of the Church, a sacrament that gloriously sent a soul up to the Most High if it were given before *rigor mortis*. After that it was too late unless, of course, the person had died in the state of grace.

As for Superior, naturally, she had been fortified with the sacraments because she had been ill a long time. For weeks the children in the Younger School had been praying an extra Hail Mary at morning and night prayers. Not that Superior would get well exactly, but that God's holy will might be done.

So when Superior did not get well, the children thought that Death was on its way. Most of them had had no experience with human takings-off, so in huddles on the playground they used to wonder if there would be a sign that Death was about to strike. Would an Angel of the Lord mark Superior's door with blood in order to deceive Death, the way the heavenly messenger was doing in the picture

in Bible history where it told about the first-born of Egypt being struck down by Jehovah? That had happened to the Egyptians because Pharaoh did not allow the Israelites to leave the house of bondage.

Frances wondered if there would be three sharp raps on the dormitory wall in the middle of the night, Death's demand to be let in. Would the clocks stop the moment Superior stopped breathing? The servants said that had always happened in Ireland when the master died. Would there be a three-day holiday between death and burial? Surely the school mistresses would be too busy to teach, what with praying all the extra prayers that everyone knew always accompanied departed souls on their way to Purgatory. Would the Younger School be allowed to see Superior in her coffin and to sprinkle holy water on her with a sprig of blessed palm? Would they be supposed to cry?

At this question Pansy always bawled into her handkerchief, a thing which made Frances sick because it was so dirty. Pansy saved her clean ones. No one knew why. She was mysterious about it when the children cornered her. She could make tears roll down her cheeks, too, whenever anyone asked her to. Sometimes it was fun to watch, but most of the time it was unpleasant. No wonder that Frances looked carefully around to see if Pansy was near before asking the others about crying on account of Superior's death.

Frances, as well as everybody else in the Younger School, knew that Superior did not like Pansy in spite of the child's low curtseys and too polite airs. Every time she met Pansy in the corridors she had looked behind ears and at nails to see if all were washed. Then, whether or not she had washed that day, Superior used to send the child back to the dormitory for an extra washing, waiting in the corridor until Pansy came back rescrubbed. Afterwards, oftener than not, Superior sent her back a second time for a fresh handkerchief. Frances would have been ashamed by all this, but Pansy was not. She said it was an honor that Superior gave her special attention. No, Superior did not like Pansy. She was hard to keep clean.

It was exciting waiting for Superior to die or to get well. The extra prayers were not begrudged. They were said with what might be called no abstraction. But none of the children fell instantly to sleep at night because any one of them might hear a bony-knuckled rap, might catch a glimpse of Superior's soul on its flight. Uncertainty made sleep light.

It was an anticlimax, then, when one morning at rising bell, Sister Beatrice, mistress of the Younger School, sent round the message that Superior had died in the night: Sunday uniforms were to be put on. No one had heard the death watch on the wall. No one had covered her ears on being waked up by the banshee's summoning shriek. Clocks had not stopped. Evidently, the Younger School concluded, death was like a snowfall. One rather expected it. Waited for it. Then it came.

Sunday uniforms meant a holiday. No school. As the line marshalled itself into place for chapel the Younger School tried to look sad. But it was hard, especially since there would be no classes for two or

three days. Then, too, there was the chance that the farmer, James, might let some of the children help him with the coffin. Hand him nails, or sweep up the shavings.

In chapel, though, as Frances prayed, she forgot even the pleasing prospect of watching James saw the white pine planks to proper size. For a kind of reconciliation came over her. She felt uplifted. It was as if the extra Hail Marys had won their appointed end: God's will had been as just as it always shall be to the end of the world. Pink had been avenged.

II

Superior had killed Pink with a kick that had sent the field mouse into the mill-race. He must have drowned, because the children had not found him. They had had a funeral and had kept myrtle growing on the mound where they had buried Pink's spirit. But they had not found the body even though James had helped them search. All through the winter, when the mill pond had frozen over and the children had daringly skated over the black rubber ice which slithered under their feet, they thought of Pink, wondered where his skeleton was lying, relived his agony as the whirlpool drew him under.

Mice had not souls. No animals had. Perhaps, in God's eyes, kicking a mouse was a little thing. Maybe it meant only a short stay in Purgatory. That was enough, though, Frances thought. It was such a gloomy place she would not have wanted Superior to be there a second longer than was needed in expiation of Pink's death.

There was no color in Purgatory. Everything was gray, filtered through with a half-light that was neither dawn nor twilight. It was filled with shadows that used to be people. They did nothing but flit about, beating their breasts in remorse

for their sins. Not mortal sins, of course, only venial ones. A person with one mortal sin on his soul went to Hell. A dweller in Purgatory—Jesus was an exception when He descended into it—might be as close as possible to an earthly friend and never see him. The light was too dim. A moment there felt like a hundred years on earth.

A few seconds would do for Superior. Still, it was God's affair, Frances reasoned to herself in order to feel better. Revenge was His alone. It was up to Him to keep Superior in Purgatory for so long as He liked.

Some day, soon, Superior would find herself in Heaven. Nuns did not stay long in Purgatory because their life was a sacrifice *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. God kept before Him their grace and self-abnegation. They certainly prayed enough, what with their breviaries and getting up before the crack of dawn to chant the Hours. It was supreme self-sacrifice to leave behind them home and family, even though it meant that beautiful thing, to become a bride of Christ. Frances had sometimes thought it would be satisfying to have a vocation, but she could not feel she had one, even at Retreat. She came to the conclusion that the religious life was something one was born to. She did not like obedience enough.

III

If it were true that grown-up women really feared mice, as Sister Beatrice had explained after Pink's death, even at that Frances knew it was beyond her to forgive Superior. God would have to do it. Not that Superior would have dreamed of asking Frances's forgiveness. That was a thing to laugh out loud at. Too silly.

But the odd thing was that up until the

moment when Frances had seen the tip of Superior's shoe come out from under her billowy skirts she had never thought of Superior's having feet. To see that shoe-tip at first and last sight a messenger of death was shocking. Superior had been a person apart. The tallest person in the world, until she had killed Pink. Then strangely enough she had lost her height. For all time until, of course, *rigor mortis* brought it back.

She had glided, never had walked as Sister Beatrice and Sister Léocaddie, the cook, had. She had skimmed along the corridors and up to the study hall dais for etiquette lessons. She had swiftly floated down the shining corridors before visitors, before the Bishop, for example, as she led him to his bed-chamber, the Red-Room, at Confirmation time. She might have been the Hebe in the garden wound up for gliding.

That green-armed, green-throated bronze statue in green-tinted mantle had often made Frances think of Superior. She was as much alive, but a person she might look at as long as she liked without being rude. Frances used to tip-toe to Hebe's hiding place in the boxwood maze to see if the statue were really there. When in front of the bronze figure, Frances had shut her eyes to open them unexpectedly, making sure Hebe had not moved, that her breast was not heaving with the effort at keeping motionless.

Sometimes Frances had felt cruel as she spied on Hebe. But it did not stop her. She liked the feeling, and there was always the possibility of finding out what she wanted to know. She had wished she might hide all night among the heavy-leaved ivy covering the pines that guarded the maze. Then she might have caught Hebe off-guard, might have known whether the statue and Superior did not

occasionally change places, shifting clothes there in the dark with no one to see.

Frances used to take Pink there, lifting the mouse high up into Hebe's cup as a treat from her apron pocket where she kept him all day. He went to classes with her, even to etiquette, but he never made a sound. He slept a good bit of the time, or nibbled at the cookie crumbs Sister Léocaddie slipped into Frances's pocket each morning after breakfast.

Sometimes, though, his delicate feet scratched at the pocket as if to ask if he had been forgotten. It was thrilling to feel the tiny living thing close to her. It gave her a breathless start that made her gasp with pleasure. At night she put him back where the farmer, James, had found him, in the fuzz under the top of the cast-off square Chickering piano in the playhouse. Funny that neither James nor Frances knew whether Pink would be a father or mother mouse. He could sing, if that told anything. Frances practised on the playhouse piano just to hear Pink sing. He had not a good ear, though, because he sang as well to velocity studies as to the Scarf dance.

Now Superior herself was dead. Frances wondered if in Purgatory she remembered the day behind the ice-house when her sudden collision with the running child had thrown the mouse to the ground at her feet; whether she remembered her own startled scream and the cruel thrust that had tossed Pink to his doom. Would she have to suffer for her unfair scolding of Sister Beatrice right in front of Frances?

Sister Beatrice had been as innocent as could be. She had not known at all of Pink's existence. No one had told. It was wrong of Superior to have lost her temper with Sister Beatrice, especially when she could not answer back. Frances was glad she had jumped up and down in rage

when she could not get Pink out of the mill-race. She was glad she had pulled Superior's skirts so hard that Sister Beatrice had to pry loose her hands. That was the one time Frances knew about when Superior had lost her quietness to become merely an angry grown-up woman with a sharp barking voice.

IV

It was the day of the funeral. The Bishop had come. This time Sister Marie Thérèse, the bursar, keys clanking, had billowed down the corridor before him to the Red-Room; had received Superior's straight-nosed, proud-looking relations; had bustled in and out of chapel seeing that the windows were open wide enough, that the music sheets were in their proper order for the semi-chorus, that the seats for Superior's kin were black-ribboned off. Then she and Sister Claire d'Assise, the gardener, their arms piled high with potted green plants—snow on the mountain and rose geranium with the flowers snipped off—added these to a blank space on the altar, although Sister Marie Angélique, the sacristan, had finished her work.

Sister Claire d'Assise no longer had her skirts looped up so that her shoe-tops showed. That meant that the work for the funeral was done; that in a few moments the whole convent, nuns, Young Ladies, Younger School would chant their way to the community where Superior lay in state. They would sing the Offices of the Dead as in turn they went by Superior's coffin, sprinkling it with holy water from the silver salver held by Sister Angel.

One by one they would pass the sprig of blessed palm to the person just behind, unless there were no more drops on it. In that case the lucky person had a chance

for three motions instead of two—to dip the palm sprig into the salver, to sprinkle Superior, to pass the palm on back. This was more exciting besides making one's part seem more important. It did not interfere with one's making the responses in time. Frances knew the Younger School expected her to dip the palm sprig into the salver whether or not it needed it, because she had a special duty to perform on account of Pink.

She would have to sprinkle Superior's foot—in case it might have a hard time being forgiven, might keep Superior an overly long time in Purgatory when the

rest of her sins had been cleansed. Frances knew that if she had been Job in Abraham's bosom she would have wetted Dives's tongue with a drop of water.

So when it came her turn Frances did her best. She dipped the palm sprig deep into the salver, walked slowly down the long length of the coffin—Superior had become so very tall—and there deliberately, unhurriedly, scattered holy water along the hem of Superior's shroud where it hid her feet. She sprinkled until not another drop would fall. It was daring to do, but if Sister Angel noticed she never said anything about it.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, AFTER FIFTY YEARS

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WENDELL PHILLIPS, now fifty years dead, has not been spared by the newer historians any more than the other reformers of his generation. He is described not merely as "the Silver Tongue" of the Abolition movement but as a "madman"—all the Abolitionists, according to Gerald W. Johnson, were lunatics. Moreover, it appears that being "financially independent, he long sought some good cause into which he might throw his energies and his time, and lighted upon Abolition as the very thing he sought." This is characteristically inaccurate. Phillips had no thought of deliberately turning reformer. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1831 and was admitted to the bar in 1834, after his graduation from the Harvard Law School. The event that decided him was his beholding the *next* year the "broad-cloth mob" which, on October 21, 1835, dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston with a rope around his waist.

Phillips should have been in it, because this crowd of near-lynchers was composed not of drunken, bestial and sadistic elements, but of Harvard graduates, men of property and standing, his own kind, his own friends, who were determined to end the unsettling agitation which threatened to cost the business men of Massachusetts much trade and money. But Phillips was destined to be a radical because there was born in him the desire

to aid the underdog, to appeal for all who were the victims of injustice and of the social system.

Years later, at the funeral of John Brown, Phillips recalled how on the night of the Battle of Bunker Hill, the friends and associates of General Warren said of him: "Foolish man! Thrown away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?" So the friends of Phillips must have grieved when they saw him join the Abolition ranks and said: "Foolish man! Thrown away his life!" It was not only that the public feeling in Massachusetts and elsewhere against the Abolitionists must be likened to that against Communists today to understand what Phillips faced when he made his decision. He had chosen a course which gave him, it is true, a philanthropic outlet, but it involved his abandoning all hope of a political future or of a notable professional career. It meant immediate social and personal ostracism and the bitter hatred that comes to all who are deemed traitors to their group or class.

Had he really "sought long" for a reform cause to which he should dedicate his life, he could not have chosen a more costly or a more dangerous one. Those who entered this movement risked their lives; nine months after Phillips made his maiden Abolition speech in Lynn, Elijah P. Lovejoy paid with his life for his advocacy of universal freedom. He was himself mobbed again and again. Ob-

viously, no man could have committed himself to such a step without being stirred by deep and passionate emotion, by a sense of a dreadful wrong for which one might well throw his life away, and everything else the world holds dear. No man could do it in cold blood.

Think of Phillips as he was in 1837; he was just twenty-six, one of the handsomest of young men, of superb carriage and fine height; he was an aristocrat and patrician to his finger-tips; the son of the first mayor of Boston—then an office of high honor. He was allied to the best families on Beacon Hill; he had every social and educational advantage. He was rich and, therefore, independent. He was happily united in a marriage in which, to his death in 1884, he was the most devoted and most considerate of husbands. He had shown marked ability at the bar, and that he possessed an extraordinary gift of rare and moving eloquence—Chauncey Depew, when over ninety, declared Phillips to have been the greatest of American orators and added that he, himself, had heard all the leading speakers from Clay and Webster through the administration of Wilson and was therefore competent to pronounce this judgment.

Men in Boston were already saying that this gifted youth might aspire to any office or honor. He surely could have done so had he but remained "regular" and conventional, had he avoided making himself unpopular.

In short, there was everything in Phillips's circumstances to make him a conservative at great ease with the world. Instead he joined a band of fanatics—if you please—apropos of some of whom Maria Weston Chapman once said that she wished she knew why the good Lord made use of instruments for His cause that she would not touch with a fifty-foot pole!

II

But this aristocrat had no difficulty, fine and wealthy gentleman that he was, in being the complete democrat. The nobility of the man can, indeed, well be measured by the fact that, though no other Abolitionist made as great sacrifices, he never referred to his or asked for personal sympathy for the career that he had relinquished, or condolences for the abuse and calumny heaped upon him. There was never a trace of self-pity in him. Once, in October, 1849, he wrote: "Men talk of sacrifices made for the slave—and doubtless in one sense we make some—but who shall say that he has not received of the cause more in spiritual life,—in a clear religious perception, in broad views of duty, than he has ever given to the slave?" On another occasion he said: "God has not sent me into the world to abolish slavery, but to do my duty." Wendell Phillips, the lawyer, had taken the case for the slave, and that was all there was to that. In this view he was at one—as in almost everything else, until the slave was freed—with William Lloyd Garrison who wrote—and proved in his own life—that there is nothing on earth so good for the soul's welfare as enlisting in an unpopular cause. They asked merely the right to "bear their testimony," and they were prepared for the worst—as when Mr. Garrison woke up one morning to find that a gallows, with two nooses, had been erected before his house in the night.

Courage? Phillips had it in fullest share and unending patience. At times there was something of the prophet in him. In 1849 he thus admonished some in the Abolition ranks who had grown faint-hearted.

Some Abolitionists are discouraged at what they call our ill success. "What have you done?" they ask. Done? Set the nation on

fire! Driven the frightened slave-holders to Mexico to get land and help in their despair; and they will yet find that this attempt to save their system is like a man's catching up a red-hot iron to defend himself with. Done? Broken two or three of the great sects in pieces—this John Quincy Adams says is the *only* thing which will ever uproot slavery. Done? Scattered to the four winds the most gigantic effort of the age—the Evangelical Alliance, because it would betray the slave. Confounded both political parties—and fixed the eye of Europe upon our infamy, so that most Americans are forced to be hypocrites and pretend to be Abolitionists or get no rest on the other side of the ocean. Is not this enough success for a few men and women in a dozen years? If this is called failure, I should like to have some one describe what success would look like! If Providence will only grant us such another dozen years of *failure*, you and I will find occasion to join the slave in his shout of jubilee.

Exactly twelve years later Bull Run had been fought, and the Army of the Potomac was coming into being to prove the correctness of this forecast of what another dozen years might achieve.

So the years rolled by—years of hatred, years of mobbing, years of denunciation—under all of which Phillips grew in stature, grew in breadth, grew in vision, grew in his sympathies. The never-ceasing battle educated him day after day. He learned, like the other Abolitionists, that you could not champion the Negro without championing the cause of women; that you could not deny the right of the slaveholder to take the life of his slave, without coming to the conclusion that the state itself should not kill. He came to believe that the state must move against the drink evil; that there were a half-hundred pressing reforms that were all linked together. But never did his eloquence or his effectiveness rise to greater heights than when he spoke for the colored people. He was

the master of his audiences. No interruptions, no opposition could daunt him. Indeed, heckling only seemed to give him greater power, greater inspiration. There was, for example, the great John Brown meeting in Cooper Union on December 15, 1859. The pro-slavery New York *Herald* had hired bands of Tammany thugs to break up the meeting. They yelled and hissed and groaned and booed—to no avail. Phillips's superb presence, his unflinching courage, his matchless eloquence, his biting irony, his imperturbable serenity triumphed as he stood upon the historic platform which Abraham Lincoln immortalized. The hired miscreants who had come to yell him down were themselves subdued. He finished without interruption and with no more attentive listeners than those who had taken pay to deprive him of his constitutional right to speak whatever he felt should be said.

It is true that much of the oratory of anti-slavery days today seems impossibly tedious because of the unnecessary verbiage, the wealth of classical allusions, the bombast, the hyperbole, the deliberate effort to construct balanced and sonorous passages meant to impress upon the listener the speaker's profound knowledge. Charles Sumner was guilty of some of the worst of these offences. On the other hand, considering that this was the custom of the day, Phillips indulged in it far less than others. Certainly many of his speeches still live and glow. One can read them aloud and still be profoundly stirred, carried along by the sweep and power of his oratory, by the piling up of argument upon argument, evidence upon evidence, despite the length and involvement of his sentences. Take, for instance, his indictment of slavery in his address on April 12, 1852, on the first anniversary of the rendition of the escaped slave, Thomas

Sims. Speaking of a possible civil war, he said that he knew what it meant, and then he continued:

And yet, I do not know that, to an enlightened mind, a scene of civil war is any more sickening than the thought of a hundred and fifty years of slavery. Take the broken hearts, the bereaved mothers, the infant wrung from the hands of its parents, the husband and wife torn asunder, every right trodden under foot, the blighted hopes, the imbruted souls, the darkened and degraded millions, sunk below the level of intellectual life, melted in sensuality, herded with beasts, who have walked over the burning marl of Southern slavery to their graves, and where is the battlefield, however ghastly, that is not white—white as an angel's wing—compared with the blackness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolinas for two hundred years? Do you love mercy? Weigh out the fifty thousand hearts that have beaten their last pulse amid agonies of thought and suffering fancy faints to think of, and the fifty thousand mothers who, with sickening senses, watch for footsteps that are not wont to tarry long in their coming, and soon find themselves left to tread the pathway of life alone,—add all the horrors of cities sacked and lands laid waste,—that is war,—weigh it now against some young, trembling girl sent to the auction block, some man like that taken from our court-house and carried back into Georgia; multiply this individual agony into three millions; multiply that into centuries; and that into all the relations of father and child, husband and wife; heap on all the deep moral degradation both of the oppressor and the oppressed,—and tell me if Waterloo or Thermopylae can claim one tear from the eye even of the tenderest spirit of mercy, compared with this daily system of hell amid the most civilized and Christian people on the face of the earth!

"Phillips," wrote Emerson in his journal in 1859, "goes to the popular assembly as others go to their library. Whilst he speaks, his mind feeds. Animal spirits, enthusiasm, insight and decision." Two years later he

wrote: "Phillips has the supreme merit in this time that he and he alone stands in the gap and breach against his assailants." Again he remarked: "Wendell Phillips gives no indication of his perfect eloquence in casual intercourse. How easily he wears his power, quite free and disengaged, nowise absorbed in any care or thought of the thunderbolt he carries concealed."

When one speaks readily, easily, with an extraordinarily rich vocabulary, there are always temptations and pitfalls and these become very real when one is actuated by deep and passionate feelings, by a burning sense of wrong. Every reformer grappling with current evils is in danger of losing his sense of proportion, of being carried away by his emotions, of giving voice to unguarded utterances—to say nothing of those shallow orators who become intoxicated by their own verbosity. Wendell Phillips did utter opinions which, viewed in the cold light of seventy-five years after, seem mistaken indeed,—but so would endless prophecies and denunciations and characterizations by the conservatives of the period, were they to be collated now. It is true that Phillips did call Lincoln the "slave-hound of Illinois"; "an imbecile"; "an honest-incompetent"; that he was of those in 1864 who denounced the conduct of the war and "the imbecile and vacillating policy of the present administration" and sought another candidate than Lincoln for the Republican ticket. But, in justice, it must be remembered that the military conduct of the war was incredibly incompetent and inefficient and that Lincoln himself could not, or did not, bar politics from the army with a resulting waste of millions in dollars and untold precious lives; indeed, the mismanagement on both sides of the Civil War appears the more crass and the less defensible as the years pass by.

Again, one must, before judging, seek to recover the bitter, partisan temper of the times. Not only Abolitionists but many conservatives, Democrats, some Whigs, and all the rest distrusted Lincoln and denounced him—and lived to acknowledge their errors. The country was on the verge of a Civil War, or in it, when Phillips spoke; perhaps at no other time have men's passions been more aroused. That does not always excuse, but it does palliate. On the other hand, Phillips's estimate of Toussaint L'Ouverture, great Negro that he was, is purely rhetorical; the muse of history, he said, "dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue," above the names of Phocion, Brutus, Hampden, Lafayette and Washington, that of "the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture." The Abolitionists concentrated their fire upon Lincoln up to the time of the Emancipation Proclamation because he had not freed the slaves. They maintained that there was no other measure which could mean as much for the winning of the war. On August 1, 1862, Mr. Phillips declared his belief that "the present purpose of the government, so far as it has now a purpose, is to end the war and save slavery." He and others were not to be convinced until Lincoln finally struck the fetters from the slaves, for which the Abolitionists were correspondingly grateful.

III

However much their judgment in time of battle may be open to question, it must never be forgotten that the institution that they denounced was in its aggregate a monstrous horror which no Southern apologist for its conduct in ante-bellum days can whitewash. If it had not been unspeakably vile, it could not have been

successfully attacked. As Phillips said, it made of the South one vast brothel. If it had not degraded human beings to the level of the beasts in the fields and injured their masters financially, economically, physically, morally and spiritually, it would be alive today. If, as it is now the custom to assert, the violence of the language of the Phillipses and Garrisons brought on the war, the blame lies not at their door but at that of the institution whose horrors so roused and stirred these men and women that they could only live by devoting their lives to its destruction. One does not use polite parlor conversation in describing dreadful social evils—if one wishes to get anywhere. Certainly the Abolitionists aroused passions, but so did those who sold slaves on the block, daily tore families apart, whipped and tortured and starved their chattels as they saw fit and then aroused the whole country to civil war by taking Texas, bringing on the war with Mexico, and endeavoring to glut their land-hunger by taking Kansas and Nebraska for the slave system.

When the end of the Civil War came and the slaves were freed, Garrison stopped the *Liberator*, declared his work done, and wound up the anti-slavery societies he had founded and inspired. For the remainder of his life his activities were limited to occasional addresses and considerable writing for the press. Wendell Phillips declined this course and the first break between the two took place—not, however, of a character to injure their personal relations or to prevent Phillips from delivering the funeral oration over Garrison's coffin, which is at once one of the most generous and impressive tributes ever paid by one comrade in a tremendous struggle to another. He was always generous to his elder associate and wrote him in 1846: "I owe you, Dear Garrison, more

than you would let me express—&, mother and wife except, more than to any other one." He deprecated Garrison's gratitude for "our slight attempts by words or otherwise to testify how much you are to us, and how deeply we are & always must be your debtor for light on our pathway, and motive to duty."

So Phillips after Emancipation continued to spend all that was in him for the freedman and for social reforms of all kinds. He plunged at once into the labor movement—sacrificing thereby many of his Abolition associates, and he, still the patrician, received, in 1870, 20,000 votes as the Labor Reform candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. A year later he presided at the Labor Reform Convention, presenting a platform which began with this sentiment:

"We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates."

In his speech he said: "I regard the movement with which this convention is connected as the grandest and most comprehensive movement of the age, and I choose my epithets deliberately; for I can hardly name the idea in which humanity is interested, which I do not consider locked up in the success of this movement of the people to take possession of their own."

But he was not for violence: "With the ballot in our right hands, we shall not need to write our record in fire and blood; we write it in the orderly majorities at the ballot box." It has been one of the misfortunes of the American labor movement that it has had no other spokesman as trained and gifted or as eloquent. As far back as 1871 he warned the country against "the power of wealth, the inordinate power of capitalism," the fight to control which has been the history of the United

States for the fifty years since 1884, the year in which Phillips died.

The labor movement, Phillips said, "is the last noble protest of the American people against the power of incorporated wealth, seeking to do over and again what the Whig aristocracy of England has done for two hundred years." And he defended the "unjust, cruel and avaricious method" of fighting which labor resorted to by saying: "So it is. Where did we learn it? Learned it of capital—learned it of our enemies." This was his program for dealing with wealth:

We'll crumble up wealth by making it unprofitable to be rich. The poor man shall have a larger income in proportion as he is poor. The rich man shall have a lesser income in proportion as he is rich. You will say, "Is that just?" My friends, it is safe. Man is more valuable than money. You say, "Then capital will go to Europe." Good heavens! let it go.

If other states wish to make themselves vassals to wealth, so will not we. We will save a country equal from end to end. Land, private property, all sorts of property, shall be so dearly taxed that it shall be impossible to be rich; for it is in wealth, in incorporated, combining, perpetual wealth, that the danger of labor lies.

Here was a prophet far ahead of his times! Certainly language like this could never be forgiven by Boston's Back Bay and State Street. It explains why Harvard University never officially recognized in any way the achievements of its most eloquent graduate—not even after the nationwide recognition of the wisdom of that universal emancipation at one blow for which Phillips had risked his life for so many years. No man who advocated freedom for Ireland, woman suffrage, the abolition of capital punishment, justice for labor and many other "isms" could hope for recognition in Cambridge.

The usual charges aimed at passionate reformers were always aimed at him. He was "too harsh," "too bitter," "too unjust to opponents"; "he could not wait, and those who would wait were recreant"; "he intended to be fair, but whatever his imagination conceived he believed and all else was rejected"; he was "led to conclude from the intensity of his own convictions that those who opposed him were unworthy of confidence." His feelings, it must be admitted, did lead him astray. How else could he have appeared on the platform with that demagogue, Benjamin F. Butler, to urge his election as Governor, after he had previously denounced him violently? That was too much even for Garrison, who wrote to his daughter that Phillips's and Butler's appearance together "with that half-savage, half-lunatic, Don Kearny, is a most extraordinary combination." Like other reformers, Phillips felt that if a sinner returned to the fold or embraced his doctrines, the past was to be forgotten. But his sincerity, his honesty,

his unselfishness, his readiness to sacrifice his all for his beliefs, his bitterest opponents freely conceded, even when they indicted his judgment.

Nor could they doubt the extraordinary nobility of the man. It shone from his face; it was attested by his superb presence and his every action on the stage. His manner was simplicity itself. Unless it was his beginning to speak in low, quiet tones and working up to a tonal quality that filled any hall and thrilled every listener, he was without the usual platform tricks. He rarely used memoranda and seemed to be working out his speech as he uttered it—as Emerson suggested. It was written of him when he died that he did not have the "action" of Demosthenes, or the intense passion of Choate, or use the massive perorations of Webster, or have the impressive dignity of Everett—"different from all these, Mr. Phillips's eloquence was that of Mr. Phillips . . . the most charming orator in America, if not in the world."

ORPHANS OF THE ORCHESTRA

BY LUIS A. HUSTANA

THE symphony concert is over. In a large room behind the stage, nearly a hundred musicians are packing away their instruments. There is a buzz of talk. Eddies of smoke fill the air.

Was the concert successful? The men do not know, unless they may judge from the applause in the hall. Not an echo of public approbation can reach them here; and the next rehearsal, the next concert will be nothing more than gruelling tests at which they must please the critical ear, bow to the exacting demands of the conductor.

For the concertmeister and the first cello player, the case is different. At this moment, they are standing in their separate rooms, only a little smaller, a trifle less elaborately furnished than the reception studio of the conductor himself. Even as the flutist and the bassoonist, huddled already in their overcoats, are making for the door, the concertmeister and the first cello, as well as the conductor, are glowing to the praise of a continuous throng of distinguished gentlemen, ladies with lorgnettes, and shrill-eyed conservatory misses.

Every symphony musician will agree—unless he be the player of one of the two instruments in question—that aside from the performance of an occasional concerto, neither the concertmeister nor the first cello makes any unique or especially significant contribution to the work of the ensemble. The notes played by the concertmeister are played by at least eleven other violinists in exact unison with him. The

conductor alone dictates interpretation. The case of the first cello is an exact parallel, except that there are a few less cellos in the orchestra, only eight or ten.

In the early days of the orchestra, the situation of the concertmeister, at least, was different. The conductor, who was often the composer as well, played some instrument in the ensemble, usually the harpsichord, or later the piano. The concertmeister acted as a kind of assistant conductor. He directed and played at the same time, much in the manner of the master of ceremonies in a modern jazz band.

The special honor in which the concertmeister and first cello are held at present is partly a simple anachronism, based on these historic and now faded glories. Partly, it is symbolic of the position of the strings in every orchestra worthy of the name since the day when Papa Haydn patterned his own ensemble after the famous one at Mannheim. For the strings in general are the favored children of the symphony, favored not only in the public eye but in the mind of conductor and composer alike. Distinguished patrons might grow faint if they had to shake hands with all the string players, so the two most prominent individuals, the concertmeister and the first cello player, are singled out as social representatives.

The wood winds, brass and percussion instruments, in contrast to the strings, are the useful workaday instruments, seldom dazzled by the limelight, never singled out

for words of praise or honor. They might be called the orphans of the orchestra. Some of these instruments can hardly be conceived of as holding a major place under any circumstances. After all, a kettledrum, for example, though indispensable, is a kettledrum, of special interest only to small boys and an occasional world-weary business man. Though a few concertos have been written for even this instrument, nobody, as a general rule, wants to hear a kettledrum solo. The triangle, also, is limited in its function. And however scarlet the tuba player's face may grow with his hearty effort, no one could expect a lorgnetted lady to compliment him on its redness, or on the beauty of tone which elicited that redness. All of the percussion instruments and most of the brasses are in similar case—all useful and necessary, to be sure, but under no conditions candidates for special glory.

But with the wood winds, the horns, and perhaps the trumpets, the case is different. As they are used in the orchestra, where there are only three or four flutes, clarinets, oboes, and where each one plays an individual part, more perfection is required of them than is demanded of the more numerous strings, in whose unison playing the failings of individual performers are readily concealed. Furthermore, the wood winds, at least, are distinguished solo instruments in their own right, of high virtuoso attainments and individually colorful tone. How, then, have they been so underrated and ignored?

II

Of course, the instruments of the viol family reached their modern state of development much earlier than any of the wood winds. Even in the time of Bach and Händel, the violin was practically the same in-

strument that it is today, while the clarinet was not yet developed, and the flute was an imperfect, keyless instrument, uneven in quality and undependable in intonation. Still worse was the state of the oboe and bassoon.

Yet, after these instruments were introduced into the orchestra, they were not treated at first as orphans. The oboe especially, for all its failings, had a much more important place in symphonic music than is granted it at present. Händel, in the scores of his operas, frequently would use many oboes, doubling the part carried by the violins, while the violoncellos were doubled by bassoons. In the orchestra in Westminster Abbey, about the year 1784, twenty-six oboes were employed against forty-eight violins. However, during this period, wood and brass, and for that matter the strings as well, were used in a very primitive way, with more attention to volume and to polyphonic differentiation than to color.

From the time that Lully first introduced it into the orchestra, the flute was not ignored by the older composers. Bach made constant use of it in his smaller chamber works, and wrote for it the great B-minor suite, the equivalent of a modern concerto, which so admirably displays all the tonal and emotional powers of even the modern concert instrument.

Cherubini, on the other hand, disliked the flute for its lack of dependable and uniform quality. The tale is told that a troubled conductor once said to Cherubini, "We have only one flute in the orchestra. What is worse than one flute?"

To this Cherubini responded, like a sage answering a riddle, "Two flutes."

For all its primitive development, the flute became a popular virtuoso instrument in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. It was exploited by solo performers

who did wonders towards the concealment of its tonal deficiencies in bravura work of great brilliance. It is to this use that Beethoven and the Romantics put the instrument in their orchestral scores.

The bassoon and the clarinet did not even begin to come into their own until they fell under the notice of Mozart. It was Mozart, indeed, who introduced the clarinet into the modern orchestra. He conceived a great affection for the instrument, and made use of it in chamber works as well as in symphonies and operas. He made special use, also, of the bassoon, for which he wrote a particularly charming concerto that shows the instrument in romantic mood as well as introducing it to the position of clown of the orchestra, a position it has held unchallenged ever since, until the recent respectability of that hybrid humorist, the saxophone.

By the time the Romantics began to experiment towards further development of symphonic color and expressiveness, certain conventions had grown up in regard to the capacities of the instruments. These conventions were based fundamentally on the tonal and technical limitations of instruments as yet rather primitive in construction. Even the flute, the most varied in its possibilities, had failings in both intonation and quality, and could be played effectively only in certain keys. Furthermore, an orchestra whose musical basis was firmly established from the beginning upon the string quartet idea of chamber music, made use of other orchestral instruments, chiefly for emphasis or the variegation of chord color.

According to the musical credo developed at this time, and strong in its influence on composers down to the present, the flute was a poetic instrument, an instrument capable of displaying "wealth and variety of musical figures," as in Beetho-

ven's *Eroica* symphony, but, alas, lacking in passion, warmth and life. In minor key, it was supposed to lose its brightness, to become "gray and dull," this despite Mendelssohn's lively proof to the contrary in the scherzo to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The oboe was recommended, on the one hand, for its delicacy, on the other, for its rustic frankness. It was considered "an eloquent organ of expression for the feminine feelings," a fitting vehicle for the "pastoral or idyllic mood." At the same time, it was shunned in high and low registers, for thinness in the one, harshness in the other.

The bassoon, in spite of Mozart's tour de force in his concerto, was branded as an instrument which must be handled with great care, as unsuitable for solo passages except in effects of humor or grotesquerie.

The clarinet, that romantic singing tenor, was considered limited by a tendency to stridency, by the changing quality of its different registers. The English horn, that low-voiced cousin of the oboe, was supposed to be of value only for pastoral scenes; the French horn to be confined to its softer dynamic range; the trumpet to be of incidental use only, for fanfares and military marches; all the brasses to lack perfection of intonation.

However, in the middle of the last century, the technical and tonal possibilities of the wind instruments were revolutionized by certain improvements in construction. These innovations were first applied to the flute by Boehm. He succeeded, by the addition of keys and levers, in making of it an instrument as universally expressive in capabilities as the violin itself.

Through a period of experimentation, similar changes improved all of the instruments in question, so that their modern

powers and range of expressiveness are far beyond their former capacity.

The new instruments, for they may be termed such without exaggeration, have afforded composers great opportunity for experimentation in the enriching of orchestral effects. However, the road is hard. The old attitude towards the wood winds, the old pigeonholing of their possibilities, persist even to the present day, and every composer who has introduced innovations has been heralded, at first, as a blasphemer and a barbarian. Beethoven thus shocked his public and critics by his "crude" use of the French horn in that passage of the *Eroica* symphony which is now treasured by music lovers as so perfect and expressive an invention. Berlioz, Wagner, Strauss, Stravinsky, were in turn mocked at as great savages because of their orchestral innovations.

Through the successive changes wrought by these composers, the modern orchestra has increased in number and variety of instruments, has been enriched by the tonal color which may be elicited from them, has made greater demands for technical proficiency upon the performers. At the present day sleigh bells, xylophones, harps, saxophones, celestes and even wind machines have been used for the obtaining of certain effects. In Respighi's "Pine Trees of Janiculum," a phonograph record of the bird call of the nightingale is introduced. In Warner Josten's "Jungle," a contrivance made out of a knotted rope and a tin can is called for to make what is considered a life-like semblance of a lion's roar.

And yet today, almost as truly as in the time of the young Beethoven, the orchestra remains essentially a string band, with added color from wood, brass and percussion instruments. The wood winds and

horns are still the orphans of the orchestra. There are a few more of them, to be sure, in the modern orchestra, and they are allowed to contribute their iridescent wealth of color effects as a kind of halo to surround the sacred central pronouncements of the strings. But even in the hands of Stravinsky or Ravel, the flute remains the florid bravura instrument, the oboe is still an eloquent organ of expression for the feminine feelings, and the bassoon continues to be the everlasting buffoon. Those who have followed Strauss, for all their startling and sometimes freakish innovations, have left the balance of orchestral idiom much as is dictated by tradition.

But there is no longer any intrinsic superiority of strings over wood. This fact has been proved effectively enough by the small wood wind quintets which have appeared in recent years, as well as by the increased effectiveness of wood winds in the modern orchestra in every place in which they are permitted to stand out.

The time will come, of course, in the path of inevitable progress, when the orchestral orphans will be orphans no longer. In that day, we can imagine ensembles in which a choir of flutes will play antistrophe to the strophe of the violins, in which the bassoon and clarinet, the horn and the oboe, will hold as important a part and receive as much respect as the viola or the violoncello. The balance of numbers in that future orchestra no longer will rest overwhelmingly with the violins. The plaudits of the audience will be not for the representative prima donnas of two sections only, but rather for the entire orchestra. It goes without saying that when such a day arrives, and the sooner it arrives the better, by just so much will the color, the power, and the expressiveness of the orchestra be increased.

WATERSPOUTS

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THROUGHOUT the world hundreds of waterspouts — perhaps thousands — are formed and dissipated every year. Each, however, is a relatively small object, visible at a distance of only a few miles in clear weather. Waterspouts generally travel, but seldom very far; and while in rare cases one of them lasts for an hour or more, their average span of existence probably does not exceed fifteen minutes. If one forms near a populous shore, it is likely to be seen by a great many people, but far the greater number occur in locations where the chances are thousands to one against their being seen by anybody.

These facts explain why the sight of a waterspout is a decidedly rare experience in the life of the average human being. It is said that even a good many old sailors have never enjoyed this experience. The rarity of the spectacle is further evidenced by the fact that millions of cinema-goers have never yet beheld a genuine waterspout on the screen.

A curious confusion of language has always prevailed in the discussion of waterspouts. A writer will tell you that a waterspout is a columnar cloud stretching between sky and water; and then, almost in the same breath, he will state that it is similar in character to a tornado—which, of course, is a wind and not a cloud—or he will describe it as doing things that a wind can do but a cloud cannot.

The dictionaries have almost universally described the waterspout as a member of

the cloud family rather than as a member of the wind family; but at last, in the recent revised edition of the New International, we find recognition of the fact that it is both. The definition reads: "A slender funnel-shaped or tubular column of rapidly rotating cloud-filled wind usually extending from the under side of an ordinary cumulus or cumulo-nimbus cloud down to a cloud of spray torn up by the whirling wind from the surface of an ocean or lake."

This definition embodies approximately the conception of a waterspout prevailing among people who are aware that the thing in question is neither, as superstitious seamen once believed, a living being, nor, as a goodly percentage of humanity perhaps still believes, a continuous column of water sucked up from the deep.

It is elementary information that the visible column of a waterspout is mainly cloud, but popular expositors sometimes lay too much stress on this point and convey the erroneous impression that waterspouts are always rather dry affairs. The truth is that they vary widely in wetness, and some contain an enormous amount of water. The reason for this will appear if we consider how waterspouts are formed.

A vortex is, first of all, set up in the air. This may begin in a turmoil of conflicting winds far above the water and work its way downward, or it may start in a convectionally unstable layer of air overlying the water and work upward. In the former

case, the spout is identical in character with a tornado; but it should be noted that "tornadic waterspouts" are, on an average, much smaller, less violent and shorter-lived than the average tornado on land. A tornado that passes from land over water becomes a waterspout, and some waterspouts that invade the land become destructive tornadoes. Twice in the year 1934 the town of Concepción, on the coast of Chile, was damaged by tornadoes that began as waterspouts.

Spouts that originate in the air near the water are similar in nature to the whirling pillars of sand or dust formed over deserts and the little dust whirls seen over dry fields and roads, except that these terrestrial whirlwinds, which usually occur in very dry air, are made visible by the solid material they sweep up from the ground and not by a column of cloud.

In the vortex of a waterspout air is flung outward by centrifugal action, a partial vacuum is created, and the air is cooled by expansion. The air over a body of water is generally well-charged with water vapor and a moderate amount of cooling causes some of this to condense into cloud droplets. Whirlwinds that form no cloud column are, however, often encountered at sea. They stir up more or less commotion in the water over which they pass and are occasionally violent enough to damage vessels in their paths.

In other cases the column may be only partially formed, or it may be a mere filmy shell, through which distant objects are plainly visible. Usually a dense cloud column appears. At its base it always contains more or less spray swept up from the water beneath. How much is thus carried aloft and how far it rises will depend in part on the violence of the whirl and in part on the state of the water—whether calm or agitated—from which it is gath-

ered. The waves of a stormy sea yield much more than a relatively smooth one. Water in immense quantities is sometimes thus lifted scores or even hundreds of feet and then flung out in a great cascade surrounding the column.

Another fact bearing upon the wetness of waterspouts is that a spout often culminates in a cloudburst. The uprush of air in the vortex prevents for a time the falling of the water drops, which thus accumulate and descend in a tremendous downpour when the vortex dies out.

At Swansea, Wales, on the afternoon of September 4, 1886, a waterspout was seen to travel from the adjacent bay to an eminence called Kilvey Hill. The latter is about 650 feet high, and the upper part is almost vertical, while on the lower slopes some rows of houses had been built. When the spout struck the hill great torrents of water rushed down the slopes, burst through the upper row of houses and carried all the movable contents into the street below. In some houses people were washed from a back room into a front room, out of the door and down the hill. The amount of earth and rock washed down by the torrent was estimated at 8,000 tons.

In other cases waterspouts have been seen to collapse without discharging an appreciable amount of water. In 1917 one struck the face of a cliff at Tatoosh Island, Washington. According to witnesses, it "utterly vanished like a burst bubble," without producing a downpour.

When the water of a spout falls upon a ship it is often noticed to be fresh rather than salty; but not (as more writers than one have asserted) always. The freshness of the water discharged by waterspouts has been noted by several observers, and there is a much-quoted story, recorded by Benjamin Franklin, of the sailor who,

while at the helm of a ship, was drenched by a waterspout, the water of which ran into his mouth and nose and "tasted perfectly fresh."

As we have already seen, the water of a waterspout is a mixture of that condensed directly from the air, which is necessarily fresh, and that swept up from below, which (except in spouts occurring over inland waters) is necessarily salty. Hence, according to the predominance of one kind or the other in the lower portion of the column, the water that sometimes deluges a ship caught in a waterspout may be fresh, salty or brackish. There are, in fact, many reports in ships' logs of salt water falling from waterspouts.

It is probably the rule rather than the exception that waterspouts occur in groups. The conditions that produce one are likely to produce others, and in fully half of all the recorded observations of waterspouts two or more were actually seen simultaneously or within a short time of one another. In some cases as many as thirty have been sighted from a vessel in the course of a single day.

II

Waterspouts exhibit much diversity in shape, size and behavior. The column may be vertical or much inclined, straight or crooked, broad or slender. The average height of a fully developed spout is about 1,000 feet. An extraordinarily tall waterspout was seen off Eden, New South Wales, on May 16, 1898. Theodolite measurements made on shore indicated a height of 5,014 feet. The cones at base and summit were each about 250 feet long and 100 feet wide at their greatest diameter, while the rest of the column was only 10 feet in diameter. In proportion to its height, this was probably the slenderest

waterspout ever observed. A spout reported as being a mile high and 25 feet in diameter was seen near Pensacola on the afternoon of July 21, 1920. The broadest spout on record was seen off the coast of California in November, 1914. It was estimated to be 700 feet in diameter though only about 100 feet high.

Many freak waterspouts have been reported. One seen over the Hudson River, near Tarrytown, on July 16, 1904, followed in the wake of a violent thunderstorm on a hot afternoon. Starting on the river at a point a little south of Hook Mountain, it moved southeastwardly. Shortly after its formation it began to wobble and assumed smoke-like shapes. The column was between 1,500 and 2,000 feet high, but its diameter was only about 65 feet. At times it bent at an angle of 40 degrees, at other times it was spiral, and again it had a crook like that in Harry Lauder's walking-stick.

One of the most curious spouts was observed off the coast of New South Wales in 1894. Its long tube, after swaying and twisting for some time, appeared to make a complete coil, as if tying itself into a knot, and then burst, discharging a quantity of water. This apparent coiling of a waterspout has been recorded in a few other cases and is probably an effect of perspective. A very large spout seen from the British steamship *Aragaz* in September, 1914, had been watched for more than half an hour, when it appeared to bulge out several times within the trunk, each swelling sending out large masses of water, which whirled down around the spout below. "Finally," says the second officer, "it took a round turn and broke, the upper end curling upwards like a released steel spring. The motions were clearly observed through binoculars."

A spout seen from the British steamship

Wabana in September, 1916, was about 3,500 feet high. It extended down about 500 feet vertically, then ran out some 2,000 feet almost horizontally, finally curving back to the vertical before reaching the sea. A double spout seen from the British steamship *Arracan* in March, 1921, consisted of two trunks hanging from the clouds and joining a little above sea level. Still lower the spout was invisible, but it was seen again at the point of junction with the sea.

In recent years there have been several reports of double-walled waterspouts. One of these formed on Lake Victoria, Africa, in 1922. It was within a hundred yards of the observer and the central core could be plainly seen, surrounded by a sheath, with a clear space separating the two walls. In another case, observed at sea, "after about fifteen minutes the inner spout suddenly drew upward, while the outer one moved away and disappeared."

A waterspout most often travels with the surface wind, but not infrequently in other directions. Some spouts move slowly or even seem to remain stationary for a time, while others travel at high speed. One seen on the North Pacific in 1917 was estimated to be moving as fast as 80 miles an hour. The speed of rotation probably seldom approaches that of the average tornado, but it is great enough in many cases to constitute a real danger to vessels. Several sailing ships have been partly or completely dismasted by waterspouts, and some have been capsized. The danger to

aircraft is, of course, much greater. In October, 1929, a passenger plane flying low over the English Channel, with poor visibility, narrowly missed a collision with one of these whirls, which probably would have resulted in tragedy.

Do sailors still fire cannon at waterspouts? The practice is mentioned in the "*Lusiad*" and other works of the Sixteenth Century, and it was common down to a century or so ago.

The modern sailor's idea about this practice is that the vortex of the spout can be broken up, either by the passage of a projectile through it or by the atmospheric vibrations set up by the firing. In former times, however, no such notion was entertained. Cannonading was merely one of several methods employed for the purpose of frightening away what were believed to be living "dragons" of the deep. Before the invention of gunpowder, several other noise-making procedures were in use at sea to keep these creatures at a distance. The mariners who sighted a spout would shout, stamp on the deck, beat drums and gongs, or clash their swords. These practices were kept up long after cannon began to be used for the same purpose.

No waterspout was ever broken up by this process, but spouts are so short-lived that the collapse of one must often have coincided so nearly with the firing of a gun as to foster faith in its efficacy. The broadside of a battleship at close range would not dispel a waterspout.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

DISCONTENT IN HEAVEN

BY THEODORE PRATT

Westchester County, New York
WESTCHESTER County, New York, occupies a strategic position in the world as the first and only tract of land directly adjacent to New York City on the mainland. Its 448 square miles extend across the State at this point, bordering the Hudson River on one side and Long Island Sound on the other. It is the suburb *par excellence* of the greatest city of the globe, where titans enjoy the profits of their achievements. "Westchester County," says a realtor slightly hysterical with enthusiasm, "is known the world over as the next place to Heaven."

Pulling on the reins a bit, let us say that the county is perhaps the most widely known suburb in the country, and accepted in a number of foreign parts as an enviable American spot. Here, it is commonly understood, culture and comforts reach their acme. This Rhine district of America has assumed a high rung on the social ladder; it has come to mean something to live in Westchester.

The United States Department of Commerce, however, is baffled in its attempt to classify Westchester County. It admits, along with everybody else, that it is the richest county in the country outside those including large cities. It lists its assessed real property value as \$1,758,484,159, which exceeds that of any one of thirty-one entire States in the Union, is seven times that of Vermont, more than three times

that of Iowa or North Dakota, twelve times that of New Mexico, and doesn't include tax exempt property, which brings the wealth up to \$2,429,174,923.

But what is it commercially? It is not a manufacturing district, for few smokestacks have been allowed to decorate the incomparable scenery. It is not urban, for no great city rises in any part of it. Is it, then, rural? The Department of Commerce contents itself by refusing to admit that it is, pointing out that most of its farms have become sub-divisions; that of its 586 horses at least 500 are polo, show, and race horses; that with its 3,125 milk cows it has only 625 more than New York City; and that it has but 66,365 chickens, a scant 254 pigs, and is almost mule-less, with a miserable 17.

Westchester exemplifies, in leading fashion, the suburb as a special kind of place. It is a bastard community that has grown out of the extra-curricular passions of a large city. It is a love-child of the illicit communion between the city and the country. It takes comfort in its mother, the country, but cannot exist without the jealous affection of its father, the city. Torn between the conflicting influence of each parent, it can have no real character of its own.

To one living in this peculiar Valhalla, it is impossible to savor the intimacy of a true small community or the detachment of a metropolis. Both the city and the country are too proximate, and the inhabitant is confused at the strange mixture in the atmosphere surrounding him. He hardly knows where he is. Especially is the

commuter, with which Westchester is saturated, bewildered. During the day he is a city man; during the night he lives in what passes for the country. In between times, while on the train for two hours each day, or one-twelfth of his life and one-eighth of his conscious life, he is no place at all and is nothing. He has been well expressed in verse by E. B. White:

Commuter—one who spends his life
In riding to and from his wife;
A man who shaves and takes a train
And then rides back to shave again.

The boasts which sprang with gleeful exaggeration from the Westchester Chambers of Commerce during the country's great financial happiness were things to be viewed with awe and fascination. "649,000 people commute to New York every day from Westchester," one recorded in a 1927 bulletin, whereas the best the county has been able to do to date in entire population is 520,000. In this way Westchester set out to show the world. It wanted to be the best in every department, and the results of its efforts are now exhibited in an unintended spectacle, for Westchester in the throes of the tragic events following 1929 is a thing to behold.

The richest and greatest county had further to fall than any other. When a bank busted in Westchester, and for awhile they popped in almost every village, they did some real busting. The National City Bank of New Rochelle, as an example, toppled over for more than a ten million dollar failure, with present frozen assets of seven and a half million. This is out of all normal proportion for a purely residential community of 54,000 population.

Only when the banks began to close their doors did the true basis of Westchester life and development come out in the open. The prevalency of people with

only fair-sized incomes posing as, and getting the financial and social credit of, millionaires or near-millionaires, became evident. Elegant occupants of \$200,000 mansions purchased on the strength of a few thousands were routed from their false positions among the comparatively few actually wealthy. Owners of \$50,000 yachts who had purchased, with actual cash, perhaps as much as the rudder, were forced to desert their craft for the security of the more plebeian land. Even on a lower scale, when \$25,000 was a pittance in Westchester, it was a common thing for the owner of a home to overlook, in his pride, that the house had a mortgage on it that amounted perilously close to its entire value.

These follies are now on exhibit more graphically than in any other section of the distressed nation. The torn bits of paper profits still fill the Westchester air as at a Lindbergh reception. Westchester, in fact, nursed many of the glorious 1929 stockbrokers, and the virus of the county made itself felt very definitely in the market. The ownership of empty palaces in the hills and developments at present are so complicated that it is not even to be established among the various banks and mortgage companies who have taken them over. There are others whose occupants have moved away and no one knows where they are, some of them getting free from their encumbrances in the night. There are mansions in which stunned people lurk behind drawn shades and obtain food from relief stations.

The local newspapers are fat with the lists of liens against parcels of property which have been foreclosed for non-payment of taxes. In the lengthy lists there comes out the dark secret that favorite sons have been allowed to escape contributing to the public funds since as far

back as 1904. When the lost lands and unfortunate structures are put up for public auction there are few bidders, and the cities, more grievously bankrupt than most, take them back, wondering if, ultimately, they will not have to offer them free to pioneer settlers.

Meanwhile the tax rates go up, with those who remained financially legitimate through the mad days being made to pay through the nose for the defections of those who once gloried above them. It is also up to those who lived honestly to make up the \$2,822,460, or 28% of the county budget of \$10,124,201, which went in 1933 for relief and public welfare work.

Public expenditures for development and improvement, however, have suffered little curtailment. President Roosevelt, when Governor in 1932, drew attention to this by listing Westchester as leading a "roll of shame" of New York State counties with excessive tax expenditures. The bonded indebtedness of the county jumped from seven million dollars in 1922 to over eighty million in 1932. There is no sinking fund to meet the bonds, which must be paid for as they fall due from each year's taxation. This means that the great-grandchildren of present taxpayers will still be paying off existing bonds, some of which run as far as 1988, as in the case of those of the Bronx River Parkway. Ordinarily it is considered good policy to stretch a bond issue only over the period commensurate with the estimated life of the improvement for which it is issued, but it is already evident that the Parkway will not last anything like another fifty-four years. In other instances roads have been dug up and repaved while bonds were still outstanding and unpaid for the roads replaced.

This happy state of affairs, together with the social snootiness of Westchester

as a residential section, goes to make it one of the most expensive places to live in in the country, if not the most expensive. It costs more to live in Westchester than it does in New York. The median house rental of Westchester is \$54.04 a month, while that of Manhattan is \$43.64. It is approximately double that of places less than a hundred miles away. On foods, except for the staple lines sold throughout the country at nationally established prices, there are appreciable amounts added to the prices because the articles are sold in Westchester County. Even golf and other clubs are things only for the comparatively rich. It is no place for a person of moderate income to enjoy the simple pleasures of life. To live in Valhalla a heavy premium must be paid.

What, exactly, do you obtain for your additional money? What things are here that are worth scalpers' prices?

For your extra payment you obtain the aforesaid proximity to New York, an advantage if your business is there and you can stomach the crowded daily commuting. If it is not, and you use the city little or none at all, you obtain nothing.

The scenery is often beautiful, with rolling hills and carefully guarded lakes, but it is no more attractive than a thousand other places in the country where the cost of living is more reasonable. In the matter of roads, Westchester is practically unsurpassed in quality, and certainly no place comes up to it in the number of even, wide surfaces. The county parkways, upon which close to one hundred million dollars have been expended, are stupendous and a motorist's delight. Here the place reaches its goal of being little less than Heaven. The accusation of enormous costs is met by the Westchester financiers by pointing out that to meet them there is sufficient income from increased valuation

and taxation from bordering properties and from the public amusement parks such as Playland. This argument sounds good until the fact emerges that for the past year the county has not been able to afford to light the vaunted parkways at night. They have been as black as the Maine woods, and driving on them is a thrill not to be approximated by any excursion on a roller-coaster. The result has been an increase in the number of automobile accidents and a jump in the insurance rates. During a recent drive on a two-mile stretch of parkway, I observed three accidents, one of them serious, which can only bring about the conclusion that an inferior, safe road is to be preferred to a perfect, unsafe road.

Westchester culture fails to strike more than the usual note of a community that spells the word with a capital C. A recent addition was the erection of a fine building called the County Center, where the greatest flight toward fine living is the bribing of members of the Metropolitan Opera Company to come out and give concerts half a dozen times a year. After that come the women's clubs, of which there is a Federation to which fifty-three belong with a total membership of 13,000. The buildings of these dear ladies are costly and usually pretty, in the aggregate the most luxurious and expensive halls ever erected for Mrs. Whamhozzle to get up and read her paper on Dante before the enthralled members of the Literary Section.

A surprised newspaper woman, recently being entertained at luncheon at one of the clubs, was greeted by a sample of enthusiasm that should rank very high in the annals of overstatements. "Why," exclaimed one of her hostesses, "it's just like having William Shakespeare with us!"

The architecture hatched in this county of homes is definitely quizzical. Here and there, especially in the newer public buildings, someone has pulled off a job extremely pleasing to the eye. But in the conglomerate there is a rare lack of authenticity. In few spots on the globe can there be found a more energetically jumbled collection of imitative Italian, English, Spanish, Mexican, Greek, and Tibetan architectures. Sometimes two or three of the "influences" are thrown in together in one composite structure. Here an architect can come and recognize his nightmare.

Among other comforts in the automobile-ridden Heaven is the fine art of finding a place to park your car. The business sections of most of the towns have been so far outgrown that it is a minor miracle to discover six inches of space in which to squeeze your Ford, if you are so fortunate as still to possess one. You can drive around for as much as half an hour in many of the towns before pouncing on a place being vacated. Even then you must dart in quickly before someone else, waiting in line, seizes it.

Another distinction lies in the beaches on the famed Sound waterfront. The waterfront is, almost without exception, occupied by estates and clubs prohibitive to the purse of most people. A few narrow beaches are left for the edification of the public. Each year a great to-do is made about the purity of their holy waters, which are described as being those of a second Mediterranean. Each year the waters are solemnly examined and found pure. Each year swimmers push their noses against the astounding objects to be found in waters where sewage is disposed and yachts float.

It is only to be expected of a place where civilization has reached such a glorious stage that its press is a feeble and innocu-

ous affair. Dominated by the Westchester Newspapers, Inc., a string of dailies with a New York *Times* complex, it gets the news in proficient enough fashion. But its wish to please everyone and its fear of saying anything not nice render it a colorless affair. Cut fingers, slight colds, and bruised toes still get into the sheets as pretty important news.

The very near future of Westchester County is a thing of sad moment. No matter how loudly the county minions scream at the mere suggestion that their lands be taken away from them and made a part of Greater New York, that destiny remains, irrevocably, the one that is indicated. In 1874 the Bronx gobbled up 12,317 acres of Westchester, and in 1895, 14,500 acres more.

The county has long been a lucrative part of the metropolitan area. It is too close to New York, is too bound to it by lines of travel and communication, and by problems of housing to resist more of it being taken, and then more and more, until all of Westchester is devoured. The famed parkways invite New Yorkers and exist for them as much as they do for Westchesterites.

The handwriting, in addition to all this, is on the wall. Long ago Yonkers deserted its pretence of being a delightful suburban section and became frankly an unlovely manufacturing town. Mt. Vernon, New Rochelle, and White Plains are following suit in another direction by rapidly becoming noisy, cheap, and vulgar. The New York mob has already arrived, overflowing from the city, which needs additional space in Westchester, and will have it. Even Bronxville, the toniest and perhaps most exclusive of all Westchester towns, must in the end, probably around the time those 1988 bonds are nicely paid off, live up literally to its name.

THE FREE PRESS IN CALIFORNIA

By KENNETH STEWART

San Francisco

FIFTEEN years ago Upton Sinclair amassed proof to show that "Politics, Journalism and Big Business work hand in hand for the hoodwinking of the public and the plundering of labor."

On a visit to the Pacific Coast last summer, Carl Ackerman, dean of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, climbed in on the right side of the same bed by declaring that "three activities of the people normally unite the United States—government, journalism and business." In the same breath he predicted that it would not be long before public opinion kicked "the arrogance of the strikers on the dock into a cocked hat."

Corroborating the crusader and the academician, *Editor and Publisher's* correspondent boasted how "Dailies Helped Break General Strike." In his account of the mobilization of San Francisco publishers against labor with John Francis Neylan, Hearst general counsel, as commander, he told how General Hugh Johnson found himself "up against a newspaper oligarchy" when the publishers informed the general in no gentle terms that his proposal to grant the longshoremen's demand for complete control of the hiring halls as a condition for arbitration would be "a compromise with revolution."

Even Fremont Older, the one San Francisco editor whose fiery past equipped him for enlightened leadership, sat through the Holy Trinity's performance silent and submissive. Having sacrificed to the Hearst banner his independence and all his causes but that of Tom Mooney, he was to many the saddest figure in California's journalistic débâcle. Weary, and all but repudiat-

ing his own energetic muckraking, he has become disillusioned with reform. New sets of rascals have replaced those he has thrown out and his present fear of substituting one form of tyranny for another makes him passively anarchistic. Recently, when a proletarian crusader approached him, he dug into his pocket with characteristic kindness to pay tribute to the youth's idealism although suspicious of the ideal. While the *Call-Bulletin* readily bowed to the will of the Associated Farmers, the Industrial Association, and the Waterfront Employers' Union, Older wrote for it pieces about gardens and dogs.

Hearst's other paper, the *Examiner*, conveniently forgot that in the 1901 teamsters' strike it had commented: "Sansome Street [the business district] doesn't like the labor unions. It holds dear the privilege of calling its men by their Christian names and asking them to touch their caps when the protruding stomach of the proprietor comes in sight."

Today Hearst, having built up his circulation by a pretended interest in them, doesn't like the labor unions. He holds dear the privilege of thinking of his men as "soldiers in a war" and asking them to touch their caps when his protruding stomach emerges from San Simeon.

With the *Chronicle* out-Hearsting Hearst, only the Scripps-Howard *News* treated the industrial crisis with some show of fairness and restraint. It refused to be stampeded by the cry of "red." At no time did it lend support to the Vigilantes. It was excepted from the boycott which Alameda County trades unions declared against the other papers of the bay area.

Editorially harried from right and left, it kept to the middle road. Over a cartoon showing the sinister figures of Fascism and Communism it cried "a plague on

both your houses." It was neither Hamilton Fish, foul, nor fair red. In 1907, poor but honest, the *News* could say: "Patrick Calhoun's unreasoning stubbornness is all that prevents a speedy settlement [of the carmen's strike]." In 1934, rich and influential, it could not risk challenging the unreasoning stubbornness of Herbert Fleishhacker and the shipping interests. Instead it praised "the solidarity and power" of organized labor and urged, not that it be fearful, "but that it be wise and humane at this critical juncture."

As the climax approached, the facts that the coast longshoremen's strike was a showdown for the closed shop and that the resultant three-day mass strike in San Francisco was a protest demonstration against the use of militia were mutilated beyond recognition in the scramble to convict workers of imperilling the public. Front page editorials were frequent and frantic. The *Chronicle* appealed to the "innocent third party threatened without cause or reason," which "endures often with sympathy an ordinary strike," with a suggestion to "take up arms for peace."

This propaganda spilled over copiously into the news columns. "S.F. DOCK PEACE PLAN SIGNED; START OF WORK DUE MONDAY," an *Examiner* headline said untruthfully. The plan had yet to be ratified by the rank and file with slight prospect of resumption of work the following Monday. Later, the longshoremen's position, that control of hiring halls was not a matter that could be arbitrated, was twisted to mean that "STRIKERS REFUSE TO VOTE ON PEACE."

The ridiculous refrain of "revolution" ran through the roar of the presses. Such dubious headlines as "COMMUNIST CHIEFS SWARM TO STATE FOR NEW UPRISING," "GENERAL STRIKE JUST REHEARSAL, RADI-

CALS CLAIM," "SEIZED REDS' PAPERS PROVE STRIKE CAUSE," selected at random, hardly need comment. One story said that the Southern Pacific had ordered guards along its lines on reports that the Communist army planned the destruction of the railroad and highway facilities to paralyze transportation, and, later, communication, while San Francisco and the bay area were made a focal point in a red struggle for revolution and the control of government.

Although the records show that the major violence was from above, copy desk maneuvering habitually juxtaposed the words "workers" or "strikers" and "violence."

The *Examiner* celebrated the Fourth of July with these pyrotechnics: "STRIKERS HALT BELT LINE. 2 SHOT. MANY HURT IN RIOTS. WORKERS FIGHT POLICE AS PORT OPENS." Those of us who saw few trucks moved recognized practiced wish-writing in the phrase "as port opens."

In the business of making heroes with such war-like captions as "Johnnie Gets His Gun" and "Start of the Big Push," the *Los Angeles Times*, with characteristic absurdity, went San Francisco one better in picturing a wife, babe in arms, kissing farewell to a soldier off to the wars—the front-line trenches of San Francisco's Embarcadero.

A picture labelled "Irony" carried the legend: "Felled striker got first aid. Although strikers were clubbed by police yesterday, here is an officer giving aid to an injured man." It was irony to perform the police duty of giving aid, but it was valor to perform that of clubbing and shooting. "Wearing the Red Badge of Courage" was the caption for a photograph of a policeman aiming at unarmed men in the distance.

When Senator Robert F. Wagner arrived

from New York to lend a hand in mediation and was mistakenly fired on by a guard, rather than by a striker, the story was played down.

Editorially cautioning that "This is the Time for All to Keep Their Heads," the *Call-Bulletin* gave credence, by front-page display, to a plot to dynamite a public building tipped off to the police by an unidentified woman on the basis of a conversation overheard in a garage. The *Examiner*, without details enough to give the semblance of verisimilitude, relayed an unidentified dying man's accusation against "a striker" who had stabbed him.

No mystic thought-wave impelled both morning papers to choose as the leading spot news of the general strike eve the history of what happened in London eight years before. "AROUSSED CITIZENS DEFEATED BRITISH GENERAL WALKOUT," the *Chronicle* admonished. The information was the same as that cabled to his own minions by William Randolph Hearst, although his name appears nowhere on the *Chronicle's* foreign correspondence payroll. It is common knowledge among newspapermen that the major headlines and editorials of these two papers during the crucial period were synchronized through Der Führer Neylan, enthroned in Room 6001 of the Palace Hotel to keep the old rivals goose-stepping against the common foe of labor.

"PLAN TO END STRIKE DEBATED," the *News* said soberly on the day the *Examiner* had sneered: "STRIKERS BACK DOWN ON FOOD, MUNY CARS." The *Chronicle's* "GENERAL STRIKE CRUSHED BY DETERMINED CITIZENS" was on the street several hours before the less flamboyant but more accurate "ACTION TO END MASS STRIKE BY LABOR CHIEFS DUE TODAY".

Housewives startled by the alarmism that "the vital flow of life's necessities has dwindled to the merest trickle" are still wondering how to use up the dried apples and canned milk with which they packed their pantry shelves. They had been told in front-page boxes that "a general strike means no food, no milk, no money," although the mass walkout was not a general strike and in actuality meant none of these things.

"ONLY STRIKE FAMILIES TO RECEIVE FOOD," lied the *Chronicle*. After inconspicuously acknowledging a protest, it screamed: "BUTCHERS VOTE TO RETURN TO JOBS AS BRIDGES ADMITS FAILURE OF PLOT TO STARVE CITY." No matter that Harry Bridges, leftist labor leader, had actually advised his followers that the strike would be lost unless the city were fed. When he outlined his program for keeping food moving, the *Examiner* diverted the credit to the authorities.

Because of his militancy, Bridges was a constant thorn to the *Examiner*. He was always an "alien" or "Australasian" until he was finally blacklisted as an anonymous "extremist leader."

The *Examiner* published as news the fact that a marine worker was once a dope-peddler with a criminal record. A cub reporter for that paper told me that he spent several hours at the police station in an unsuccessful effort to dig out dirt, on orders, against a striker. Naturally, the files could yield no parallel record of depredations of a ship operator.

Papers elsewhere mentioned that Postmaster General Farley, visiting the West, planned hearings on government ship subsidies with possibility of cancelling ocean mail contracts. The matter was soft-pedalled in San Francisco. Hearst barred the ugly word "subsidy."

The *Examiner*, while berating critics of American institutions, published in its news columns unsigned attacks on Federal officials that might well have been reprints from the *New Masses*. And Hearst himself used up cable tolls and good type to shout that much of the national administration was "more Communistic than the Communists themselves," lighting flames "that had to be extinguished by the sober and intelligent and patriotic citizens of the nation," concluding: "Thank God the patriotic citizens of California have shown us the way." His drivelling columnist, Annie Laurie, went further: "We have our own little family quarrels, but we'll settle 'em right here at home in the family, thank you, and we'll be much obliged to outsiders if they'll just keep away and let us manage our own affairs, as we always have managed them, and always will manage them, with the help of the good Lord, who gave us the most beautiful State in the greatest country in the world for a nurse and a mother."

The *Chronicle* one morning apologized, in boldface, for its syndicated Washington column as "interesting, if not illuminating, to San Franciscans in reflecting the Washington political atmosphere." This was because the commentators had remarked that local appointees, no matter how worthy, liberal or highly esteemed, do not make the best arbiters.

When it seemed to Heywood Broun that "the lawless employers should be restrained, and if they don't like it here I see no possible objection to sending them back where they came from," the *News* jerked his column from later editions after advertisers had protested. To balance the books, Westbrook Pegler's simultaneous sarcasm about longshoremen was deleted. Those who inquired were told, with some embarrassment, that Broun, 3,000 miles

away, "does not understand the situation out here."

Publishers were delighted to quote from General Johnson's Berkeley speech that "it would be safer for a cottontail rabbit to slap a wildcat in the face than for one-half of 1% of our population to strangle the rest of us into submission by any such means as this." Only the weekly Catholic *Leader*, which penetrated much of the industrialist camouflage, found it significant that he had also said that "the present position of the shipping industry is extreme and unreasonable and must be tempered if we are to have peace." The *News* did not suppress the statement outright as did its neighbors.

Earlier inhospitality to Johnson was overlooked when he admitted in Los Angeles that he had no share in settling the strike. The *Examiner* acknowledged the gesture prominently. The *Chronicle*, a little out of stride, caught up in the next edition.

William H. Crocker's hometown papers were not willing to show their hands brazenly enough to reproduce that banker's remark to a New York interviewer that "when this nonsense is out of the way and the men have been driven back to their jobs, we won't have to worry about them any more—labor is licked."

After newspaper readers had been told that the "strikers' spree" was over, the employers stormed on through a long session, reducing Mayor Rossi to tears with their insistence upon declaration of martial law, not to protect the city, but to smash the unions. The press knew about the meeting but did not expose its allies.

When the organized program of pillage got under way the results were proclaimed with venomous glee and flippancy in the face of death and defeat.

Reporters knew that in each raid hired wreckers arrived on schedule a few min-

utes before the police, who completed the damage. Yet their stories told of conservative union men "purging their own ranks."

"Reds Turn Black and Blue," sadistic caption writers said of bruised, bleeding men. The *Chronicle* chortled: "First step of beating swords of San Francisco's strife into plowshares takes form of beating Communists' furniture into matchsticks. There was a piano in the room and they laughed when a husky teamster sat down to it—with an ax. The rendition was presented with a tympanic accompaniment of fists on the persons of radicals, who, today, are even more inflamed."

The *Call-Bulletin* gloated over malicious mischief thus: "Where work-roughened hands once played the 'Internationale' Berkeley citizen raiders with baseball bats reduced a grand piano far beyond the 'Unfinished Symphony' or the 'Lost Chord'." A few pieces of pipe, some pocket-knives and a hatchet were a "Strike Arsenal."

Raid prisoners were "alley spawn" and when some of them went on hunger strike against excessive bail, the funny boys had a wise-cracking carnival. They pulled out all the old chestnuts about bearded, bomb-throwing, non-bathing bumskis. Laugh—you'd have died!

Editors became so inarticulate in their fear that they reprinted a vicious personal attack on Lincoln Steffens, Ella Winter and their child. Others who shared the sin of loving humanity and wanting social justice saw themselves spotlighted by the publication of private correspondence to make them seem evil and sneaking plotters.

Unashamed of its instigation of last November's lynchings, the San Jose *News* couldn't understand "all this fuss about these raiding parties" and urged real red-blooded Americans to "keep up the good

work until California is entirely free of these trouble-makers."

As loose in his metaphors as his editor in his use of "un-American" language, the *News* reporter erupted: "The mongoose of Americanism dragged the cobra of Communism through the good Santa Clara Valley dirt last night. Vigilantes, tired of legal delays and technicalities which have aided Communism to mount higher and higher on the ladder reaching towards the hoped-for pinnacle of a 'United States of Soviet America' armed themselves with pick handles and 'mopped up' several Communist nests."

The rival *Mercury-Herald* wallowed in such Vigilante-glorifying phrases as "faces grim, eyes shining with steady purpose." "The raids," it said, "started with something of the fervor of a holy crusade." The reporter, although his story concealed the fact, was one of the holy crusaders.

"In tense times, to be sure, excited things take place," the San Francisco *Chronicle* editorialized. "We can understand the indignation which prompted the first outbreak of Vigilante violence against the Communist centers. Its immediate effect may even have been salutary. . . . We owe it to ourselves—not to them—to impose on Communists, against their will, those democratic rights in which they do not believe, and which they would deny us if they were in power."

After the summer's barbarity, while the

trials "for vagrancy because of radicalism" (as one paper ingenuously put it) were clogging the courts, along came the State convention of the American Legion, giving the papers opportunity to spread its imbecilities and keep the terrorism alive. They even outdid the Legion. Headlines deceptively blared "LEGION RESOLUTION URGES DEATH FOR RADICAL AGITATORS," although the proposal was ultimately defeated.

Amid its adolescent antics, the Legion did find time to provide plenty of pap for the press by demanding abrogation of Russian recognition, abolition of immigrant quotas for countries refusing to accept deportees, removal of radicals from relief rolls, exile for them to deserts and lonely islands, and official denial of citizenship rights to Communists.

In order to enlighten the public on this rapidly changing and melodramatic scene, editors and reporters sent out for sandwiches, caught forty winks at their desks and postponed vacations.

When the tension slackened, the *Chronicle* staff members received gold medals "in grateful appreciation of efforts and courage." The *Examiner* editor, with apprehensive reassurance, posted on the bulletin board a notice that it had been his great pleasure to cable Mr. Hearst: "Your organization is still composed of newspaper men. I think you should be proud of their performance."

THE LIBRARY

Havelock Ellis

MY CONFESSIONAL, by Havelock Ellis.
\$2.50. 5½ x 8¾; 239 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

For years Mr. Ellis has been receiving letters from admirers in all parts of the world, requesting his advice on all sorts of problems, strictly personal and otherwise. The present book, which consists of seventy-one brief chapters, is built upon the points raised in these letters, and Mr. Ellis discusses each point, "if not in the directly personal way in which I have actually written to my correspondent, at all events in its essentially impersonal point." In this manner he manages to say something about "many of the chief questions of our day." His philosophical survey of the contemporary world takes in very nearly everything: sex, eugenics, sentiment, con-ism, the proletariat, war, French art, Goethe's meaning for 1934, the discipline of pain, Bolshevism, George Sand, Tolstoy, "The Place of Art in Life," "The Riddle of the Universe," Spinoza, criminology, music, "The Problem of Leisure," and "What is Happiness?"

They who have read Mr. Ellis's previous non-scientific writings, especially "Affirmations" and the three volumes of "Impressions and Comments," will not find much that is really new in the present book; but novices might well buy it, for it forms a really excellent introduction to the ideas and style of one of the most influential men of our age. My own first encounter with the man's body of thought was in 1923, when "The Dance of Life" was pub-

lished. It seemed that everybody in the United States was reading it and being impressed by its "clarity, profundity, and wisdom." I read the book very carefully, and found it singularly vague, irrelevant, and unilluminating. Then—spurred on by one critic's exuberant claim that Ellis was "undoubtedly the most civilized Englishman of his generation"—I read most of his other books, and a large number of his articles. The man grew on me, as the saying goes. I could feel only the highest respect for one who had the courage, insight, learning, and industry to produce the monumental six volume series of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" in the dark years 1897-1910. I also liked "The Nationalization of Health," "A Study of British Genius," and "The Task of Social Hygiene." But his other books, especially the aforementioned "Affirmations," "Impressions and Comments," and "The Dance of Life" left me dissatisfied. I was puzzled, because these were the very books which were read the most widely and praised the most highly, and by people who at the time had reputations for discrimination.

Now that I have read his latest book I am more convinced than ever that Mr. Ellis is one of those unfortunate men who have written the most about the subjects they are least competent to discuss, and who have been praised extravagantly for the wrong things. He is first and foremost a physician and psychologist, specializing in the history and treatment of sex problems, and he had said all he had to say in 1910, when the last volume of his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" appeared.

All his books since then have been either repetitions of ideas first stated in this series, or, what has been far more frequent, collections of immature and hollow ideas expressed in suave but distressingly lifeless prose. I do not wish to belittle his really great contributions to the science of sex. I only wish to place him more accurately in the realm of general thought. In short, he is a great scientist but a third-rate philosopher. Some of his meditations, in fact, come perilously close to the meditations of Arthur Brisbane and Walter Lippmann. Here are some of them, culled from the present volume:

1. May it not often be that the views we advocate today were the views we had no faith in on some long forgotten yesterday?

2. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent.

3. Today war is not only degraded but unnecessary; . . . If we fail to take the next obvious step of setting up an international police force to meet the risks of nations murdering each other, we meet the fate we deserve, for our civilization not only stultifies itself but grows stagnant and corrupt.

4. Sentiment is itself a substantial part of the reality of life.

5. Our vision is so often clouded by emotion.

6. It may easily be seen that, even at the present rate, before many years have passed there will not be a single proletarian left in England. Or, if there is, he will be placed in the Zoölogical Gardens or otherwise carefully tended. And in the United States he will probably have disappeared at an earlier date.

7. Death and Pain are essential elements of Life, absolutely necessary for human development.

8. The art of love is still so rare.

9. A nation is infinitely more difficult to organize than a domestic home.

10. Marriage in this respect at all events resembles swimming, in that it is not easy to learn it on a table. It is only by plunging into the waters of marriage or of the sea

that one can learn to swim in either element.

11. Rebellion and aspiration on one side: thankful resignation, if not contentment, on the other side. The two attitudes seem complementary. They are both needed to make the complete Man. A strange creature, no doubt.

Surely there is not much light and leading in such observations. It has been said of Ellis that he "belongs in the line of Goethe," that he is full of "godless mysticism," that he is an analyst, a synthesist, and a universalist. Is he all of these things? Is he any one of these things? I have grave doubts. His wisdom consists largely of kindly expressed banalities, such as I have quoted, and his analysis of world affairs is almost wholly made up of well-intentioned ignorance. He who says that the proletariat will soon disappear from England and the United States doesn't know what he is talking about. If there is one thing on which all economists agree, it is that the proletariat all over the world is increasing, through the subjection of the middle classes. And what supernal insight is there in the remark that war will not be abolished until the world organizes an international police force? This is Sunday-school prattle. Nowhere in all his books does Mr. Ellis show that he fully understands how wars come about, how strong the economic element is, and how foolish it is to speak of the brotherhood of nations before economic rivalries are disposed of.

The world owes a great deal to Mr. Ellis for helping free the basic functions of the human body and mind from the shackles of ecclesiasticism and savage morality, but that does not give him the right to assume so Olympian an attitude toward the struggles of all of us to obtain the modicum of physical comfort, without which all the

fine writing about Love and the Dance is so much guff. "To see the World as Beauty," says Mr. Ellis, "is the whole End of Living." But how can the world seem beautiful to a hungry man as he looks helplessly upon his starving and bedraggled wife and children?

In the every-day world of struggling for one's daily bread and butter, as I have tried to show, Mr. Ellis is completely lost. He is also lost in the realm of the arts, which is somewhat strange, for he has spent many years of his long life in the study of literature, painting, music, and dancing. He was one of the original sponsors of nudism, which every honest physician and psychologist knows is a quackery. And he has praised lavishly such dubious people as Samuel D. Schmalhausen, Count Keyserling, Ortega y Gasset, Nicholas Berdyaeff, James Hinton, Benedetto Croce, and Benjamin de Casseres. He says of Mr. de Casseres that he is "a critic who has known how to win the approval of fine judges outside as well as inside his own country. . . . He has produced what may well be the most eloquent rhapsody ever sung around Spinoza." And of the abstruse and hollow Croce he says that he "is still one of our most luminous and wide-visioned thinkers." Count Keyserling was long ago exposed as an unintelligible mystic, and his books are sneered at by intelligent people for the frauds which they are, but Mr. Ellis devotes a whole chapter to his trashy "South American Meditations," and without reservation places him in "the tribe of the prophets."

No one can doubt that Mr. Ellis will live long in the memory of mankind for his heroic championship of sense, decency, and beauty in sexual matters. For that he deserves our deep and abiding respect, perhaps as much as does Sigmund Freud. But let us not dim his real glory by prais-

ing him for something he is not. He is not a philosopher, in the large and immemorial sense of that honorable word. He is a great medical and psychological scientist. That God did not also make him a philosopher is no reason why his admirers should.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Young Professional Man

CITY EDITOR, by Stanley Walker. \$3. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{7}{8}$; 336 pp. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

STANLEY WALKER is a happy young man, utterly delighted with himself and his job. Seven years as city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* and he is ripe to purr in public of the many joys of sitting on top of the New York situation; of sending his skilled men out to bring back for him the color of a mighty city. Quite self-consciously he fulfills his rôle; his book reveals him not only as a city editor but as a city editor who knows he's a city editor and glories in it; as much at home in the job as if it were all a play and he a good actor. He knows what a city editor ought to be, too, and here he leans back and with the precision of a Walter Huston in a film tells everybody just what he's doing and why.

There's no nonsense about the man, either. He has more things neatly ticketed than a Fundamentalist preacher in his own home town of Lampasas, Texas. He knows what he knows. He knows that women, by and large, make lousy newspaper men. He knows that a newspaper reporter ought to have a good education, with a heavy grounding in the sciences because science is so important these days. He knows that the editorial page is passing out, and that editorials ought to be confined to giving facts and background supplementing the news stories. He knows

that drink sends many reporters to early graves; that most men can't spell; that city rooms are filthy with office politics; that the newspaper business doesn't pay enough money to those in the wheelhorse posts of copyreaders and leg men. He knows that Heywood Broun is a dangerous radical and that the Newspaper Guild will fail because newspaper men learn early in life never to trust clergymen or labor leaders. They also learn not to trust city editors overmuch on matters relating to hours and salaries, but Mr. Walker does not mention that.

It is an amazing and significant thing that this volume, which ought to be fresh and colorful and alive with new stuff, plods along in the most pedestrian fashion until the author approaches the question of the Guild, where it suddenly flames up into an approximation of passion. Mr. Walker is dull as any journalism instructor in describing the doings of reporter and photographer. In the even, plod-plod manner that the *Herald Tribune's* own Mr. Coolidge used on the *Herald Tribune's* front page to point out that a drought follows lack of rainfall and unemployment follows lack of jobs, Mr. Walker points out, at great length, that a good photographer must know how to make good pictures (one chapter); that a reporter ought to know what the hell he's writing about (one chapter); that a sports editor ought not to take graft (one chapter); and that libel suits are bad business. Occasionally there is a little flourish, a gay turn of phrase, like a kick of the heels, but mostly bread and butter. When he comes to the Guild he finds himself.

He discovers that "this organization is not really a 'guild' but a young labor union." He sees with horror that "already it has employed labor union tactics, and its organization is built on a framework simi-

lar to that of the unions." He fears that reporters will acquire a "labor versus capital complex" which will make it difficult for reporters to write news stories on labor troubles "without displaying a conscious or unconscious bias." This, from a guiding hand of the *Herald Tribune*, in which stories of demonstrations and picketing are treated with merry good humor and sly joshing; this from the city editor of a journal which has permitted Mark Sullivan to smell red plots at Washington four times a week for a year and a half; this, from a fellow of the paper that sees revolution and regimentation whenever the President opines that maybe sometime there ought to be a union somewhere. It would take a powerful lot of labor education to wangle most of Mr. Walker's bright young men to a point where they could be merely fair, and his fear of the Guild and his sneers at Broun as a "labor leader" have the feel of something thought out pretty damn deliberately. It ought to please the Reids, who own the arena in which Mr. Walker self-consciously performs.

The trouble is that Mr. Walker is not much of a realist. He really has a civics teacher's view. Almost everything is in its place and we're all progressing to a better sort of world. If only everybody will do his job; if only reporters will learn to spell; if only photographers will behave with dignity; if only girls in the business won't try to make the boys; if only that dangerous N.R.A. won't suppress the freedom of the press; if only we all try to write better; if only we read more newspapers; why, then, we'll make a great profession out of the newspaper business yet. And we'll get the "color" of New York. "The city," says the author, "is brimful of news—news of ideas, of people, of petty feuds and high aspiration." But to Mr. Walker the color of New York is,

lamentably, the fake "color" of Bowery didoes, odd characters, Dexter Fellows, gangster deaths and science science science. With radical groups consolidating themselves and fledgling Fascist movements making headway in the middle classes; with capitalism panting for breath; with the greatest news story in one hundred and fifty years on his doorstep as an economic system fights for its life, he hopes only that reporters will realize they are professional men, not workers, and that the nasty old Guild won't go in for "foolishness." He trusts, however, that the newspaper men's "innate sense of honesty" (the same newspaper men, he says, are often underpaid) will serve to "keep most of the members straight."

SAMUEL GRAFTON

China's Red Army Marches

CHINA'S RED ARMY MARCHES. By Agnes Smedley. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¾; 334 PP. New York: *The Vanguard Press*.

SUPPORTED by facts gathered by her in interior China, Miss Smedley reveals an amazing growth within a few years of the conviction among the Chinese masses, coolies, farmers, artisans, tradespeople, and housewives, that they must rid themselves of their ruthless warlords and their corrupt Nanking government if they are to achieve national unity and social and economic betterment. The real obstacle to China's emergence from chaos is the Nanking government, headed by its dictator, Chiang Kai-shek, and dominated by the political clique known as the Kuomintang. It, says Miss Smedley, represents Chinese landlordism, capitalism and militarism; it permits warlords to rule provinces and wage civil war in order to obtain vast tribute from them; it exacts \$200,000,000 annually in revenue from an illegal opium traffic; it tolerates missionaries with their protect-

ing gunboats; it is the tool of imperialistic foreign powers from whom it accepts millions in "loans"; it was co-conspirator in Japan's seizure of Manchuria, and it sanctions treaties whereby industrial "concessions," impairing China's sovereignty, are sold to foreign interests. "The Nanking government, officially recognized by foreign powers as *the* Chinese government, has taken not one single or serious step to halt the dismemberment and subjection of the country."

It is refreshing to learn from Miss Smedley's courageous and enlightening book that the Chinese people, through the development of the Chinese Soviet Republic, are militantly aroused against their oppressors, with a determination to distribute more evenly among the workers the fruits of their toil and of the land that belongs to them. The Chinese Soviet Republic extends over parts of half a dozen interior provinces, with its capital at Shuikin in Southeastern Kiangsi. Its strength comprises 400,000 regular troops, about 600,000 irregulars and uncounted millions of peasants and villagers who, although only dimly acquainted with the principles of Sovietism, have embraced the Red flag as a refuge from the ravages of the warlords. The first Soviet Congress, meeting at Shuikin, has put into effect drastic laws to improve the conditions of workers and peasants; newspapers, informing the people of the progress of their new government, are published; edicts extending civil rights are posted on walls; exhibitions and revolutionary plays are provided; a university at Shuikin has 2000 students, and a military academy in 1933 graduated two classes of commanders, each numbering 1500.

The Chinese Red Army obtains its munitions not by purchase, nor from Soviet Russia, Miss Smedley says, but by capture

from the expeditions sent out by the Nanking government to suppress Communism. Whole divisions of Nanking troops with their arms often go over to the Red Army. In a campaign in Kiangsi the Red Army captured on one occasion 20,000 rifles and 1000 machine guns, which had been sold to Nanking by firms in America, France, Great Britain and Czechoslovakia; and 15,000 trained Nanking troops, in the midst of a battle, threw up their arms to indicate their readiness to become comrades of the Reds. Each part of the Red Army that is separated from its base and driven into strange territory becomes the nucleus of new Soviet strength. The further the Red Army is driven the further it extends its sway. It is swelling from the interior outward and, Miss Smedley believes, is destined to encompass all China.

Naturally, the foreign imperialists do not look with pleasure on the spread of Sovietism in China. To enable the Nanking government to buy arms to check it explains America's \$50,000,000 "wheat and cotton" loan and the presence of 300 American and Canadian military pilots in the Nanking air force. It explains a "loan" of £20,000,000 by Great Britain to Liu Hsiang, militarist of Szechuen Province, and the willingness of Liu to permit British troops to enter that province by way of Tibet. It explains the presence of German Nazi officers at Nanking military headquarters, and the preparedness of Japanese troops to march into Northern China. The foreign powers are as ready for a united invasion of China as they were at the time of the Boxer uprising thirty-four years ago. Only now their motive is not to save foreign legations but to protect China from "the menace of Bolshevism." The governments that are stupid enough to think they can retain their imperialistic strangleholds on China by pour-

ing money and troops into it are too stupid to realize that more enlightened conditions surround the Chinese people.

Foreign governments have been responsible for the infliction of incredible cruelties on innocent and unoffending Chinese, but none have been more unconscionable than the cruelties inflicted on Communists seized in the international settlement in Shanghai. Miss Smedley describes the fate of twenty-four members of a secret Preparatory Soviet Committee who were captured by the British police and turned over to the Kuomintang: "The breasts of the women prisoners and the testicles of the men were crushed. Their finger nails were ripped out and the joints of their knees and elbows dislocated. They were filled with a liquid mixture of excrement and gasoline and their bodies cut to pieces by bamboo sliced into ribbons."

Perhaps Robert Morss Lovett is a little too optimistic when he says in a preface to Miss Smedley's book that the best governed provinces in China are the Soviet provinces and expresses the hope that China and Japan will both go Communist. But the surest way to hasten the Communization of China is for the foreign powers to countenance brutalities such as Miss Smedley describes.

Miss Smedley is doing for China what John Reed did for Russia. Her travels through the Chinese Soviet Republic, her arrest at the instance of the British secret police, her struggle for assistance by the American consul general who disliked to recognize her American passport because of her association with radicals, her refusal to write stuff favorable to the Nanking government for a consideration, and her acquaintance with Mrs. Sun Yatsen qualify her to write authoritatively on a subject that heretofore has been treated meagrely.

THOMAS STEEP

The Problem of Economic Progress

AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO PRODUCE,
by Edwin G. Nourse and Associates. \$3.50.
5½ x 8¼; 608 pp. Washington: *The*
Brookings Institution.

AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO CONSUME,
by Maurice Leven, Harold G. Moulton and
Clark Warburton. \$3.00. 5½ x 8¼; 272 pp.
Washington: *The Brookings Institution*.

THESE books are an important contribution to the quantitative investigation of economic conditions. "America's Capacity to Produce" is the first comprehensive statistical study of the extent of unused productive capacity in American industry. "America's Capacity to Consume" is the most adequate study of the distribution of income and consumption among the American people; on the methodological side it is significant for its emphasis on shifting the concepts of income in accordance with the purpose of an investigation, and for the inclusion of realized speculative profits as income. Unlike the average statistical study, which loses itself in meaningless refinements and mathematical metaphysics—tending to disguise, not to reveal, economic reality—these two books have a practical theoretical objective: they are part of a larger work on the distribution of income in relation to economic progress.

Three conclusions emerge from this study of American economic development since 1900 (and particularly from 1919 to 1929):

1. There is always a large unused capacity of production—and labor—even in the most prosperous years.
2. The unequal distribution of income and consumption, which tends to become more unequal, hampers economic progress by preventing a full utilization of the social forces of production.
3. In 1929, the peak year of the "Golden

Age" of American prosperity, nearly one-half of the people were living under conditions of mere subsistence or poverty—while a considerable proportion of productive capacity and labor was not utilized.

These conclusions are not new, although they have been, on the whole, ignored by professional economists; but the Brookings study demonstrates them with an overwhelming mass of unassailable statistical evidence.

According to this study, the whole of American industry in 1929 had an unused productive capacity of 19% (17% in manufactures alone); that is, industry was capable of producing 19% more goods and services than it did and adding \$15,000 million to the national income. For the five years 1925-29 the average unused capacity was still greater—21% (20% in manufactures alone).

While this tremendous productive capacity was unused, millions of families lacked many of the basic necessities of life, which industry was capable of producing. In 1929, \$2,000 yearly was necessary to supply all the basic necessities; many of these necessities were denied to 16,400,000 families, 60% of the total, whose incomes were below \$2,000. These families consumed only one-third of all goods and services produced. In sharp contrast to this, 219,000 families with incomes of \$20,000 up consumed as much as 5,800,000 families with incomes of \$1,000 to \$1,500. While the richest 631,000 families, only 2.3% of the total, consumed \$11,460 million of goods and services, 18.5% of the total, 35.7% of the population lived under conditions of minimum comfort and 40.6% (with incomes below \$1,500) lived under conditions of mere subsistence or poverty.

This enormous inequality in consumption expressed a similar inequality in the

distribution of income. While 42% of all families had incomes below \$1,500 (nearly 6,000,000, or 21%, below \$1,000), 36,000 families with incomes of \$75,000 up had an aggregate income of \$9,800 million, as much as the 42% of families in the lowest income groups. The final inequality was in the distribution of savings—the richest 631,000 families contributed 67% of the savings, the poorest 16,400,000 families only 1.6%.

To raise to \$2,500 the yearly income of 19,400,000 families, 70% of the total, who had incomes below the \$2,500 level, would have required an addition of \$16,000 million to the national income, \$15,000 million of which could have been provided by the mere utilization of existing unused productive capacity. It was thus economically feasible in 1929 to abolish the worst forms of poverty.

It was economically feasible, moreover, to provide comfort standards of living for the whole population. This, the authors of the Brookings study insist, would require an increase in production of which industry is incapable for a long time to come. But that is a conservative conclusion conditioned, in one aspect, by the acceptance of the social relations of capitalist production, which results in an inability to visualize the possibility of any considerable reduction in the concentration of income. An equal distribution of income in 1929 would have meant an average family income of \$2,800 (or average family expenditures on consumption of \$2,200); this, plus the additional income derivable from mere utilization of unused productive capacity, could have provided comfort for all. The Brookings estimate of unused capacity is, moreover, an absolute minimum. In the report of the Columbia University Commission on "Economic Reconstruction" (1934), engineers estimated

that in 1929 an increase of 40% was possible in the output of manufactures on the basis of existing equipment and management, and, if these were raised to the level of the best current practices, an increase of 77%. The Brookings economists are right when they reject the theory that the United States is capable of producing more than it can consume: a theory, incidentally, accepted by the N.R.A. But they are wrong when they insist that the problem is not one of releasing the forces of actual or potential abundance, which is repressed by the urge for profit of capitalist production. For these economists not only underestimate the extent of unused capacity, they also ignore the many wastes of capitalist production (*e.g.* competitive merchandising, useless and meretricious goods and services) and the full possibilities of increasing the productivity of labor by means of greater technical-economic efficiency. Hence they oppose the six-hour day and the five-day week as tending to decrease production, where in reality they are wholly compatible with increased production.

The final theoretical conclusions of the Brookings study will appear in the next two volumes—"The Formation of Capital" and "Income and Economic Progress." But a preliminary criticism is permissible, as the general outlines of the conclusions are already clear. The Brookings economists insist it is possible, within the limits of the capitalist system and without any threat to profits, to increase production by increasing mass incomes and consumption. This, at a time when capitalism is developing a deliberate policy of maintaining the profit system by the restriction of production and mass consumption!

The Brookings study considers unused capacity merely in terms of the possibility of providing more for the mass of the people. But that is unimportant from the

standpoint of capitalist production. What is important is that unused capacity is an expression of the impossibility for capitalist production to use profitably all its productive forces. At the same time unused capacity, with its concomitant of relatively higher overhead costs, is bound up with the tendency of the rate of profit to fall. As capitalist production becomes increasingly large-scale and efficient, and the ratio of labor to capital becomes smaller, more of the proceeds of industry go to capital than to labor, thereby creating the conditions of an accumulating deficiency in mass purchasing power and consumption. Unused capacity tends to grow as the forces of production are developed more than the forces of consumption. The Brookings study concludes that, for the thirty years after 1900, there was no apparent tendency for unused capacity to increase. If, however, periods of depression, which show an increasing decline in production, are included, there is a marked tendency for unused capacity to increase. Moreover, even the Brookings figures indicate an increase, as they show that unused capacity was somewhat higher in 1925-29 than in 1909-13, an increase which becomes greater if allowance is made for the fact that the first was a period of depressed prosperity and the second one of unusual prosperity. Because of the conditions bound up with unused capacity, which are inherent in capitalist production, a situation arises where the rate of profit tends to fall disastrously. Capitalism meets the danger by restricting production and consumption, with resulting permanent unemployment and mass misery. For to absorb the unemployed and permit the masses to consume the abundance industry is capable of producing, it is necessary to raise wages and lower hours to an extent which would threaten the abolition of

profit. Thus it is fantastic to "reject all revolutionary suggestions," as do the Brookings economists, "and seek economic regeneration under an economic organization not basically different from that to which we have been accustomed in the United States." Where the rate of profit, the driving force of capitalist production, formerly promoted economic progress, it now increasingly stifles it. Only the abolition of capitalism can release the forces of economic (and cultural) progress.

LEWIS COREY

The Enigma of Miguel de Cervantes

THE LIFE AND MISADVENTURES OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, by Mariano Tomas. \$3.00 5½ x 8½; 255 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

FROM a biographer's point of view the life of Cervantes suffers from the same disadvantages as does that of his English brother in letters, William Shakespeare. The actual data are meager—a document here, a name there, and the rest mostly legend and hearsay. No biography of either man has yet been written that adds anything to the stature he assumes through his own works. The present book is pretty bad. It is a little sad and a little funny to watch Mariano Tomas, with lush adjectives and a gouty style, try to pat Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra on the head.

But there is more to the matter than scarcity of material or inadequacy of one biographer or a score of them. The fact is that where Cervantes went and what he did, whether he was the "hero of Lepanto" or just a man who came up on deck at the wrong moment and got his hand hurt, how long he lay in an Algerian prison, how badly he was neglected when he got out by the powers that then were—all those details, controversial or not, shrink

to insignificance beside the man's achievement. It is enough to know that he wrote that immortal tale of man's striving, which begins, "In a certain village of La Mancha, the name of which I do not choose to remember—." If one chooses to believe that the world he painted there was the world he lived in, well and good. But the important thing is the world he painted.

"Don Quixote" is not his only book. But the others, though they have been translated into every tongue, though, after three hundred years, they still sell, are, like the details of his career, relatively unimportant. It is "Don Quixote" that matters, Don Quixote and Sancho, Rosinante and the little ass, the helmet pieced with cardboard and tied with string, the vigil of arms in the courtyard of an inn while serving maids giggled, the passionate worship of that peerless person Dulcinea de Toboso who tended pigs.

An account of what that book has meant to the world would be a history of the changing attitude of man toward his destiny over the course of the last three centuries. Having been written as a satire on the then dying institution and literature of chivalry, it was, scholars say, regarded as uproarious humor in its own day, as slapstick comedy of the best articulate kind. It was translated into English almost immediately, and became as much of a success in England as in Europe and the newly settled Spanish America. Men read it and roared with laughter, as they later read and roared over Gargantua and Candide.

But bit by bit, as century gave way to century, as the Protestant Reformation was solidified and the authority of the Church to prescribe man's attitude toward his fate was weakened, as new countries were opened and life became at once easier

and harder, a different note crept into the laughter. Shadows gathered in the mirror. Where once the whole world had thought it funny when the Knight of the Rueful Countenance rode at full tilt to meet what were merely windmills, and got hurt, now only children laughed with unadulterated delight. The rest of mankind, reading, grew a little thoughtful and a bit sad. Each man began to see himself as the gaunt figure struggling against a Fate that always beat him, began at moments to see in his devotion to his beloved a hint of the doubtful glory that surrounded the loose-mouthed tender of pigs. The satire on chivalry had become a satire on the aspirations of mankind.

To the modern mind "Don Quixote" ranks as one of the greatest books in any language—a fact which might have made Mariano Tomas more hesitant in his familiarity had he appreciated all it meant. For the full flavor of it, it should be read in Spanish, for Cervantes did certain rolling and noble, wry and subtle things with the Castilian language which cannot be put into another tongue, and which become mere academic footnotes if explained. However, it was so well translated into the English of its period that there is no more of the archaic about it in that dress than in its original Spanish.

Indeed, it is in certain ways almost startling in its modernity. The novels of the late Nineteenth Century are as out of date as bustles, but "Don Quixote" delights fresh thousands of English readers every year.

The contrast between its style, and that in which Mariano Tomas talks about its author's life, is so hard on the latter that one wonders whether its translator and its publishers ever read the former.

MILDRED ADAMS

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), is a child psychologist and the author of two books, "Psychology: Science or Superstition?" and "Your Child Is Normal."

MILDRED ADAMS contributes frequently to the New York Times Magazine Section.

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LEWIS COREY was assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences. He is the author of "The House of Morgan" and "The Decline of American Capitalism."

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BRUCE W. KNIGHT, PH.D., is a graduate of the University of Utah, was a student and professor at the Universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, and for the past ten years has been on the faculty of economics at Dartmouth. At present his chief interest is the subject of war, and especially its economic aspects.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR has worked on newspapers all over the country. At present she is living in Minnesota.

ALICE MULHERN (MRS. ALICE WADE ROBINSON) was born in Buffalo, New York, educated by the German Benedictines and the French Grey Nuns, and received her M.A. in comparative literature from Cornell.

THEODORE PRATT is the author of two novels, "Spring from Downward" and "Not Without the Wedding."

WALTER SCHOENSTEDT is the author of "Auf der Flucht Erschossen," which appeared in England as "Shot While Trying to Escape." It will soon be published in the United States. He escaped from Germany in October, 1934.

JONATHAN F. SCOTT, PH.D., is a professor of history at New York University, and the author of "The Menace of Nationalism in Education" and "The Surge of Public Opinion on the Eve of the Great War."

JAMES M. SHIELDS was supervising principal of elementary and junior high schools in Winston-Salem for thirteen years preceding the publication, last spring, of a revealing novel, "Just Plain Larnin'."

JAN SPIESS has studied at the Universities of California and Michigan.

THOMAS STEEP has done newspaper work in Mexico, Sweden, China, the Philippines, Indo-China, Burma, and India. He is the author of "Chinese Fantastics."

KENNETH STEWART is a newspaper man of wide experience both here and abroad. He is now on the staff of the Literary Digest.

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN has been, since 1896, a staff meteorologist for the United States Weather Bureau.

JOSEPH N. ULMAN is associate judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City. He is the author of "A Judge Takes the Stand."

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is the owner and contributing editor of the Nation. He is the author of several books.

WALTER WILSON was Southern secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union in 1930, and, in 1931, secretary of the National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners. He is the author of "Forced Labor in the United States."



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RECORDED MUSIC

SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN E-MINOR.

By *Sergei Rachmaninoff.*

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8463-8468)
\$12 12 parts; 6 12-inch records *Camden, N. J.*

This symphony by the celebrated Russian pianist is regarded by some as his most successful composition. It probably is, but unfortunately that is not very high praise. In the first place, the ghost of Tchaikovsky hovers over almost every bar of the symphony, and in the *largo* of the first movement the ghost looks very much like the real Peter Ilyitch. In the second movement there are at least ten appealing melodies, two or three of them of some size, but the composer simply doesn't know what to do with them. There is almost no development, and the ornamentation is poor. The third movement, plainly the best in the symphony, is an *adagio* of considerable beauty, but the sonorous climax makes little sense. The fourth movement betrays a mastery of orchestral technique, and its *fortissimi* are not mere noise but really have vigor; there is, however, no unity to the movement as a whole. The symphony, to be sure, is far, far from being an ignorant work, but it is full of vast hollow spaces and more than a little cheapness. Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra perform with skill and authority. This recording is, in fact, one of the best Mr. Ormandy has done to date.

SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN E-MINOR.

By *Johannes Brahms.*

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 11734-11738)
\$7.50 10 parts; 5 12-inch records *Camden, N. J.*

This colossal work was first performed in 1885. Brahms, perhaps the severest self-critic of composers known to mankind, had grave doubts about its quality, and for months was tortured with worry about its fate. The world at the time also had its doubts, but it will probably never doubt again. The very opening of the first movement is the herald of unmistakable grandeur, and once the *andante* is upon us, we know that we are listening to one of the supreme slow movements in symphonic music. The fourth movement is a favorite of most Brahmsians. The mighty *passacaglia*, as it is announced by the brasses and wood winds, is a cry of such world-shaking defiance that it probably would have shaken Beethoven himself. Bruno Walter and the British Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra do excellently by the whole work, and even the most meticulous Brahmsians will find little to criticize in it.

QUARTET IN C-MINOR.

By *Johannes Brahms. Columbia (Nos. 68222-68225-D)*
\$6 8 parts; 4 12-inch records *New York*

This quartet is so stupendous in its proportions and so pervaded with a profound world philosophy that it instantly reminds the listener of Beethoven's last three quartets, especially his opus No. 131. The stark tragedy of the main theme of the first movement, vigorously announced and later repeated by the piano, overwhelms one on first hearing. The second movement is a scherzo in structure, but far, far removed from the scherzos of, say, the younger Mozart. There is nothing happily trivial about it; it is an expression of exuberant melancholy. The third movement, marked *andante*, opens with a theme on the 'cello, which is an indescribably beautiful song of despair. The fourth movement is reminiscent of the Brahms of the last movement of the Third Symphony. The performers are Harry Cumpson, piano; Cyril Towbin, violin; David Dawson, viola; and Carl Stern, 'cello. They all do superbly by the quartet. Mr. Cumpson's piano playing deserves special commendation.

BACH 250TH ANNIVERSARY ALBUM.

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8492-8496)
\$10 10 parts; 5 12-inch records *Camden, N. J.*

The immortal Johann Sebastian Bach was born in 1685, and the present year marks the 250th anniversary of his birth. To commemorate the event the R.C.A.-Victor Company has reproduced six of his pieces, as freely transcribed by Dr. Leopold Stokowski, and played by him and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The works played are the following: Chaconne, from the Second Partita for unaccompanied violin in D-minor; the Chorale-Prelude, "Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland"; the Adagio from the Organ Toccata and Fugue in C-major; the Siciliano, from the C-minor Sonata for violin and cembalo; the hymn, "Komm, süßer Tod"; and the Sarabande, from the Third English Suite for piano. Dr. Stokowski's transcriptions are very skillfully done, and he and his orchestra perform them all with the fine artistry for which the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is justly famous.

SUITE DE PULCINELLA.

By *Igor Stravinsky. Columbia (No. 68187)*
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record *New York*

Next to "Petroushka," the present suite is probably the one thing that Stravinsky has written which

RECORDED MUSIC

will outlast him. It is honest music, and while its derivation cries from every chord in it, it is very skillfully done. The theme of the two variations is a dignified one, and the wood winds, in the unnamed orchestra playing it, with the composer himself conducting, do excellently by it. The toccata and gavotte are also ably played. A good recording of a sizable work.

RUSSLAN AND LIUDMILLA: OVERTURE.

By *M. I. Glinka.* Columbia (No. G-2130-M)
\$1 2 parts; 1 10-inch record New York

ROSES FROM THE SOUTH.

By *Johann Strauss.* Columbia (No. 9081-M)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

Bruno Walter and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra play the Strauss waltz excellently. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the manner in which the Glinka overture is played by Hans Knappertsbusch and an unnamed orchestra. They play it too slowly, and their performance as a whole lacks life. The performance of the same overture by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, recorded some years ago, is still the best recording of the work available.

IMPROMPTU. Op. 90, No. 3.

By *Schubert-Heifetz.* R. C. A.-Victor (8420-B)

RONDO IN A-FLAT.

By *Hummel-Heifetz.* R. C. A.-Victor (8420-A)
\$2 Camden, N. J.

2 parts; 1 12-inch record

SCHERZO CAPRICCIOSO.

By *Anton Dvorák.* R. C. A.-Victor (Nos. 8418-A, B)
\$2 Camden, N. J.

2 parts; 1 12-inch record

The first of these records would make an interesting addition to one's library. The music is not monumental, but pleasing, and Heifetz's playing is impeccable. The Dvorák piece, as music, is the sort of stuff that would go very well at a World's Fair. It is hollow, loud, and swift. Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra play it well enough.

CONCERTO GROSSO IN D-MAJOR.

By *G. F. Händel.* Columbia (No. G-17035)
\$1 2 parts; 1 10-inch record New York

The first *allegro* movement of this superb work is a deep, joyous cry, not so profound, of course, as Bach, but deeply moving nevertheless. The following *allegro vivace* movement is a more robust hymn. The Cologne Chamber Orchestra, Hermann Abendroth conducting, performs the work in a thorough musicianly manner.

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*Continued from front advertising
section, page vii*

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

By Johannes Steel.

Covici, Friede

\$2

5½ x 8¼; 220 pp.

New York

Having had the good fortune to predict accurately certain major political events of the recent past, Mr. Steel is now hailed by his publishers as a sage and a prophet. In the present work he sets forth clearly and concisely, but not always convincingly, his reasons for believing that the world will be plunged again into war by the middle of next summer. Assuming, as he does, that both Germany and Japan want war, Mr. Steel goes on to state that neither of these countries can afford to wait longer than the summer of 1935 if they expect to win their respective battles. Japan must invade Soviet territory in order to safeguard her economic hegemony in the Far East, and her only hope to do so successfully is in the beginning of 1935: first, because the attention of the world will be focussed on Europe; and in the second place, because Russia will not be ready to defend her Eastern borders for another year or two. Germany will go to war with France over the Saar situation, and France will not lose an opportunity to defeat her rival while she is still backed up by the Little Entente: that is to say, sometime before 1936. The book suffers from the lack of an index.

FASCIST GERMANY EXPLAINS.

Edited by Celia Strachey & John Gustav Werner.

Covici, Friede

\$1.25

5 x 7½; 135 pp.

New York

The most effective condemnation of the New Germany comes from the statements of its own leaders, books and newspapers. With this in mind the editors of this small volume have collected excerpts from orthodox Nazi speeches and writings on a variety of questions. They make strange reading, so full are they of contradictions, repudiated promises and cheap demagoguery. The book is really a damning anthology of Nazi floundering and blindness. To make clear the difference between promise and performance and between statements for home and foreign consumption the editors have used two kinds of type.

REVELATIONS OF A PRISON DOCTOR.

By Louis Berg, M.D. Minton, Balch & Company

\$2.50

5¾ x 8½; 255 pp.

New York

Dr. Berg has served as physician in the New York Penitentiary on Welfare Island, which recently oc-

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

cupied a prominent place on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers. The book is an account of the political rottenness, sexual perversions, and official incompetence that characterize at least one American penal institution. As an exposé of matters heretofore hardly mentioned, the book may prove to be of great value. However, the author has nothing at all to say of the basic social and economic problems which are at the root of the evils he describes. Such suggestions as he has to offer for improving the situation are unimportant changes in administrative policy.

FICTION

BEYOND WOMAN.

By Maurice Samuel.

Coward-McCann

\$2.50

5 x 8; 567 pp.

New York

There is a profusion of good ideas, well-expressed, though sometimes verbosely, in this long novel, at once reminiscent of Proust (whom the author admires for several pages) in its insistent predilection for rooting out motives from the more obscure recesses of its characters' minds in lengthy passages, and of "Point Counterpoint" in the vivid cross-section picture it affords of an interesting pseudo-intellectual society. The story itself is relatively unimportant, nor does Mr. Samuel ever pretend it to be more than it is, a counter on which to display his wares: a lot of talk about "standing up to life" and "sexual inexclusiveness," opinions on everything, from why homely women possess gregarious tendencies, to the literary value of James Joyce and "The Waste Land." The characters are a man and his wife who don't get along, because he wants to save his intellectual ego from the death of business success, and she wants expensive piano-lessons and a career and the rest of it.

MARY PETERS.

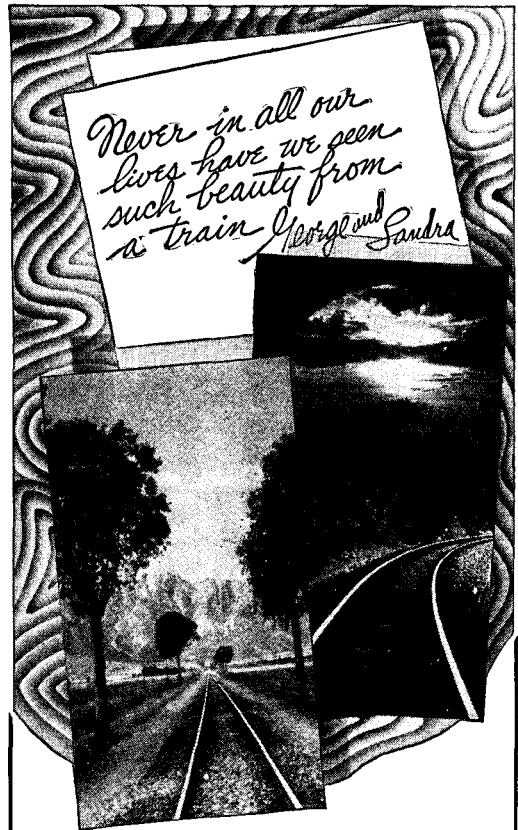
By Mary Ellen Chase. The Macmillan Company

\$2.50

5 x 8; 377 pp.

New York

Mary Peters comes from a long line of clipper-ship captains and is herself born somewhere in the mid-eighties in a merchant ship off Singapore. The present book is the story of her life and her family's, her first fifteen years aboard the *Elizabeth*, and her entrance into the limited existence of Petersport upon the death of her father. Petersport is an old village on the Maine coast, which becomes during the process of the story a thriving resort, where the natives are regarded by summer visitors as excitingly curious. The book is very competently done. Its rich conception and poetic execution are a constant delight, and its suggestive descriptions and true characterizations an experience in artistry.



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aak

as i see it

ON January 21 I shall publish another fine book by a German exile—Alfred Neumann's *Another Caesar*. I think this a really great historical novel—rich in every quality that makes for lasting literature. Based on the glamorous, significant, almost fantastic life of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—at once the clown and the tragedian of history—it does more than justice to its superb subject. Neumann makes the man come to life; he recreates the atmosphere, the spirit and the costume of an era; and he does all this in a story which, although historically accurate, is almost breathtaking in its verve and drama.



Alfred Neumann

It is a big book and an expensive one—247,000 words, 600 large pages. You can get it for \$2.50 if you place your order with your bookseller before January 21. After that date the price must, alas, be \$3.00. But I think *Another Caesar* is worth it.

PARETO! a name you are going to hear increasingly and one you are going to have to know something about. I have published the first—and so far the only—book in English about this great Italian. Ask your bookseller for *An Introduction to Pareto* by George C. Homans and Charles P. Curtis Jr. (\$2.50).

TO anyone who is interested in the drama or the American theatre, it will be good news that George Jean Nathan has a new book. I shall publish his *Passing Judgments* on January 7. It is a volume of critical essays summing up Mr. Nathan's opinions on the various manifestations of the present greatly changed and reborn American theatre and drama, with side reflections on allied phases of life and letters (\$2.50).



I HAVE just published Lillian Hellman's brilliant drama, *The Children's Hour* (\$2.00). It was produced in New York last month by Herman Shumlin at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. The next day Burns Mantle called it "the biggest drama of the year and the boldest," and Robert Benchley wrote a little later in *The New Yorker*: "The season's dramatic high-water mark. . . . Miss Lillian Hellman has written a fine, brave play. . . . It tells a story which would have been impossible to tell in public in the days when *Rain* was considered daring and *The Captive* was being banned by the police. A monster of a child, a pupil in a girls' school, deliberately concocts a malicious tale of Lesbian relations between the two young headmistresses, with the result that their school is broken up, their lives ruined, and one of them driven to suicide. Their suit for libel against the girl's grandmother, who spreads the lie, is dismissed, and the young woman who is left to face the world does so alone without even the refuge of the marriage which she had planned. The language is

as i see it

frank, franker than we have yet had on the subject, but it is immaculate. I doubt if there will be any giggling, even at nervous matinees. Certainly there can be no offence to the adult mind.

"*The Children's Hour* is possibly not for the children, but for any grown-up with half a mind, it is almost obligatory."



THE following, from *The Saturday Review of Literature* of December 1 calls attention to the work of a novelist—not only popular but very highly regarded in England—who has almost always had an unenthusiastic press in this country. I believe that many thousands of readers who do not know them would enjoy Miss Seymour's novels and her new one, *Interlude for Sally*, is a good one to begin with.

"The most engaging thing about Mrs. Seymour's new novel is its lack of any pretensions to 'importance.' Wisely, the author has not burdened it with a thesis. It is not a study of this or that post-war phase of English life, nor is it particularly concerned with any one of the major problems of the day. Instead it is devoted to the fairly straightforward story of a year in the existence of a family called Merrill, who live in a moderately happy-go-lucky way in a pleasant house on the Hampshire downs. During the period covered by the book the three children are married with varying success, the parents are plagued by ghosts from their Bohemian past and decide in the face of neighborly disapproval to return to London, and, finally, a new servant establishes herself in their household—an event of more significance than one might think.

"All this may sound a little dull and lacking in originality, but recounted in an easy and natural fashion, if perhaps a trifle lengthily and with a somewhat larger dose of sentiment than most of us require nowadays, it makes excellent reading. No effort is necessary to un-

derstand Mrs. Seymour's people and their doings, but her observation of them is intelligent and accurate. Great humor in writing about them, or profound insight into their characters is not displayed, but the author has succeeded in making them interesting and believable—a feat which has after all constituted the principal claim to fame of more than one celebrated novelist in the past. In addition to this rare virtue, she possesses a tolerant and kindly viewpoint and has not attempted to make her story mean more than it should. As a result *Interlude for Sally* may be counted with the better light novels of the season.

T. P. Jr."

Interlude for Sally, by Beatrice Kean Seymour, Knopf, 1934 (\$2.50).



ON January 7 I shall publish a new novel, *Background for Venus*, by James Laver, whose *Nymph Errant* you remember, I hope, with pleasure. I expected great things from it so that its sale of not quite 6,000 copies was a real disappointment. There are more warmth and feeling and just as much fun, I think, in *Background for Venus*—a story of the London art world, with all of that world's glamour and thrill. It gives us the London of the galleries, academies, studios in Chelsea and Soho, expensive restaurants, exclusive hotels. Art dealers fighting and double-crossing each other. Artists who fall victims to their plans and whims. Prostitutes who shop at Worth's and live in Savoy suites. Degenerates of society in shining hats and grey waistcoats, swarming like bees around the galleries and exhibitions. Cranks who spend their time disputing, prov-



James Laver

as i see it

ing, disproving, discovering strange signatures. And moving in and around them are the vivid characters who enact the bitter drama—a brilliant young painter, a greedy and ambitious dealer, a great American dealer, and two women who could not have lived in any other world (\$2.50).

Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. of London have just published Max Eastman's *Artists in Uniform*. Mr. Eastman's latest book *Art and the Life of Action* contains in its leading essay probably his most important writing. No one interested in literary criticism should fail to read it, though I fear many will.



A NOTE to murder-mystery fans: Read *The Diamond Ransom Murders* by Nellise Child (I shall publish it on January 7 at \$2.00). The author of *Murder Comes Home*, Miss Child has definitely arrived with this book. It has an extraordinarily ingenious plot, cleverly and logically worked out. It is always fair to the reader. It has plenty of suspense and action. Its chief character is charming and likeable and its style is civilized and literate.



Nellise Child

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Books I wish I had published: *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* by Franz Werfel (Viking); *We Accept With Pleasure* by Bernard DeVoto (Little, Brown).

Books I wish I were going to publish: *Rats, Lice, and History* by Hans Zinsser (Little Brown); new books by Dashiell Hammett and James M. Cain (I will when they write them but they're both awfully shy about turning in manuscripts).



Robert Nathan's *One More Spring* continues its way around the world. Albert Bonnier first contracted to publish it in Sweden. Mr. Nathan's new novel—and undoubtedly his most ambitious—*Road of Ages* is on press. I shall publish it in February.

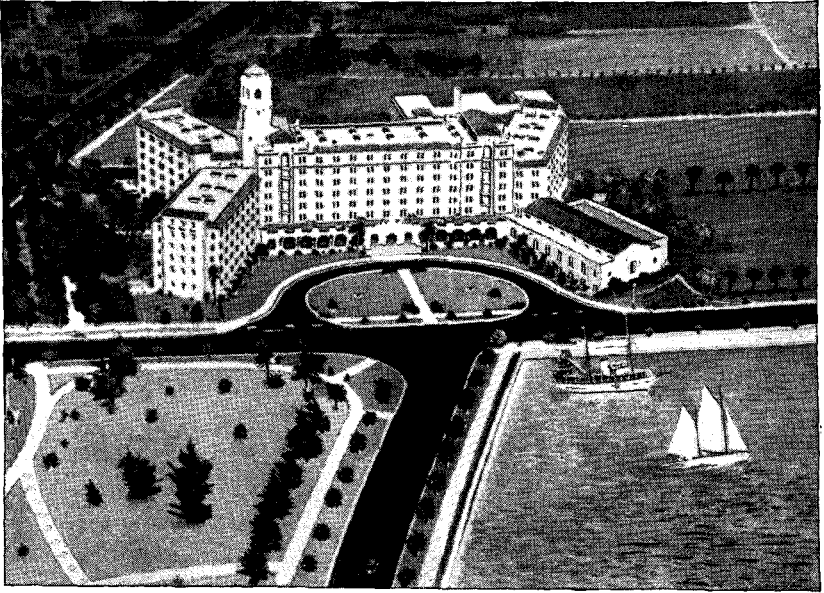


LAST month I mentioned a first novel called *Cast Down the Laurel* by Arnold Gingrich, editor of *Esquire*. Since then I have seen Mr. W. A. Dwiggin's superb and altogether unusual designs for the book and the jacket and I have heard the reactions of many people who have had an opportunity to read it in manuscript or in galley form. More than ever I am convinced that this will be one of the most talked-of novels of the spring season. It will be in all book shops on February 11. If you want a first edition—the printing will be only 5,000 copies—place your order with your bookseller now.

Cassell & Co. of London are going to publish an English edition of Agnes Danforth Hewes' fine clipper-ship story *Glory of the Seas*—a book for boys that their fathers like too.



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